DOCTOR WHO™ MAGAZINE

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE
ISSUE 335 15 OCTOBER 2003
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Panini COMICS

INSIDE

MARK GATISS
PETER MILES
THE TIME TEAM
CURSE OF FENRIC DVD

KKLAK!

INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS

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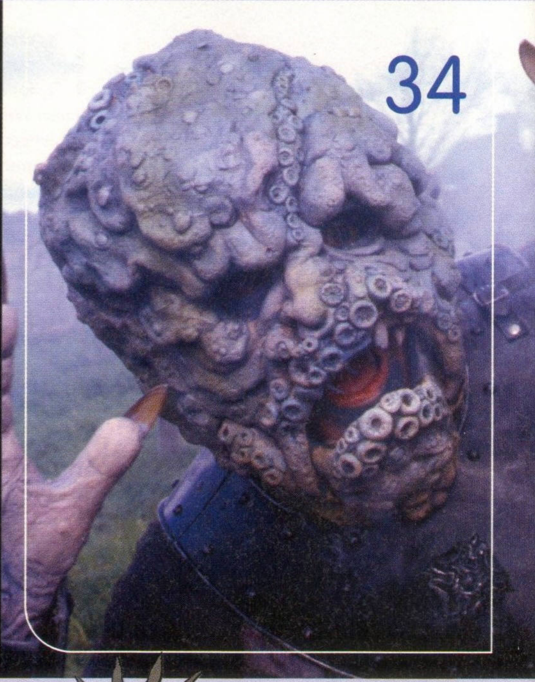
DWM 335

"IT'S LIKE KEEPING SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL IN A CUPBOARD!"



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Good, bad or Nyder? **DW**M catches up with regular **Doctor Who** guest star, **Peter Miles**, best known as Davros' right-hand man, Nyder. It's what you needed to know!

26 PLEASE FORGIVE ME

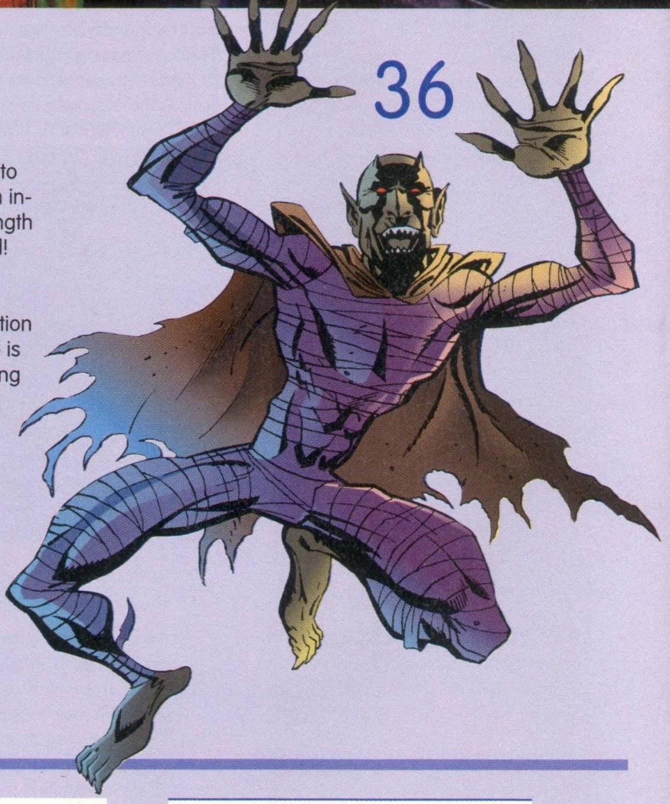
We reach the final part of our **Mark Gatiss** interview, as our distinguished gent reveals the joys of writing for Doctor Eight, putting in a Master-ful performance, and his secret plans for returning the Doctor to TV. But first, there's a public apology ...

34 VAMPING IT UP

With **The Curse of Fenric** about to make its DVD début, we take an in-depth look at the new movie-length edition, in a **Coming Up Special**!

36 TWISTED FIRESTARTER

The Doctor is seeking sophistication in 19th-century London, but who is the fire-breathing ghoul terrorising the city? Find out in **The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack** ...



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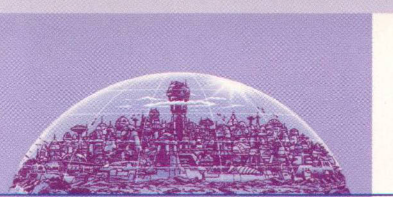
DOCTOR WHO
1963-2003

GENTLEMAN'S
EXCUSE ME

DWM REVIEWS

"I think Alistair Campbell should be the new Dr Who. He could 'sex up' the monsters."



GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

OTHER NEWS

SCRIBE OF THE SHALKA

Paul Cornell's novelisation of the new BBCi webcast *The Scream of the Shalka* will now be BBC Books' *Doctor Who* release for February 2004. This pushes the rest of 2004's schedule on by one month from those dates previously announced.

GOLDEN AGE FOR WHO

Satellite station UK Gold is currently showing *Doctor Who* on weekdays at 6.00pm as well as its usual weekend omnibus editions. Each day the station is screening two episodes of a story, and is currently working through the Tom Baker era. Full details can be found in *Time-Path Indicator*. Meanwhile, ABC TV in Australia has just begun a full re-run of existing stories, in a Monday-Thursday 6.00pm slot. The run began on September 15 with the show's first episode, *An Unearthly Child*.

TWO-TIMING?

Radio Times is planning a special pull-out section devoted to *Doctor Who* in November. The magazine, which has devoted 16 covers to the series over the past 40 years, has organised an online poll, the results of which will form part of the content. Meanwhile, *Radio Times* recently compiled a Top 40 list of defining TV shows – but *Doctor Who* was not among their number. TV editor Alison Graham, who compiled the list, said "Everyone has their own favourites, and I'm certain there will be lots of people saying 'Where are *Doctor Who* and *Star Trek*?'" Well, quite!

INSIDE BIG FINISH

Benjamin Cook's large-format book *The New Audio Adventures: The Inside Story* is on course for its November launch. Covering every Big Finish *Doctor Who* production up to the anniversary story *Zagreus*, the book runs to 224 pages, and also covers the *Unbound*, *Sarah Jane Smith* and *Dalek Empire* series. *The Inside Story* includes contributions and interviews with more than 100 artistes, and a foreward from author Russell T Davies.

AWARD COMES TO TIME?

The first BBCi *Doctor Who* webcast, *Death Comes to Time*, has been nominated for a Spoken Word Publishing Association Award. *DCTT* is nominated in the Drama category, alongside *Hedda Gabler*, *Blithe Spirit* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The winner is announced on 18 September.

RUSSELL FILLS POLO'S HOLE

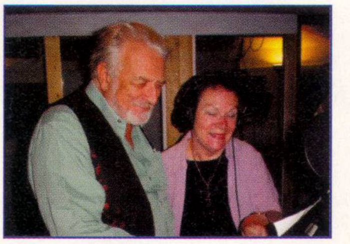
Ian Chesterton actor William Russell has recently recorded links for the forthcoming audio release of the 1964 adventure *Marco Polo*. The seven-part story is due for release in November.

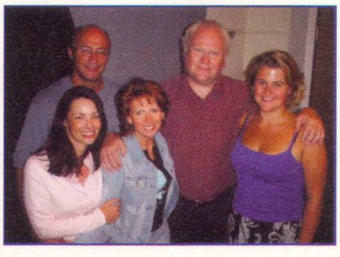
EXCLUSIVE: A HOST OF DOCTOR WHO STARS UNITE AGAINST ZAGREUS!

THE FOUR DOCTORS (AND 15 COMPANIONS!)

Recording has taken place during August and September for Big Finish's 50th regular *Doctor Who* release, the triple CD 40th anniversary shindig, *Zagreus*. Written by former **DW**M editors Alan Barnes and Gary Russell, the story features a whole host of actors and actresses who have worked on Big Finish's audio adventures since 1999. Big Finish is, rather cryptically, not announcing the roles being played by the actors in the story (with one or two exceptions), but the list is: India Fisher as Charley Pollard; Lalla Ward as Romana; and Don Warrington as Rassilon; with (in alphabetical order) Sophie Aldred; Colin Baker; Lisa Bowerman; Nicola Bryant; Nicholas Courtney; Peter Davison; Stephen Fewell; Louise Jameson; Robert Jezek; Bonnie Langford; John Leeson; Sylvester McCoy; Paul McGann; Caroline Morris; Miles Richardson; Maggie Stables; Mark Strickson; Sarah Sutton; and Conrad Westmaas.

Zagreus will be released in November 2003, and dovetails into the new four-story season of Eighth Doctor plays which have already been recorded. **DW**M has been keeping a watchful eye on the recording sessions, and an extensive feature on the story including interviews with many of the contributors will be appearing in our anniversary issue, **DW**M 337, in November.



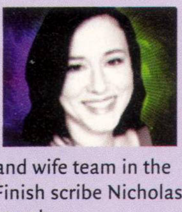


THE RIGHTS STUFF

Lorainne Heggessey, controller of BBC1, has again declared her wish to bring back a *Doctor Who* television series for Saturday evenings. Interviewed for *MediaGuardian* at the Edinburgh TV Festival, Ms Heggessey again cited the problem over rights as the reason why the show hasn't made a swift return to TV. Investigating recently, the BBCi Cult team discovered that the basic rights to making a *Doctor Who* television series do, in fact, belong to the BBC and BBC Worldwide, although many individual characters and concepts (such as the Daleks) belong to the writers who created them. All rights that were ceded to Universal during the making of the TV Movie in 1996 have since reverted to the BBC. BBC Films is (still) "currently developing a *Doctor Who* movie for theatrical release" but the project is (still) in its very early stages. More news if and when ...

EXCLUSIVE: FINAL 'UNBOUND' DOCTOR ANNOUNCED!

ARABELLA WEIR IS THE DOCTOR!



Actress and comedienne Arabella Weir, known for her roles in BBC2 comedy sketch series *The Fast Show*, has been cast as the Doctor for the final play in Big Finish's *Unbound* series, *Exile*. Weir has previously appeared in the movie *Shooting Fish* and the TV drama *My Summer With Des*, as well as appearing alongside BBCi Doctor Richard E Grant as a husband and wife team in the spoof cookery show *Posh Nosh*. Written by prolific Big Finish scribe Nicholas Briggs, *Exile* was due to be recorded at the start of September.

FURY BACK FROM THE DEEP

Following last issue's Stop Press, we can now reveal some more details surrounding the discovery of footage from the 1967 story *Fury from the Deep*. The Restoration Team's Steve Roberts explained: "Andrew Martin down at the archive in Windmill Road was recently checking through some reels of old waste film, when he came across 3 mins 32 secs of 16mm negative from the weed creature attack scenes in Episode 6, shot at Ealing Studios. The film consists of several near-complete scenes, although they are trims [unused takes of the shots that were used in the programe] and they are mute. Expect to see them on the next Troughton DVD!"

PANOPTICON RUSH!

November's PanoptiCon event is well on the way to being a sell-out, according to convention organiser Andrew Beech, who told **DW**M that "we have received and processed nearly 700 registrations, making this one of the fastest-booking events we have ever staged. Our database reveals that 80% of those who have registered are first-time attendees."

Beech also revealed that "in order to capitalise on the great number of *Doctor Who* luminaries who will attend the event, we are delighted to confirm that 1,000 advance copies of the anniversary book *Doctor Who: The Legend* will be available for purchase, together with copies of the anniversary novel *Deadly Reunion* (by Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks) and the BBC Radio Collection CD releases of *Marco Polo* and the Collectors Set of *The Power of the Daleks* and *The Evil of the Daleks*). Needless to say, actors and crew from all these productions have been invited along for stage interviews and autograph sessions."

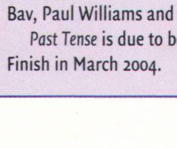
BBC BOOKS
DOCTOR WHO
THE LEGEND

PanoptiCon takes place over the weekend of 1-2 November at the Hilton London Metropole. More details are available at *www.dominitemporal.co.uk*

SAWARD TAKES A SHORT TRIP...

The sixth volume in Big Finish's range of *Short Trips* collections, *Past Tense*, will see a story by former *Doctor Who* script editor Eric Saward. This will be his first new work for *Doctor Who* since his highly-publicised split with producer John Nathan-Turner in 1986. The editor of the collection, Ian Farrington, told **DW**M, "I'm very excited to have teased Eric back into the *Doctor Who* fold. He was 'my' script-editor during my formative years as a fan and I'm over the moon he's agreed to return to *Doctor Who* for Big Finish!"

The book will contain a mixture of established *Doctor Who* writers and new talent, with stories from: Nev Fountain, Nicholas Briggs, Joseph Lidster, Simon Guerrier, Jonathan Morris, Mark Wright, Anthony Keetch, Alison Lawson, John Binns, Iain McLaughlin & Claire Bartlett, Ian Mond & Daniel Heap, Dave Owen, Samantha Baker, Christopher Bav, Paul Williams and Stephen Hatcher.



Past Tense is due to be released by Big Finish in March 2004.

OUTSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Compiled by **Dominic May**

RECOVERED PAT AT THE NFT The recently salvaged *Adam Adamant Lives!* episode *D for Destruction*, which featured a bearded **Patrick Troughton** as General Mongerson, shortly before he assumed the role of the Doctor, will be screened during the 10th anniversary of *Missing Believed Wiped* at the National Film Theatre on 29 November.

DOCTOR FOUR IS THE PROFESSOR **Tom Baker** has been in France, recording a new series of *Fort Boyard*, having taken over the role of the Professor from *Unbound* Doctor **Geoffrey Bayldon**. Premièring on cable/satellite channel Challenge? from October, the Professor poses riddles and questions to contestants who attempt to climb a tower to get to him. Tom will also be heard during the Autumn as narrator for a new series of *Little Britain*, starring **David Walliams** and Matt Lucas, which, following its TV pilot earlier in the year will première on BBC3, before crossing to BBC2.

DISTANT DAVISON **Peter Davison** will play a plastic surgeon, who relocates from London to Northumberland in forthcoming ITV1 drama *Distant Shores* by *Night and Day* creator Caleb Ranson. Shooting takes place next year, while currently Davison completes more episodes of *The Last Detective*. Although it has been confirmed that *At Home with the Braithwaites* will not return for fifth series, Davison will be seen on BBC America later in the year as Granada International has sold it the first two seasons.

McCOY RISKS IT **Sylvester McCoy** recently played the Seventh Doctor for BBC3's *Risky Business*, where celebrities are analysed using animated emotions inside their heads. Sylv's edition saw him voice the Doctor and pilot a CGI TARDIS to the day of transmission.

MARK'S BACK ON THE RAILS **Mark Strickson** is executive producer of *On the Rails*, a 10-part series for Discovery Europe about the history of rail travel tying in with the bi-centenary next year. Made by Oxford Scientific Films Productions it will feature train enthusiast and qualified steam train driver Mark Williams (*The Fast Show*) examining what life was like for ordinary people living during the period locomotives came into existence.

ROOT STEPS DOWN **Antony Root** is standing down as president of Granada Entertainment USA, which he has run since the summer of 2000, although he will stay on as an executive producer and oversee scripts for certain projects. He says, "Ten months ago, in line with Granada's overall strategy, we began to change the focus of GEUSA from scripted to non-scripted programming. With this transition successfully accomplished, it's an appropriate time for me to hand over the reins."

STOTZ & PHIL MITCHELL RELATED? As *EastEnders* prepares for the wedding of Phil Mitchell to Kate Tyler, *The Caves of Androzani*'s **Maurice Roëves** turns up as Kate's father, but whether he actually becomes Phil's father-in-law will probably only be determined by what Lisa Fowler has to say on her return.

DID YOU MISS? **Paul McGann** narrating BBC2's *Crowded Skies* during August; **Bonnie Langford** on Gyles Brandreth's *This is Your Life* on 1 August; **Sophie Okonedo** as Marcey in ITV1's *Alibi* on 25/26 August; Radio 4 adaptations by **Stephen Wyatt** of *The Blotting Book* by EF Benson (26 July) and **Eric Pringle** of comic novel *Scenes from Provincial Life* by William Cooper (20 August to 10 September).

OBITUARY **Ann Tirard**, who played Locusta in the fourth episode of *The Romans* and the Seeker in *The Ribos Operation* [pictured] died on 12 August aged 86.

WIN BERYL REID!

"When did you last have the pleasure of smelling a flower, eating a well-prepared meal, or watching a *Doctor Who* DVD?" Those Cybermen are missing out, but there's no reason why you should, thanks to our competition to win one of five copies of *Earthshock* (out now from BBC Worldwide priced £19.99). But to be in with a chance of winning, you'll have to tell us the answer to this illogical question:

Which of Doctor Who's friends is splattered into a billion pieces trying to save Earth?

[a] Adric; [b] Fenric; or [c] Baldrick?

Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked YOU'RE POINTING YOUR GUN IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

WIN SHOCKEYE!

What connects the Sontarans, Servalan off of *Blake's 7* and lots of running about in Seville? Why, it can only be *The Two Doctors*, now in shops as a BBC Worldwide DVD priced £19.99. But to win one of five copies, you have to answer an even trickier poser:

Where is The Two Doctors set?

[a] The rain; [b] in Spain; or [c] falls mainly on the plain?

Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked SPECIOUS CLAPTRAP!

Send your answers to the address on p6. Entries must be received by 15 October.

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EDITOR'S **LETTER**

DOCTOR WHO
MAGAZINE
KKLAK!

When visitors come to see us at Panini Towers, the first thing they tend to say (after a general tutting noise at how mundane the office looks – no full-size TARDIS, no poseable carboard cutout of Jennie Linden, no secret file full of colour photos of Celation) is 'what do the people who work on all the other Panini magazines think of **DW**M?'

Looking around at walls covered in pictures of Tom and Jerry, Looney Tunes, The Powerpuff Girls, Spider-Man and Sindy (and that's just Tom's corner – arf!) it often strikes me that we're something of a cuckoo in the nest here. There are more words on one page of **DW**M than you'd find in a full issue of most of our comics, and it's often something of a battle to cram them all in. Indeed, if ever one of Panini's other designers is asked to help out on **DW**M a look of abject terror comes into their eyes and they tend to suddenly have a pressing engagement sorting out competition entries for *Sooty Comic*.

You see, even back in the 12p days of our *Fantasic First Issue!* and its ilk, we were a bit odd in comparison with our bottom-shelf-of-the-newsagent competitors. They had crosswords and wordsearches and cartoon action, we had detailed story descriptions of *The French Revolutution* and Azaxyr pin-ups. But then, dear reader, there's nothing wrong with being a bit strange, now is there? We've all experienced that look of fascinated pity which is the usual recourse of a Not-We upon discovering our secret obsession with all things time-tunnelly, but does that stop us? No! United we stand against the forces of normality! Or at least that's my excuse for not making tea for anyone else in the office ...

> "**DW**M has always been rather different to other magazines!"

Sadly, it is my duty this month to report that the normal folk have reclaimed another of our number, in the person of **DW**M designer Paul Burley. After a hectic 15 months and a top-notch redesign of the magazine, he's been lured back to the desolate wastes of the North, far away from the baleful glare of our Barry Noble poster, and with ne'er the need to carefully cut around Tom Baker's barnet again. Shame, say I!

Much as we'll miss Paul's cheeky grin and deft flick of a mouse, it's a pleasure to welcome back that **DW**M warhorse Peri Godbold, who'll be filling in until we can initiate another innocent into our dark ways. (Incidentally, that means we've had to delay our Fantastic First Graphic Novel until January – Peri's only got one pair of hands, you know!)

Still, I like to imagine that Paul's posh new graphic designer's cubicle in Hull is already proudly decorated with a splendid Azaxyr pin-up. Cos that's the thing about the strange and wonderful world of *Doctor Who* – it's easy to enter, but almost impossible to leave ...

Clay

EDITOR CLAYTON HICKMAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR TOM SPILSBURY
DESIGNER (SHE'S BAA-AACK!) PERI GODBOLD

CONSULTANT ANDREW PIXLEY

PRODUCTION MARK IRVINE
MANAGING EDITOR ALAN O'KEEFE
MANAGING DIRECTOR MIKE RIDDELL

THANKS TO Mark Ayres, Andrew Beech, Paul Burley, Ian Farrington, Mark Gatiss, James Goss, Derek Handley, Peter Miles, Justin Richards, Gareth Roberts, Steve Roberts, Gary Russell, Ed Stradling, Mike Tucker, BBC Worldwide, BBCi, Big Finish.
CONGRATULATIONS TO Jac Rayner and Nick Farrow on their recent wedding. Love and best wishes from all of us at **DW**M!

DISPLAY ADVERTISING
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DWMAIL, Doctor Who Magazine, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ

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(marked 'DWMail' in the subject line)

DWMAIL

A WISH GRANTED?

Great news about the new webcast – Richard E Grant is an excellent choice – but am I the only one who feels a touch disappointed? A new Doctor, but no new series. I know that it's very much in the lap of the gods, but with the 40th anniversary, surely the time would have been ripe for an announcement? The BBC is making lots of money from the show (more than it costs to make) but still no news. The will is there, the talent is there, and I believe the audience is there, so come on Auntie!

NIGEL WALKER VIA E-MAIL

Richard E Grant is an excellent choice of Doctor but I can't help feeling sorry that Paul McGann never had a chance to make his Doctor shine on TV. I've heard that there's no regeneration scene in this new adventure – which is just as well, really. I don't think the Eighth Doctor should be confined to audio, animation, or in a book. We'll just have to wait until *Doctor Who* comes back to television to see the Eighth Doctor's final moments.

MATT CROOKS VIA E-MAIL

New Doctor? Paul Cornell? Sir Derek Jacobi? Internet? It's obviously a plot by the Beeb to ruin our 40th anniversary! This is how the bods at Television Centre have decided to finally bury this world-famous TV series last produced in the 1980s! We're on to you and it's our licence money. This 'cartoon' is no way to revive a cult children's television programme – it's an insult to us fans! How will we ever get this faceless corporation to accede to our demands to restore Saturday nights to their rightful order: *Doctor Who*, *Jim'll Fix it*, *The Duchess of Duke Street* and Parky with Burton, Sellers and that bloke with the Emu?

DOUGLAS CLARK VIA E-MAIL

Everyone has watched and waited for the return of the series since the TV movie of 1996. There have been rumours of a cartoon series before. The question that is pertinent is "Why regenerate the Doctor?" A regeneration means, of course, that another of the 13 lives of the Doctor will be lost. While it may be a pleasure to see *Doctor Who* back on the television or movie screen why waste another regeneration?

SHAYNE KEENAN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

My favourite pre-emptive complaint about *The Scream of the Shalka* is: "If there's no Ninth Doctor TV series, we'll have wasted a regeneration." Would the complainants recognise *Doctor Who*, if they bothered following it? Each month, several of eight Doctors – even alternate versions – have new adventures. The open-endedness of McGann's run means he's considered the latest, but really *any* Doctor is as current as the latest book or CD.

This being the case, why shouldn't we hear and read about Doctor nine?

And Doctors ten to to thirteen, plus? Isn't it 'wasting' those regenerations, in fact, to ignore them? Who are these regeneration-hoarders? We can time travel! Let's enjoy every Doctor, at the same time, now!

PHIL PASCOE VIA E-MAIL

Richard E Grant is the new Doctor. You know, if I tell myself that often enough, I might get around to believing it. The BBC finally gives us something to cheer about in the 40th year and something decent to look forward to on the net each week. But what does this mean for the comics, audios and books ...?

JAMES HADWEN NORFOLK

Fans of the Eighth Doctor in the comic strip, fear not! He's here to stay for the forseeable future.

MARKS OUT OF TEN

I have to admit that when the Mark Gatiss interview [**DW**M 332] was previewed I did find myself thinking "why?" Other than appearing in those *Doctor Who Night* sketches and writing a few books, I didn't see why he was getting the 'big' interview treatment. But I was wrong (oh me of little faith). Part one of the interview was *so* enjoyable. In particular, his warmth for the 'golden days' of the 1970s was so evocative. I'm five years younger, so it was Lord Tom rather than King Jon for me, but the 'saturday teatime' spirit which Mark's interview conjures up still applied.

I also loved the image of him sat staring at the cover of *Nightshade* for hours on end. His clear love for the show really is infectious, and I look forward to the rest of the interview. Oh, and I have that famous Daleks on Westminster Bridge poster on my wall – nice to finally be able to put a name to, erm, a dome!

ANDREW CURNOW VIA E-MAIL

I'd just like to congratulate you on what has been, for my money at least, the best interview **DW**M's ever published. I am talking about Mark Gatiss. I've been a fan of his ever since *Nightshade* was published, so it is nice after all this time to read what he has to say.

And big thanks to Andrew Pixley on his excellent *Archive Extra*. It's quite shocking how badly Kevin Davies was treated during the production of *30 Years in the TARDIS* – although why I am shocked I don't know. After all it's not like the BBC to miss the whole point about *Doctor Who* is it?

ANDIE FRANKHAM COLCHESTER

A WORD OF THANKS ...

I felt that it was my duty to write to your magazine, due to recent circumstances. I was organising my third *Doctor Who* 'Riverboat Cruise' and, with a little over a week before it was due to take place, my brother died in a car crash.

It has turned my world upside down. But, in recent weeks, I heard that fans were posting words of sympathy on the *Outpost Gallifrey* website. I also received some lovely cards from a number of fans and actors too. Delney Britten and Jason Thomas must be thanked for kindly giving up their time to contact various people and lessen the strain.

As I am not a user of the world wide web – I'm a bit of a dinosaur! – so I wanted to extend my thanks here, in your magazine. For those of you who booked for the cruise – hang in there, your refunds are on their way.

I'd like to give a special thank you to the actors who sent me words of comfort: Nicola Bryant, Prentis Hancock, the lovely Cynthia Grenville and her friend Sally Willis, and the gorgeous Lisa Bowerman.

Although I will not be organising any more conventions, rest assured that Down To Earth Productions will be back with a new venture before the year is out. May I finally thank **DW**M and Derek and the guys at 10th Planet for all their help and generosity.

FRANK CRONOGUE UXBRIDGE

COMEDY CLAIRVOYANCE

Given the recent *Space-Time Telegraph* article [**DW**M 333] and the subsequent discovery of *Fury from the Deep* footage, might I suggest you print another one, as soon as possible, reporting the discovery of the complete episodes of *Power of the Daleks* and *The Web of Fear*? I thank you.

MARTIN GERAGHTY VIA E-MAIL

Sorvad is also available for seances and children's parties. Fee negotiable.

FACTS OR FICTION?

The Fact of Fiction on *The Deadly Assassin* seemed like a bit of a missed opportunity. The piece started so well, seeming like it was going to go into a detailed review with aspects like the opening narration, Maloney 'reassessments' and the influence it had on other stories. Then suddenly it seemed to lose confidence, and instead of discussing the fiction, plunges into dreary facts printed so many times before.

Where's the round-up of arguments over the Time Lords, or review of Jan Vincent-Rudzki's famous hatchet job to see if it still stands up today? Simply mentioning such things without debating them makes it as dry to read as the career of Llewellyn Rees. Expecting a new type of article, we've instead been given a repackaged *Archive* where the dull-but-worthy factoids slot into the story instead of appearing afterwards. That's a pretty superficial change to hang a new regular feature on, and running out of ideas half-way through the first one can't be a good sign.

If you want to carry on with *The Fact of Fiction* without just churning out what we've all read before, then let's have more fiction, much less fact, please.

ALEX WILCOCK ISLE OF DOGS

I love *The Fact of Fiction*, but I can't help but think that Alan Barnes didn't take his repercussions of *The Deadly Assassin* quite far enough!

If *Assassin* had not been made, and Hinchcliffe gone on to produce one further season, we can only wonder who might have replaced him in the hot seat. John Nathan-Turner was suggested as a replacement by the outgoing Graham Williams, but if – as Barnes theorises – Williams never came into the equation, then it is quite likely that JNT's name would never have been considered. *Doctor Who* could have been *very* different indeed. Tom Baker might have even stayed on a few more years, and all subsequent incarnations of the Doctor been cast differently.

This 'What If' parlour game is really quite scary once you start peeling away more and more of the layers that exist beyond this classic adventure. Maybe Holmes knew what he was unleashing on fandom – and entitled *The Deadly Assassin* after himself?!

JON PREDDLE NEW ZEALAND

INFANTILE AND SHAMBOLIC

Regarding the last regular *Archive* in **DW**M 331, why did you decide to ruin and trivialise this special feature by giving it the title *The Mutants*, rather than its official, long-standing and most-marketed title, *The Daleks*?

Are you, Mr Hickman, actually quite a foolish and incompetent editor, or are you deliberately and cynically trying to generate some controversy, and draw attention to yourself? *The Mutants* was only a *working* title for *The Daleks*, just as *100,000 BC* and *Inside the Spaceship* were for *An Unearthly Child* and *The Edge of Destruction*. By your perverted, twisted logic, we should refer to, say, *The Caves of Androzani*, *The Visitation* and *The Mark of the Rani* as *Chain Reaction*, *Invasion of the Plague Men* and *Too Clever By Far*.

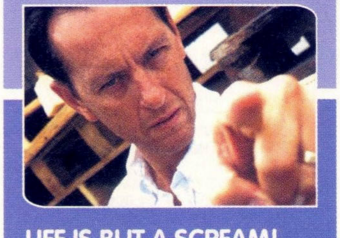
I also noticed that on the top of page 30, only three pages into the *Archive*, you reverted to the proper title, *The Daleks*! You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions, Mr Hickman, and you even pleaded for readers not to be annoyed with the title that you disrespectfully, incompetently gave that special *Archive*. Pathetic!

DWM readers are being badly served by your infantile, shambolic editorship, and you may be losing readers. For the sake of *Doctor Who* fandom, please step down as soon as possible.

JAMES MORRISON SCOTLAND

The editor replies: Ah, a bit of personal abuse to end on! Well, James, the box on page 41 of **DW**M 331 fully explains where these titles come from. There is no 'official' title, merely various ways to refer to this collection of episodes. **DW**M aims to use the titles allocated to the serials as close to transmission as possible (not "working titles" as you claim) and adopted this particular method back in the early 1990s, so *my* foolishness and incompetence aren't to blame this time. For a more detailed account, check out Andrew Pixley's *Untitled...* article in **DW**M 315.

IN DWM 336



LIFE IS BUT A SCREAM!

DWM takes a look behind the scenes of the new webcast **The Scream of the Shalka**, including an interview with Richard E Grant and exclusive pictures!

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Paul McGann gives us a sneak preview of his new season of CD adventures and tells us what he **really** thinks about his old chum Richard stepping into the TARDIS!

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More by accident than design, **Doctor Who** had survived into the 1970s. But Lady Luck has a few more tricks up her sleeve as **The Accidental Tourist** continues!

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We sound out the folks behind the BBC Radio Collection's **Doctor Who** soundtrack releases!

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COMING **UP...**

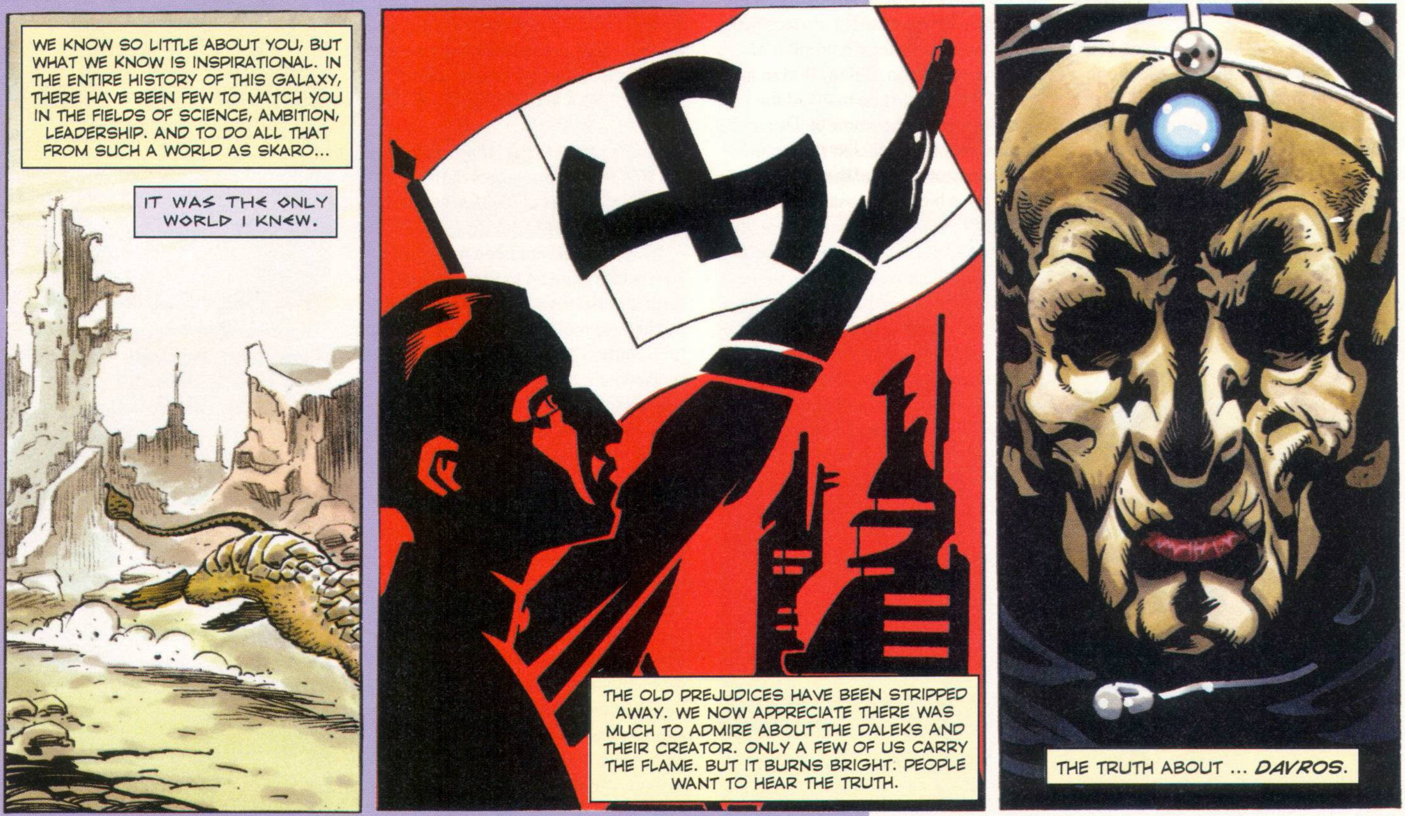
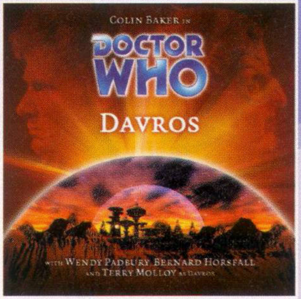

WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT YOU, BUT WHAT WE KNOW IS INSPIRATIONAL. IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THIS GALAXY, THERE HAVE BEEN FEW TO MATCH YOU IN THE FIELDS OF SCIENCE, AMBITION, LEADERSHIP. AND TO DO ALL THAT FROM SUCH A WORLD AS SKARO...
IT WAS THE ONLY WORLD I KNEW.
THE OLD PREJUDICES HAVE BEEN STRIPPED AWAY. WE NOW APPRECIATE THERE WAS MUCH TO ADMIRE ABOUT THE DALEKS AND THEIR CREATOR. ONLY A FEW OF US CARRY THE FLAME. BUT IT BURNS BRIGHT. PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH.
THE TRUTH ABOUT ... *DAVROS*.

ILLUSTRATION BY **MARTIN GERAGHTY**

DAVROS

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY **LANCE PARKIN** PREVIEW BY **MARK WYMAN**


COLIN BAKER IN
DOCTOR WHO
DAVROS
WITH WENDY PADBURY BERNARD HORSFALL AND TERRY MOLLOY AS DAVROS

RELEASED SEPTEMBER 2003
Featuring The Sixth Doctor
Enemies The Kaleds' former chief scientist
Setting A colony of the Future Earth Empire; Skaro before the Daleks' creation
You'll like this if you like ... *Genesis* and *Revelation of the Daleks* (where Davros is the focus), *The Sun Makers*, *Robocop*
Listen out for The Doctor's earpiece
Recorded 27 & 28 January 2003

The Doctor Colin Baker
Davros Terry Molloy
Arnold Baynes Bernard Horsfall
Lorraine Baynes Wendy Padbury
Willis Eddie de Oliveira
Kimberly Todd Ruth Sillers
Shan Katarina Olsson

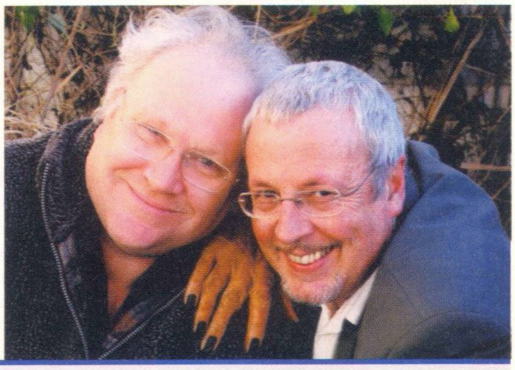
Sound Design David Darlington
Director Gary Russell

History records that Davros was the greatest scientist ever to emerge from war-blighted Skaro. But is his reputation due for an overhaul? Historian Lorraine Baynes believes so, and being married to Arnold Baynes, CEO of the galaxy-spanning corporation TransAlliedInc, she has huge resources at her disposal. When the Doctor arrives on a world controlled by TAI, its population safe under their all-embracing Dome, he soon finds that the body of the Daleks' creator has also arrived – and that once again, rumours of Davros' death have been exaggerated ...

What are the consequences of Davros agreeing to work on 'unspecified technological projects' for TAI – apart from a booming share price? What concerns did those who sent for the Doctor have regarding TAI? Is Davros capable of turning over a new leaf? And how much do we *really* know about what led Davros to create the Daleks?

Davros, the second of this year's villain-centric trilogy, is also the second Big Finish *Doctor Who* audio from Lance Parkin, a popular writer since his début novel *Just War* in 1996. What was his starting point for this story – a pitch made after 2001's audio *Primeval*, perhaps? "No, I was approached to write it," says Parkin, "and I was delighted to be approached. I wasn't itching to do another audio, but the idea of doing something new with Davros was very appealing." Producer Gary Russell confirms that he offered Parkin the story first, with the specifics of Davros and the Sixth Doctor included. "I wanted to give Lance a chance at something different from his novels, and I knew we'd get great dialogue from him," explains Russell.

This meeting with the Sixth Doctor precedes *Revelation of the Daleks*. How was that timing settled upon? "There's a big gap in Davros' life story between *Resurrection* and *Revelation*, it's a bit like we missed a story out somewhere," says Parkin. "This story isn't there just to plug that gap, but I think it does so rather neatly." It's the first time that Parkin has written substantially for the Sixth Doctor in any medium, so did he model the tone on any particular previous stories? "I like the way Colin Baker has redefined


Mark Wyman

> "THERE'S AT LEAST ONE THING WE LEARN THAT'LL SURPRISE PEOPLE!"
> Lance Parkin on writing for Davros' mysterious past

his Doctor: I was writing for the guy from *The One Doctor* as much as anyone. It's a Sixth Doctor who likes to win his arguments, and to have the last word. He's not what you'd call subtle in his methods."

As with *Omega*, there's no companion present. Was that a hindrance? "Actually Peri was in my first synopsis, but in a fairly useless subplot which vanished without losing anything. The brief was to have the Doctor and Davros at each other's throats, so the story's always stayed focused on those two." Did Parkin have Terry Molloy's particular delivery of Davros in mind as he wrote? "That's who Gary wanted in the part, although I think I'd finished the first draft before I knew for sure he'd signed up. Terry is a radio actor, and he really puts in an extraordinary performance. He seems to enjoy the different side to Davros in this story."

So, 15 years after *Remembrance of the Daleks*, it's welcome back to Terry Molloy. **DWM** asked the actor, a regular on Radio 4's rural soap *The Archers*, how it felt. "Brilliant – I'm really enjoying it. But time does fly ... It's spooky to think I was in my thirties when I did the first one," says Molloy.

This is one actor not averse to taking his work home with him: he's brought a copy of Davros' withered hand to the recording! "I used to have Davros' original hand, the one I used in rehearsals, as a desk tidy. I draped rubber bands over it until it finally fell to bits. Steve Cambden [writer of *The Doctor's Effects*] sent me this from an original mould, so I've been re-introduced to my hand."

"DAVROS QUESTIONS THE MOTIVES HE HAD BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT..."

Terry Molloy on discovering more about his alter-ego

Mark Wyman

All told, Molloy enthuses that "It's a delight to being the old codger out of the wardrobe, and focus on areas that have not really been touched on before."

So in character terms this is pretty meaty stuff for Molloy to get into? "Oh yes, it's very much about the personalities – it's not about technology or hardware really, it's the interaction between Davros, the Doctor and the Baynes' who've brought him from where he was. Davros is examining his own conscience, and questioning some of the motives he had before and after his accident." Molloy laughs at the idea of returning to *The Archers* – where he plays Mike Tucker, no relation to the effects designer turned author – with ideas about galactic domination: "Well, Mike's a milkman, so he could put things in people's milk !"

Back to the author: what was Parkin's aim in depicting Davros at the heart of a character-based piece? "I'm fascinated by the media's treatment of 'evil' – the way that Marilyn Manson, say, is seen by some Americans as a profound threat to society, when he's just a bloke who wears make-up and sings covers of electropop nonsense. He's clearly less of a menace to society than Hamburglar, but he's seen as shorthand for evil. In this story, the people helping Davros think he's a cartoon, something that will give them a slightly edgy image ..."

Was Parkin given a free hand (so to speak) in writing Davros' memories of Skaro? "Yes, I had plenty of fun there, and there's at least one thing we learn that will surprise people about Davros' past. Nothing I wanted to do was vetoed: I did want to give him a first name – or a surname! – but couldn't come up with a good one. I kind of guessed Gary wouldn't let me call him Bobby Davros." Hmm. Well, there is some noticeably humorous jousting here ... "One of the themes is that the Doctor and Davros aren't really like us – they're operating at a galactic level. Davros is perhaps the only bad guy who's the Doctor's equal. So they spar."

We asked Colin Baker about sparring again with an old enemy. "I know Terry well and love working with him, because he's very clever at understanding the audio medium," says Baker. "It really is his territory, and his Davros is quite chilling – I've sat here in the green room as actors and actresses come out of the studio, and they're going 'Davros is really creepy ...!' What's also good is that I've never really done a hi-tech sci-fi story. I'm recognising the world of futuristic finance that would be familiar from *Robocop*, for example, and it's wonderful to have all this corporate-speak going on in the context of Davros. There's a great line: 'Your words make no sense. Have you resurrected me just to gibber at me?'"

Another guest star needs no introduction to our readers, or indeed to Baker himself. "Yes, I'm also here with Wendy Padbury," says Baker, "who I adore for many reasons – not least because she's my agent, but mainly because she's a fine artiste." So what's it like to appear with your own agent? "Well, she's not my agent when she's acting, she's the fine actress she always has been, and I think it's the profession's loss that she doesn't do more ..."

The former Troughton-era companion makes her Big Finish début here, so we asked Wendy to describe her role. "I'm playing Lorraine Baynes, who's a very ruthless woman, really: an historian who's been researching Davros for many years and has come to almost hero-worship him. She is responsible for him being there, but amazed that they can bring him back to life, and then she has this extraordinary dilemma ... These are very meaty roles for people: when you read a science-fiction script, it can be hard to relate to on a day-to-day basis, but when it flows and reads easily like this, you know it's good. I'm thrilled that it's my first one here – it's just exciting.

"I've known they were making these rather marvellous stories for a long time now, and at a very high quality. I don't think I've heard from anybody who hasn't had a marvellous time here. So it wasn't a difficult decision. Colin's a great mate anyway, so it's always a joy, as it was to see Bernard Horsfall here today. We appeared together in *The Mind Robber* but I hadn't seen him for many years: it's a bit of a bonus."

Shortly afterwards we caught up with Bernard Horsfall, veteran of four TV roles by 1977's *The Deadly Assassin*, where he played Chancellor Goth. "It's been a long time, really," he concedes. "But they've always been terrific fun to do – which doesn't mean my kids weren't scared to death, they were at the age where they hid behind the sofa. One of them said once 'Have I got two Daddies?' when she recognised me! Of my stories, two were with Pat [*The Mind Robber* and *The War Games*], one was with Jon [*Planet of the Daleks*], and one was with Tom. Playing Gulliver, with Wendy and Pat, was great fun. This is a very happy reunion.

"Baynes is a kind of an amoral, power-mad businessman," explains Horsfall, "who will stop at almost nothing to make a major profit. He's very successful – in the realms of those corporate barons who run things with no aesthetic values. He'd probably be good at running Enron ... The script is terrific," continues Horsfall. "I think this idea of audio stories gives enormous scope to the writers. For an actor it's a different problem, you've got to be very much on the ball because it's only your voice that counts."

Indeed so: and of course, there are few voices in the galaxy to compare with that of Davros ...

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

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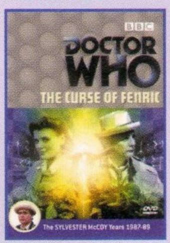

DVD Doctor Who: The Curse of Fenric by Ian Briggs [Seventh Doctor & Ace] BBC Worldwide

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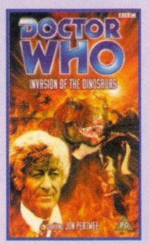

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SATURDAY 25

TV Doctor Who: Snakedance UK Gold

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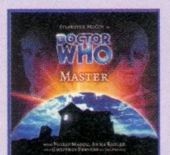

Audio Drama Doctor Who: Master by Joseph Lidster [Seventh Doctor] Big Finish

Audio Drama Doctor Who Unbound: Exile by Nick Briggs [Arabella Weir as the Doctor] Big Finish £9.99

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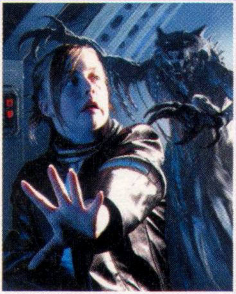
FRAYED

A NOVELLA BY **TARA SAMMS** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**



RELEASED 8 SEPTEMBER 2003
Featuring The First Doctor and Susan
Enemies The foxes
Setting The barren surface of a destroyed world ...
You'll like this if you like ... *Time and Relative, 100,000 BC, Terminus, Aesop's Fables, Ten Little Aliens*
Say what? "I like to stare into the sun... it burns incredible colours into my head ... I try to keep looking until I imagine all the pretty blue has boiled away from my eyes and they are left a bright, bloody red and quite sightless ..."

Tara Samms is a name familiar to readers of *Doctor Who* short story collections. So how come we haven't seen a longform story from Tara before?

"I haven't been asked!" grins the writer. "But really, what I enjoy about shorter fiction is the focus it allows you, and you can be more experimental in form. My writing tends to start from one idea, often the very last line of the story is the first thing that comes along - as with *Totem* and *Monsters* for instance – and I like to keep the focus tight. There's a dark skein running through my stories and that is very much what I'm about. I worry that a Tara Samms novel might seem like a diluted Tara Samms short story, I suppose – but perhaps one day I'll find a way to make the novel form work for me."

"Tara was someone I was keen to work with," comments publisher David Howe. "I love her short stories, and felt that the novella form would be ideal for her style. Therefore she was one of the many authors I contacted in initial e-mails for the range way back in 2000. I was really pleased when she was interested in doing something. The novella is a tricky form, in some respects closer to a short story than to a novel, and as Tara is really good at writing excellently imagined poetic and moody short stories, I was confident that she could handle the novella form as well." And what is it Samms thinks differentiates it from those other two forms with which it bears some familial resemblance? "It's not such an easy distinction. *Frayed* is the longest thing I've written, but then it is very much two interlinked stories ... I think that's where the novella can some into its own, as a way of exploring a theme in more depth than perhaps than a short story can allow, and without needing to be padded out to fit a word length imposed on you by a publisher, who needs a certain page count to charge a certain price. Telos allows its writers to produce anywhere between 25,000 and 40,000 words which is quite liberating. I was surprised when *Frayed* came out as long as it is, but it was good to be able to write until the story as I wanted it told was complete, with no concession to having to pad it out or cut back."

For the second time in this range, following on from the success of *Time and Relative*, *Frayed* features the First Doctor and Susan pre-*An Unearthly Child*. Was there any concern for Samms that this might be too soon a return to the well after *Time and Relative*? After all, this is an area which many writers are fairly cagey about treading in – and we're getting quite a lot of Susan this year, what with a couple of Big Finish appearances on the cards as well ... "It's not for me to comment on whether there's been too much Susan – I wanted to write for her because she fitted the story. Originally, Ian and Barbara were also involved but David Howe suggested we cut them out as it was Susan and the Doctor's story at heart ... And Stephen James Walker suggested we make it the first time the Doctor had encountered humanity. Both those suggestions enriched the basic storyline and gave me extra meat to carve throughout the writing."

"I was really pleased with the final result," states Howe, "and the 'foxes' are one of the scariest *Doctor Who* monsters we've seen for some time ..."

DWM

> "THIS STORY IS THE VERY FIRST TIME THE DOCTOR ENCOUNTERS HUMANITY..."
>
> Tara Samms on the premise behind **Frayed**

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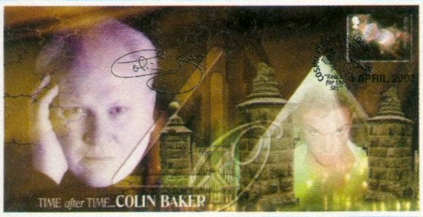

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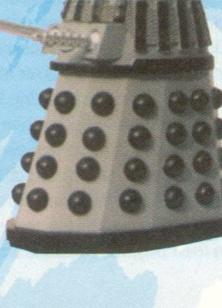

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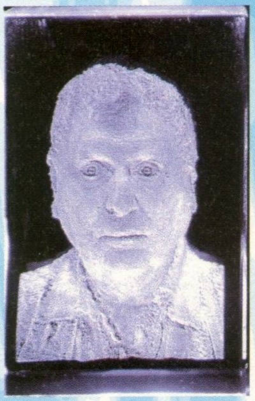

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"There never was a golden age, Mike. It's all an illusion."

Back in the day, I used to edit **DWM**. Every other week, it seemed, I'd open up a *Timeline* (as was) making the same point: 'You know those rubbery models in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*? Wouldn't it be great if they replaced them with groovy computer-generated ones, like in that *Jurassic Park*, or *Walking With Dinosaurs*? Come on, Auntie BBC!'

Like the snake in *Kinda* (1982), or the pantomime-horse sea-monster in *Warriors of the Deep* (1984), *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' dinosaurs have descended into fan infamy. Unlike these others, however, they don't just appear on screen for a few minutes' worth of one, maybe two episodes. All but one of *Dinosaurs*' six episodes ends with a crudely-modelled creation rearing up on stumpy legs. Every episode has an all-action set piece: tyrannosaurus vs UNIT! Doctor vs pterodactyl! Apatosaurus vs tyrannosaurus ... *and one must die!*

All in all, it'd be hard to find a story with a more cursed reputation – they never made *Planet of the Myrkas* – and that may be one reason why *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* will be the last complete story to appear on VHS cassette (not so much released from the BBC film library, more dredged up). Is it fair to damn the piece on its dinosaurs alone? BBC Visual Effects designer Mike Tucker doesn't think so: "For the most part the model work is quite acceptable for the time," he says. "The two things that let the show down are the pterodactyls, that look and sound very wooden, and the dreadful tyrannosaurus – which is an atrocious sculpt!" So, if only one or two of the effects are truly iffy – not a bad ratio for an early 1970s *Doctor Who* – isn't it actually the case that we damn *Dinosaurs* for the crime of not being made 20 or 30 years later? That our expectations of what moving science-fantasy dinosaurs should look like have been raised so high by state-of-the-art CGI bobbins that we *can't go back?*

Could it be done? Could a reworked *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* – with CGI long shots and mechanically-animated, computer-controlled close-up heads – ever happen? The money's more than usually prohibitive: "Per minute is an impossible figure to set, as each shot is so different," reckons Tucker, "but at current market rates we're looking at £10,000 to £15,000 to model and rig each dinosaur properly, and then £100,000 or so to composite everything. By the time you've put in animation and render time and miniature elements, then I would have thought that we're looking at a total effects package of between £250,000 and £300,000."

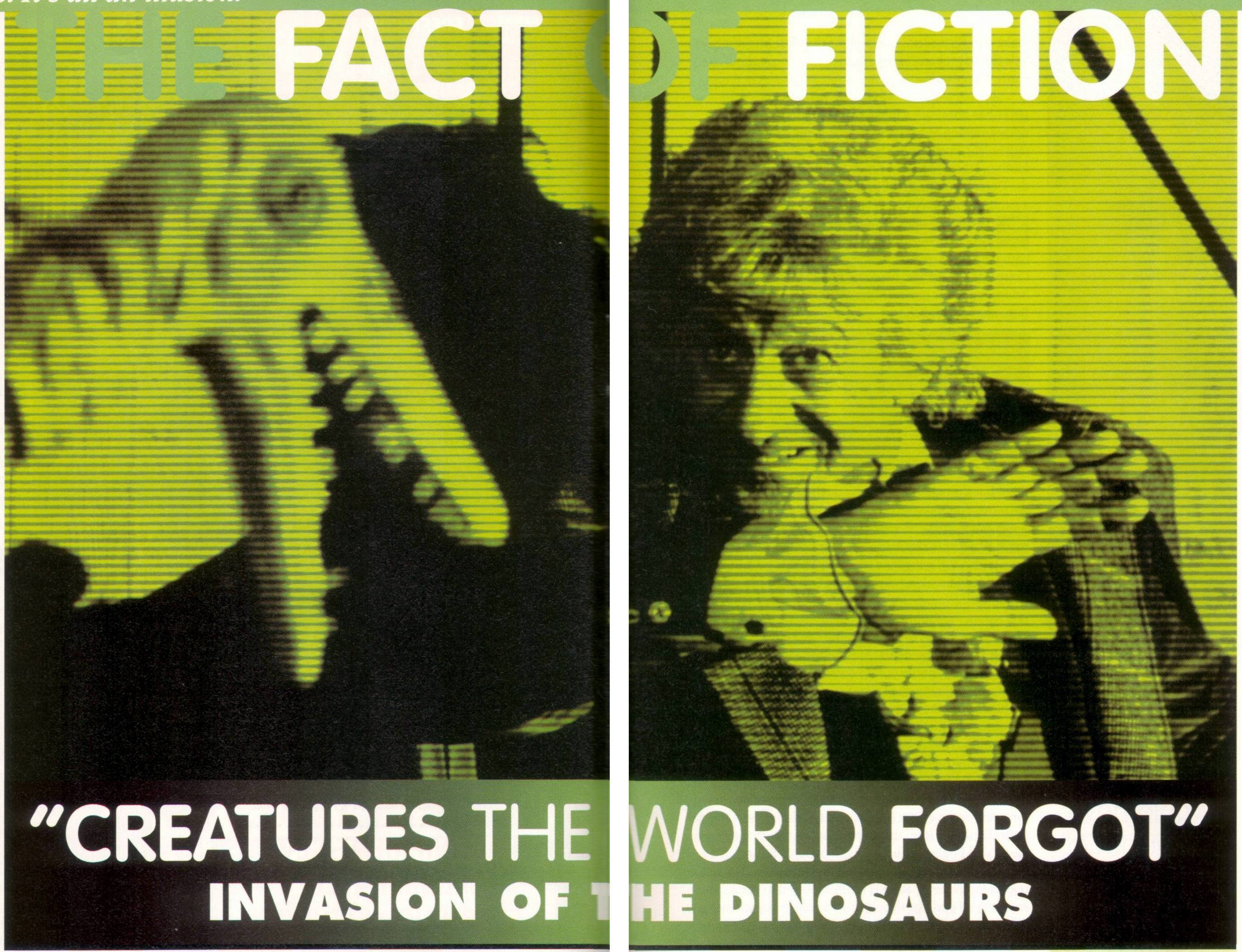
In this instance, however, money is no object – because we can't whitewash the past, like we have with the Dalek saucer in the DVD of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (1964). These dinosaurs will not be replaced or erased – it's not that simple. This isn't a case of dubiously-realised models wobbily laid over live-action sequences: the story achieves its purpose by laying live-action elements (the Doctor, say) over less-than-one-tenth scale London streets with strangely bendy brontosauruses in. "You've hit the nail on the head," confirms Tucker. "Almost all of the shots have the principal cast CSOd in, and without the original 'clean' footage to start with, it's going to be almost impossible to extract them from the backgrounds. You could try to find suitable shots from other shows as a starting point but that's starting to go beyond the limits of what is an acceptable 'restoration' job. Even if you could come up with the budget, the issue with extracting the original performers in order to recreate the shots means that it's a non-starter."

We have to put such fancies behind us, and learn to live with the dinos we've got. We might even learn to love them, too, as a permanently-preserved reminder of how easy it once was to suspend our disbelief, way back in a more innocent time ...

When we were all creatures of a lost world – one that's long since extinct.

ALAN BARNES

THE FACT OF FICTION



"CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT"

INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS

KEY

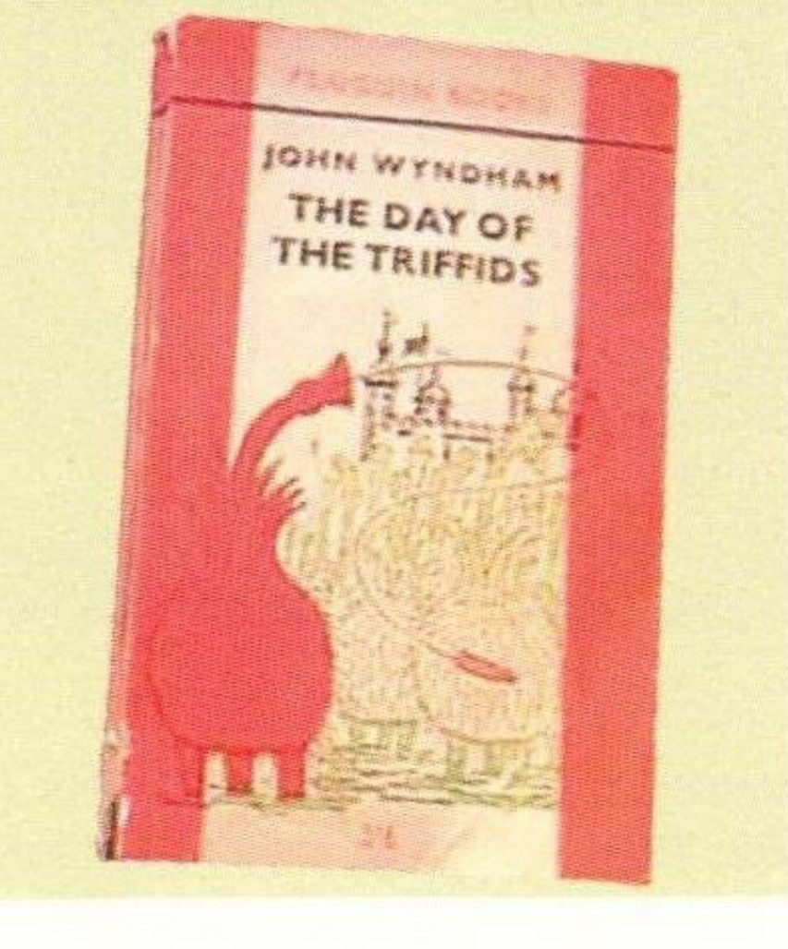
- Title
- Technical
- Sources
- Shooting
- Editing
- Connections
- Script
- Monsters
- Special Effects
- Cast & Crew
- Target Books
- Ooops!
- Speculation

PART ONE

For this opening instalment, the serial's title has been contracted to just *Invasion*, the better to preserve half the episode's suspense: just what is happening in London? The change was suggested by director Paddy (Patricia) Russell and approved by producer Barry Letts – but the first that writer Malcolm Hulke knew of it was on seeing trailers broadcast early in January 1974, in the week before the episode's transmission. Thinking the title inconsistent and uninteresting, Hulke's written complaint would lead Letts to concur that the decision had been "dubious", and one he regretted – especially considering the BBC listings magazine *Radio Times* had blown the surprise twice over in advance: first in a special magazine celebrating the programme's tenth anniversary, then by publishing Peter Brookes-illustrated comic strip panels revealing the presence of a pterodactyl.

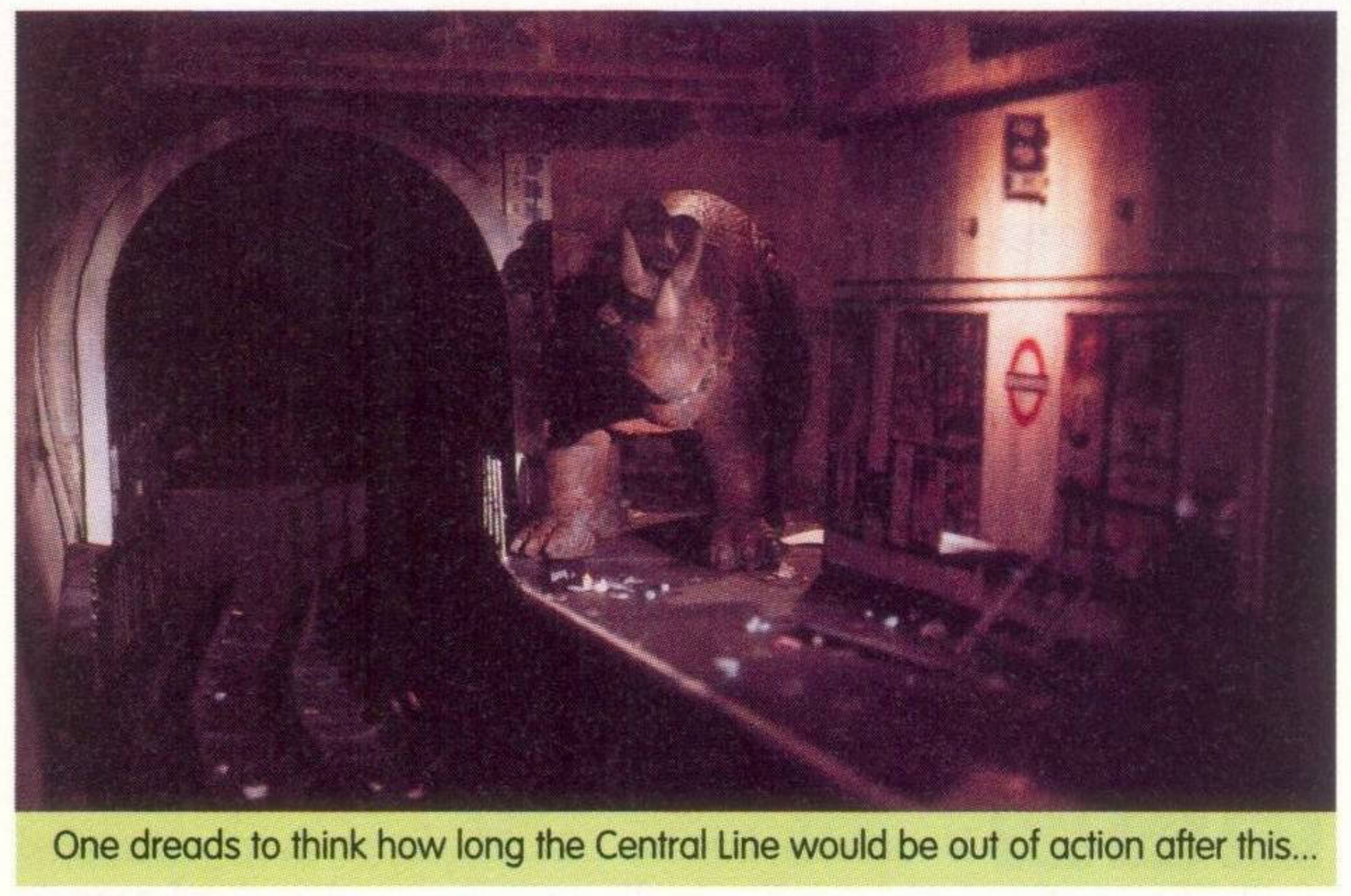
Doctor Who legend has it that the title change would lead directly to the colour master for this episode being accidentally erased, having been confused with the no-longer-marketable *The Invasion* (1968). This all-too-credible tale is, sadly, untrue: Episode One of *The Invasion* had been wiped as far back as 1971. In fact, all six episodes of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* would be marked for destruction with unseemly haste, the order coming barely six months on from their original transmission; the accident, if any, is that Parts Two to Six escaped erasure. The black and white telecine recording of Part One that survives was an internal 'engineering copy', not one made, as might be expected, for overseas sale (it seems the production team didn't *want* the thing repeated, either at home or abroad). Subsequently falling into private hands, the episode was eventually returned to the Corporation by Roger Stevens, a collector and BBC film editor, in 1983.

Any attempt to 'colourise' the episode would have to be made from scratch – which, bearing in mind the likely return from such a project, is not generally considered a commercially viable proposition. However, attendees of the '**DWM** Birthday Bash' held at City University, London on 2 October 1999 were given an unexpected surprise when the episode's opening moments were screened in colour. Just one week beforehand, fan Peter Finklestone had decided to undertake the job of colouring a few scenes "for a laugh," according to Ed Stradling, his fellow audio/visual engineer at the event: "At that time it was basically just a case of manual painting of frames in Adobe Photoshop ... He was able to do a minute or so in such a short time because most of the shots were static, so he just had to colour the odd key frame for those shots. He coloured up to the point where the TARDIS landed and then I just cobbled together an opening title sequence using the blank Pertwee titles and the captions keyed out from the black and white episode. The results didn't really stand up to close examination, but given that they were done in such a rush, we were encouraged by the possibilities ... I still think it could be done to a high enough standard, but even with the improved software available to us nowadays, it would still take months of solid work!" Reportedly, the film print was originally "covered in fungus," but it has since been cleaned up: "There are no huge problems with it apart from the fact that the film sequences are out of phase, which would make colouring very tricky for fast-moving shots."



London, in the late twentieth century: the city appears to have been suddenly deserted.

Beginning with scenes of a capital mysteriously abandoned in the wake of some unspecified disaster, it is impossible to avoid making comparisons to both *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (1964) and *The Web of Fear* (1968) – but all three are surely indebted to the same root source. John Wyndham's seminal 'English apocalypse' novel *The Day of the Triffids* (1951) opens with London not waking, its populace struck blind overnight: "*And so I came to Westminster. The deadness, the finish of it all, was italicized there. I saw only three people who were moving. Two were tapping their way down the gutters of Whitehall, the third was in Parliament Square ... Above it all rose the Houses of Parliament, with the hands of the clock stopped at three minutes past six.*" In Wyndham's vision of a ruined London, survivors of the catastrophe loot shops that will never again open for business and are preyed upon by monsters while paramilitaries attempt to restore order to the chaos; all these elements are more or less present in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. Wyndham's scenario has been reprised elsewhere many times since, most recently in horror Britflick *28 Days Later* (2002).



One dreads to think how long the Central Line would be out of action after this...

Part One's opening montage presents a wide range of picture postcard sites: the Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, Whitehall and the Cenotaph, Trafalgar Square, Margaret Street, Haymarket, Billingsgate Fish Market, Long Lane, Covent Garden and the Outer Circle of Regent's Park. The first four locations also feature in *Day of Reckoning*, the third episode of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* – and, similarly, all were filmed early on a Sunday morning. In this instance, however, an *ad hoc* unit (comprising director Russell, her cameraman partner Tony Leggo and camera assistant Fred Bagwell) had shot the material cloak-and-dagger fashion, without official authorisation and minus the necessary clearances from the police, leading to "some ructions" when the results of their labours were processed: "[Film manager] Huw Wilson ... looked at the rushes, went a bit wild-eyed and said, 'We'd better put a different date on these!'" (Russell). This is most probably why the filming date remains opaque – early September 1973 being most likely.

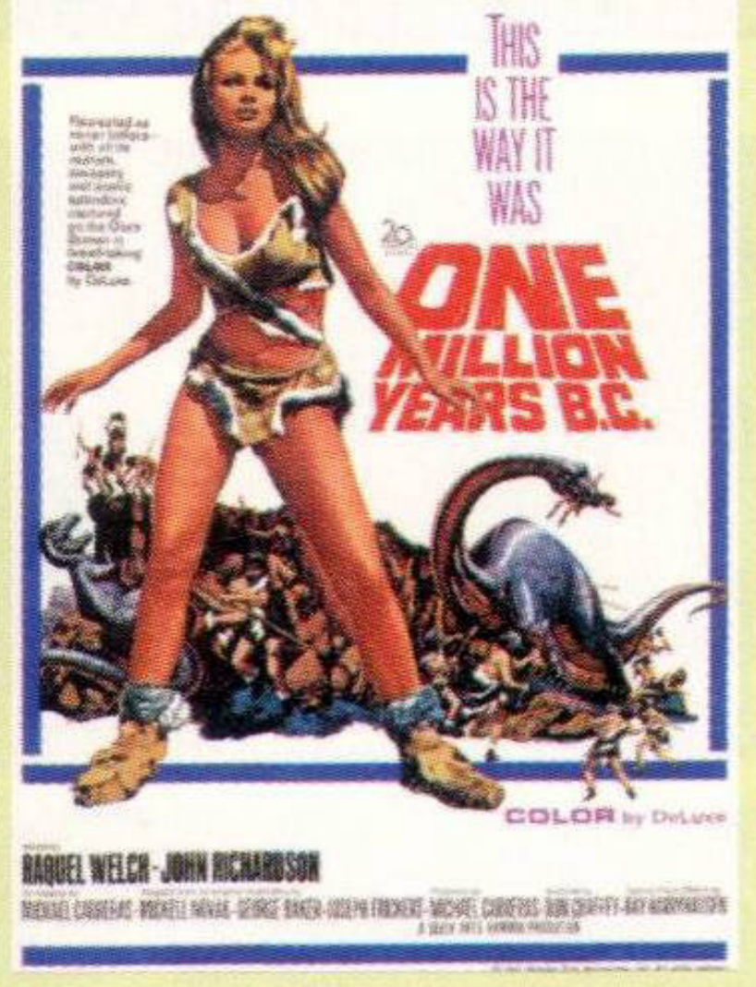
The sequence concludes in suburbia, with scenes filmed as part of the main six-day location shoot (23-29 September 1973): a stray dog close by a derelict house in Clayponds Avenue, Brentford; and a milk float abandoned in Wilmer Close, Kingston Upon Thames, the driver's money bag lying open beside it.

Edited out of the finished episode was the remainder of this scene, in which a looter (Leslie Noyes) makes to take money from the milkman's pouch ... and then cowers as a pterodactyl's shadow falls over him. This is supposed to have been cut because the episode was overlong (at 25 minutes and 29 seconds, it remains so), but its loss preserves the logic in curtailing the title – not to give the game away too soon. In Hulke's later novelisation, *Doctor Who and the Dinosaur Invasion* (Tandem Publishing Ltd/Allen Wingate [Publishers] Ltd, 1976), the looter would be substituted by a tragic Glaswegian layabout named Shughie McPherson, too drunk to join with the evacuation of London on Cup Final day (sometime in May, most likely) and condemned to meet his doom four days later, foreswearing whisky, at the business end of "a massive claw".

In an empty suburban park, the TARDIS materialises, its occupants the Doctor (Jon Pertwee) **and journalist Sarah Jane Smith** (Elisabeth Sladen) **having intended to arrive at UNIT HQ.**

Lis Sladen and Jon Pertwee larking around with the Doctor's stun gun prop.

> 'The model Tyrannosaur has three claws on the end of its tiny arms, whilst in reality the creature would have had just two'



TRAVEL BACK THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO THE EDGE OF MAN'S BEGINNINGS...DISCOVER A SAVAGE WORLD WHOSE ONLY LAW WAS LUST!
THIS IS THE WAY IT WAS
ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.
COLOR by DeLuxe
RAQUEL WELCH · JOHN RICHARDSON

Sarah expects to have returned to the Research Centre from whence she was abducted in the previous story, *The Time Warrior* (her first). No time, therefore, can have elapsed between the two tales. The Canbury Gardens location – off Lower Ham Road, Kingston Upon Thames – in fact borders the River, although it doesn't show on screen. Both Russell and her location-finding production assistant George Gallaccio lived not far from this leafy corner of south-west London.

They set off in search of a telephone in order to call UNIT's Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart ... only to be alarmed by a distant crash. They soon find a payphone, but it is out of order – vandalised. With no taxi in sight, they head for a bus stop. Elsewhere, a thief named Phillips (Gordon Reid) **makes his way down from an industrial facility, looted booty in his hand. He hides as an Army Land Rover passes.**

Phillips is, in reality, burgling Southall Gas Works. It had originally been intended to film this sequence around the Willoughby Arms, Willoughby Road, Kingston Upon Thames – from which it may be inferred that the he should have been burgling a pub (an altogether more likely scenario!). However, this sequence, like the majority of those planned for Tuesday 25 September 1973, was hurriedly rescheduled to the now-demolished Works at White Street, Southall – which, in addition to doubling (in part) for the exterior of Space Control in *The Ambassadors of Death* (1970), will be familiar from countless instalments of 1970s adventure/thriller series, including *The New Avengers* (*The Midas Touch*, 1976), *The Professionals* (various episodes, 1977-83), *Return of the Saint* (*The Debt Collectors*, 1978) and *Quatermass* (1979).

The Doctor and Sarah at last sight a car – only to narrowly escape being run down as they try to hail its driver: Phillips, who pulls up at a jewellers, taking a holdall with him.

Here, the location is Phillips Jewellers, 125 Moorfields, London EC2. The looter is only identified as 'Phillips' in the closing credits, leading one to speculate that he must, surely, have been named after the shop. Hulke's *Dinosaur Invasion* novelisation identifies the jeweller's as 'The Little Shop, Acton' (from which the large suburban park the TARDIS landed in is 20 minutes' walking distance, suggesting that Hulke wanted the Doctor to have arrived in the otherwise un-named Gunnersbury Park, Ealing).

The Doctor and Sarah follow him, but he produces a sawn-off shotgun and flees. The pair hear roaring from outside – where they discover Phillips dead in his smashed car, his head horribly bloodied.

Filmed at New Union Street, London EC2. The fact that this episode survives only in black and white lessens the impact of the sight of Phillips' injuries, possibly the most gruesomely realistic make-up effect seen in *Doctor Who* thus far. Mercifully, he's the only character to die on screen throughout the entire six episodes.

The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) surveys UNIT's new emergency headquarters – an abandoned school. Inset: The Brig makes his point as Benton, Yates, the Doctor and Sarah try to pinpoint the source of the temporal displacement.

UNIT has been called into Central London – and, at a school serving as his temporary HQ, the Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) **is harried by reports of widespread looting. Having found a nearby police station locked, the Doctor and Sarah follow a passing Land Rover to a garage ...**

The police station was in fact the GPO Sorting Office at Orchard Road, Kingston Upon Thames, with the Land Rover passing by the nearby Palmer Crescent. The garage, however, was a warehouse belonging to the removal firm Pickfords located at Brownlow Road, Ealing.

... where they are attacked by a pair of looters (Terry Walsh, Alan Bull) **in possession of stolen furs. The sound of distant gunfire causes their assailants to flee – but the pair are again attacked, this time by a flying creature: a pterodactyl.**

Two different pterodactyl models are used in this sequence: the first being a wire-flown prop with a full wingspan; the second being a handheld puppet seen breaking through the Land Rover's side window.

They escape in the Land Rover, the Doctor driving the vehicle through the doors. Meanwhile, General Finch (John Bennett), **under whose orders martial law is being enforced, confronts the Brigadier regarding the looting problem – but the Brigadier is more concerned to know the cause of the crisis which has led to the evacuation of eight million Londoners.**

The narrative now begins to resemble *The Morning After*, a 1968 episode of modish thriller show *The Avengers* – a series to which Hulke and *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' script editor Terrance Dicks jointly contributed several scripts. Here, army troops patrol the streets of an un-named English cathedral city evacuated following a nuclear bomb alert, shooting looters on sight ... and the reason for the evacuation is ultimately seen to mask another end entirely: the object of a conspiracy involving treacherous military men.

Coming to a halt before a line of troops, the Doctor and Sarah are accused of looting when their Land Rover is found to be full of stolen goods.

A sequence filmed outside Kingston Meat Market.

Arrested, the pair are taken to an Army-commandeered church hall where they are questioned and then photographed. The Doctor talks to a fellow detainee, Lodge (Trevor Lawrence), **learning that martial law was imposed after the "monsters" began to appear. Elsewhere, UNIT soldiers beat back one of these monsters – a tyrannosaurus rex.**

Hulke's original intention, as laid out in his December 1972 storyline *Bridgehead From Space*, was that the monsters menacing London should be just that: large alien monsters, hatched from eggs. In this – a heavy-handed polemic railing against the politics of appeasement, in which the Doctor was to take a Churchillian stand versus the Nazi-like ambitions of an alien aggressor (as opposed to the Neville Chamberlain stance of the British Prime Minister, seeking a mediated peace whatever the cost) – the Doctor was to find London deserted, alien invaders having successfully demanded that the British government must relinquish the capital. Having vapourised a landmark (County Hall is suggested) as a show of strength, the aliens, who claim to have been provoked by humankind, have taken up residence in the Tower of London, leaving their creatures to patrol the streets. Despite presenting a reasonable face, the aliens are in fact plotting to take over the world by degrees – hoping to eventually annexe all of mankind to the Australian subcontinent, which they will then destroy.

Terrance Dicks – to whom Hulke, a committed Marxist, had long been a mentor – passed on his erstwhile writing partner's satire of pre-WWII politics (one that went so far as to include a scene in which the PM emerges from a shuttlecraft returning him from a conference with the aliens, in his hand "waving this piece of computer printout!"). 'Monsters in a deserted London' was all that remained – becoming 'dinosaurs in a deserted London' once Letts, impressed by the dino-like Drashig models and puppet plesiosaur featured in *Carnival of Monsters* (1973), had imposed his desire to do a Doctor-meets-dinosaurs tale in the next season of stories. Letts had actually wanted to see the Doctor battling prehistoric behemoths in their own time: the *Doctor Who* version of *One Million Years BC*, perhaps. Stop-motion animator Ray Harryhausen's state-of-the-art dinosaur model work in Hammer Films' vastly successful Raquel Welch vehicle of 1966 had resulted in a slew of semi-sequels and imitations throughout the late 1960s and early 1970s – indeed, it has been reported that film producer Milton Subotsky had wanted to pit Peter Cushing's big screen 'Dr Who' against monsters of the Jurassic in an unmade second sequel to *Dr Who and the Daleks* (1965) – and *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* would ultimately be produced roughly concurrent to *The Land That Time Forgot* (1974), the first of several now-epochal Doug McClure-starring creature features. (Also popular at the time was a line of thermoplastic dinosaur models manufactured by Louis Marx, purveyors of the 'Tricky Action' Dalek.) Of course, the idea of dinosaurs in contemporary London was nothing new. After all, Arthur Conan Doyle's novel *The Lost World* (1909) ends with a pterodactyl being set loose in the city – and the first film version of Doyle's work, directed by Harry O'Hoyt in 1925, amended this to a brontosaurus bludgeoning Tower Bridge!

As with the tyrannosaurus in *Doctor Who and the Silurians* (1970), the model seen here and throughout subsequent episodes has three claws on the end of its tiny arms – whereas in reality, the creature had just the two. With wire skeletons concealing latex-formed bodies (as with the Drashigs), the conventional dinosaurs were manipulated by means of hidden rods by an out-of-shot puppeteer, their movements being realised 'as live', mostly on silent 16mm film (as opposed to the infinitely more laborious, not to mention convincing, 'stop frame' techniques employed by pioneers such as Ray Harryhausen). Visual effects for *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* were contracted out to designer Clifford Culley of the Pinewood Studios-based Westbury Design and Optical Ltd – who in turn farmed out construction of the dinosaur models to one Rodney Fuller. "The trouble was they couldn't really move," remembers Culley. "I mean, we used to get shots where we thought, 'God, don't like the look of this,' but there just wasn't time to do anything about it. There really wasn't."

The tyrannosaurus' roar was, apparently, a recording of a cow's moo played backwards.

Private Ogden (George Bryson) **reports radio interference to the Brigadier – it occurs when one of the monsters appears. The Brigadier is presented with photos of recently apprehended looters, including 177781 and 177782: the Doctor and Sarah. At the church hall, Lieutenant Shears** (Ben Aris) **sentences the Doctor, Sarah and Lodge to detention for the duration of the emergency. In a bid to escape, the Doctor and Lodge stage a fight, overpowering their guard – but Lodge double-crosses them, wanting to make his getaway alone. Knocking him out, the Doctor races to hot-wire a stationary jeep, but he and Sarah are met by armed troops: they've tried to steal the detention centre transport. Handcuffed together, the Doctor and Sarah are in transit when the jeep stops short and they see one of the monsters for themselves: another tyrannosaurus.**

The building exterior is that of Northfields School, Balfour Road, Ealing, with the detention centre transport taking the Doctor and Sarah alongside the parallel Chamberlain Road. Of the cliffhanger, contemporaneous *Doctor Who* Fan Club reviewer Keith Miller wrote: "... oh dear, shades of Basil Brush! A glove puppet nervously skiing about London streets didn't exactly fill me with fright ..."

"Hello? What? You don't thsay? You don't thsay?! No, you don't thsay? " Who was it, Doctor? "They didn't thsay!"

LEXICON

A few of the less common words and phrases found in the *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* scripts ...

apatosaurus *n.* dinosaur; large, placid and stupid.
nark *(slang) n.* a person wot grasses you up.
stun gun *n.* disabling weapon designed to neutralise brain cells.
temporal displacement *n.* effect observed when an object is moved through time.
time eddy *n.* localised distortion in time caused by temporal displacement (*qv*).
Vandals *n pl.* quite decent chaps, actually.

PART TWO

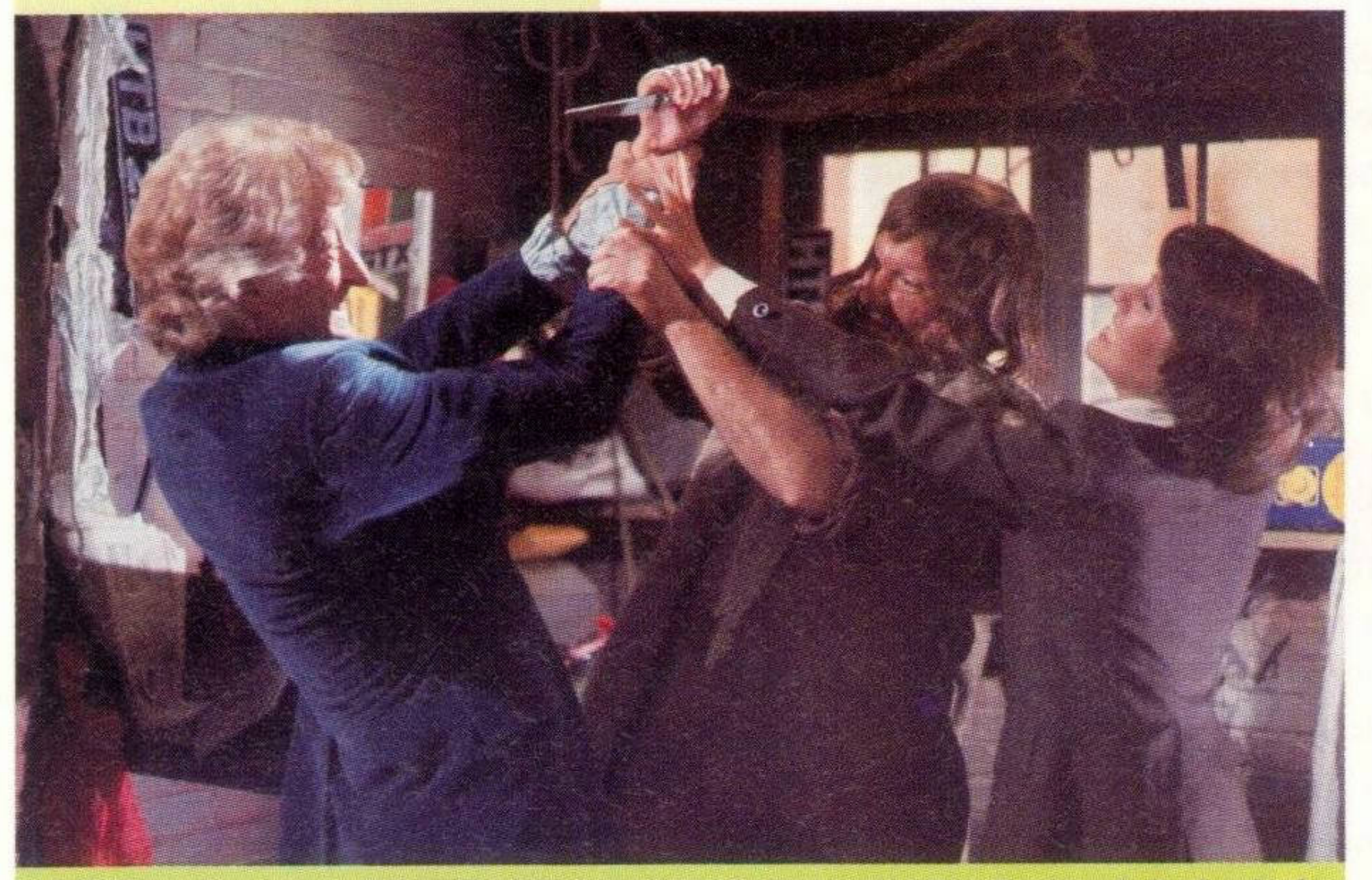
While their guards attempt to fend off the tyrannosaur, the Doctor and Sarah slip out of the jeep.

Three separate visual sources are combined in this sequence. Shots involving the Doctor, Sarah and the Land Rover were all filmed at The Straight, running alongside Southall Gas Works. The tyrannosaurus and its immediate surroundings were also pre-filmed – but some of this footage has videotaped reverses of the two soldiers firing upon the creature laid over it. This type of composite predominates in scenes involving both people and dinosaurs.

Hiding in a nearby garage, the Doctor manages to release their cuffs. Sarah's speculations as to how a long-extinct tyrannosaurus might be alive in the late twentieth century are interrupted as an incongruous figure (James Marcus) **emerges from the shadows, brandishing a knife – and demanding the Doctor, whom he believes to be a wizard, to lift a curse from him. The peasant, who hails from the last years of the twelfth century, raises his blade ... but as he and Sarah struggle, events flow in reverse, and he (literally) fades away.**

In the story immediately previous, *The Time Warrior*, twentieth century scientists are whisked out of their own time and dumped into mediaeval England – whereas here, a mediaeval Englander is whisked out of his own time and dumped into the twentieth century. A case of history repeating?

Hearing soldiers approach, the Doctor is pleased to see the Brigadier. At HQ, he explains recent events: a number of dinosaurs, including tyrannosaurs, triceratops, stegosaurs and pterodactyls, have appeared, then disappeared, in the Central London area. The Doctor asserts that the creatures are being transported from, then back to, the past.

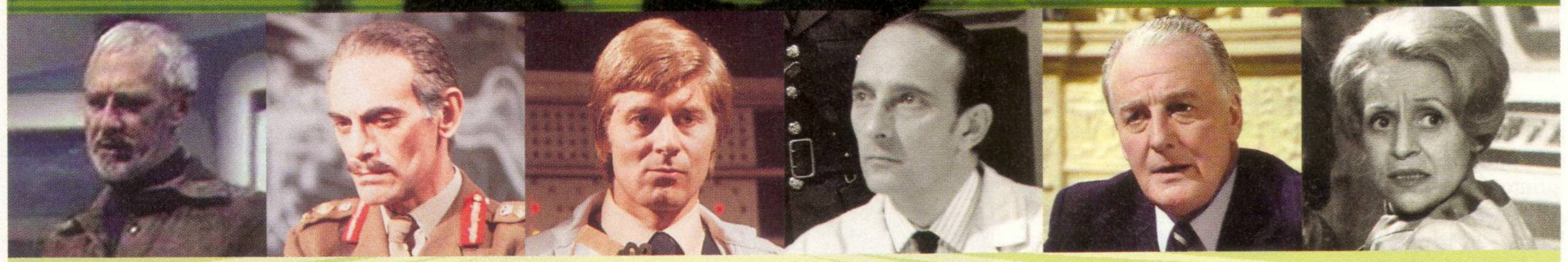


Celebrity Deathmatch – Dr Who versus Catweazle: the Doctor falls foul of a twelfth century peasant who has slipped through a crack in time ...

The dinosaurs spotted so far hail from wildly different time periods: tyrannosaurus rex evolved alongside the triceratops in the Maastrichtian era of the late Cretaceous (circa 71-65 million years ago), whereas both the stegosaurus and the flying creatures classed as pterodactyloidea (not 'dinosaurs' as such) belong to the Kimmeridgian and Tithonian eras of the late Jurassic (circa 155-145 million years ago). It might be inferred from the (presumably accidental) materialisation of a twelfth century English yokel that the phenomenon responsible is working solely through time – but since the dinosaurs did not walk on land occupying the

WHERE ELSE HAVE I SEEN ...?

The guest cast's appearances in cult television and film: a highly select guide



BRIAN BADCOE (1925-92)
Adam

TV appearances include *The Avengers: Game* (1968) as Cooty Gibson; *The Saint: The Scales of Justice* (1968) as Dr Downray; *Counterstrike: King's Gambit* (1969) as Dr Webber; *Department S: The Man From X* (1969) as Travers; *Doomwatch: Train and De-Train* (1970) as Stephens

JOHN BENNETT (1928-)
General Finch

Doctor Who appearances *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* (1977) as Li H'sen Chang **Film appearances include** *The House That Dripped Blood* (1970) as Supt Holloway; *The Fifth Element* (1997) as Priest; *The Pianist* (2002) as Dr Ehrlich **TV appearances include** *The Avengers: Mission to Montreal* (1962) as Guido Marson; *Danger Man: The Colonel's Daughter* (1965) as Minister; *The Forsyte Saga* (1967) as Phillip Bosinney; *The Avengers: False Witness* (1968) as Sykes; *I, Claudius* (1976) as Xenophon; *Survivors: Sparks* (1977) as Jim; *Blake's 7: Weapon* (1979) as Coser; *Jonathan Creek: The Three Gamblers* (2000) as Geiger

MARTIN JARVIS OBE (1941-)
Butler

Doctor Who appearances *The Web Planet* (1965) as Hilio; *Vengeance on Varos* (1985) as The Governor; *Jubilee* (2003) as Rochester [Big Finish audio drama] **Film appearances include** *Titanic* (1997) as Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon; *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1970) as Jeremy Secker **TV appearances include** *Space: Above and Beyond: Pearly* (1996) as Major Cyril MacKendrick

PETER MILES
Professor Whitaker

Doctor Who appearances *Doctor Who and the Silurians* (1970) as Dr Lawrence; *Genesis of the Daleks* (1975) as Nyder; *The Paradise of Death* (1993) as Tragan [BBC Radio serial]; *Whispers of Terror* (1999) as Curator Gantman[Big Finish audio drama] **TV appearances include** *Doomwatch: Hear No Evil* (1970) as Cook; *Moonbase 3* (1973) as Heinz Laubenthal; *Survivors: Gone to the Angels* (1975) as Lincoln; *Blake's 7: Seek-Locate-Destroy* (1978)/*Trial* (1979) as Rontane

NOEL JOHNSON (1916-99)
Charles Grover MP

Doctor Who appearances *The Underwater Menace* (1966) as Thous; *The War Games* (1969) as General Smythe **Film appearances include** *For Your Eyes Only* (1981) as Vice Admiral; *Withnail and I* (1987) as General **TV appearances include** *A for Andromeda* (1961)/*The Andromeda Breakthrough* (1962) as JM Osborne; *Danger Man: The Professionals* (1964) as Ambassador; *Out of the Unknown: Thirteen to Centaurus* (1965) as General Short; *Counterstrike: King's Gambit* (1969) as Baldock; *Doomwatch: The Logicians* (1971) as Priestland; *Red Dwarf: Waiting for God* (1988) as Cat Priest

CARMEN SILVERA (1922-2002)
Ruth

Doctor Who appearances *The Celestial Toymaker* (1966) as Clara/Queen of Hearts/Mrs Wiggs **TV appearances include** *Dad's Army: Mum's Army* (1970) as Mrs Gray; *Tales of the Unexpected: Neck* (1979) as Carmen La Rosa; *'Allo 'Allo!* (1982-92) as Edith Artois

same geophysical co-ordinates as modern-day Britain (the ancient super-continent Pangea was still in the process of splitting up throughout the Mesozoic), it must be that they are being transported through space as well as time (not that the Earth has ever remained static, of course, meaning that any such transportation would also have to compensate for the planet's changing orbit around the Sun ... never mind the constant motion of an expanding universe).

Finch pooh-poohs the Doctor's theory: a mad scientist has been breeding the beasts, he believes. A stegosaurus is reported in Section Five. The Doctor has the Brigadier take him to observe the creature at close quarters, leaving Sarah with Captain Yates (Richard Franklin)**. Recently returned from leave following traumatic events in Wales, Yates observes that London is a cleaner, nicer place with no cars and no people.**

Having fallen victim to a 'brainwashing' process employed by the rapacious BOSS in *The Green Death* (1973), just two stories previously, this scene provides the first hint that Yates has been significantly affected by his experiences. As we'll see, Yates' intellectual pendulum has swung in a diametrically opposite direction – he's gone from being a mouthpiece for industrialism-gone-mad to one for environmentalism-gone-mad.

The Doctor ropes the Brigadier into a scheme to capture the stegosaurus and study it – but time reverses once more, and the creature disappears.

Again filmed at Kingston Meat Market. The key composite shot featuring the Doctor and the stegosaurus is made yet more complicated by the addition of a 'radial' effect denoting a 'time eddy' – making it quite impossible to isolate individual elements in the event of any future attempt to rework the dinosaur sequences.

Back at temporary HQ, the Doctor claims that the Brigadier and his men had been caught in a localised time eddy. The materialisations are confined to Central London, so persons unknown within the zone must be using an independent power source to summon up the creatures. High power levels register in a control room elsewhere: a white-coated man named Butler (Martin Jarvis) **informs a Professor Whitaker** (Peter Miles) **that the next "time transference" is due in one hour.**

Sir Charles wasn't sure if it was a phone or a shower.

A camera-shy stegosaurus does the London tour ...

Sarah Jane finds herself at the business end of a pterodactyl's beak!

Paddy Russell had previously directed Martin Jarvis as Godfrey Ablewhite in a 1972 adaptation of Wilkie Collins' proto-detective thriller *The Moonstone* (also featuring Colin Baker as Major Frayne). Miles had featured in two episodes of the quasi-realistic space series *Moonbase 3* (1973), produced by Letts and script-edited by Dicks in the months immediately beforehand.

Yates watches the Doctor build a gun which can knock a dinosaur unconscious. If he can capture one and analyse the electrical field surrounding it when it vanishes, the Doctor hopes to fix the location of its power source. Soon after, Butler informs Whitaker of the arrival of their "friend from UNIT" – Yates. The Doctor's researches are interrupted by the Rt Hon Charles Grover MP (Noel Johnson) **– Minister with Special Powers during the current emergency, and a founding member of the Save Planet Earth Society. The Doctor opines that the dinosaurs are intended to deflect attention away from something else going on in the capital. Benton then reports an apatosaurus sighted at a power station in Section Twelve.**

Here, the Doctor refers to the apatosaurus being "commonly known as the brontosaurus". Perhaps Hulke was mindful of his earlier slip in naming the humanoid reptiles in *Doctor Who and the Silurians* (1970) 'Silurians', as opposed to the geologically correct 'Eocenes' – an error he'd felt compelled to draw attention to in *The Silurians*' semi-sequel *The Sea Devils* (1972). The line demonstrates that Hulke's research was very much up-to-the-minute: it wasn't until 1975 that Yale scholar Dr Jack McIntosh published research proving that many of the so-called brontosaurus skeletons on exhibition around the world had been assembled with the wrong skull (often that of a camarasaurus) placed atop an apatosaurus body – and that the classic 'brontosaurus' had never, in fact, existed.

Yates' fellow conspirators in 'Operation Golden Age' have instructed him to sabotage the Doctor's gun. When the Doctor and the Brigadier arrive at the power station to observe the apatosaurus, Yates is already present – and plants a small metal disc on the Doctor's 'stun gun'.

The power station sequences were all shot at the Central Electricity Generating Board Sub Station in Elderberry Road, Ealing. In the brief cutaway shot where Yates looks at the stun gun lying in the back of a UNIT Land Rover, the disc he uses to disable the device can be seen already positioned directly beneath its muzzle ... a full minute *before* he attaches it!

The Doctor attempts to stun the creature, but his gun fails to work. The apatosaurus vanishes ... and a tyrannosaurus appears behind him.

PART THREE

Floored, the Doctor drops his gun. Yates leaps to his rescue – removing the disabling disc and stunning the tyrannosaurus, which collapses.

A significantly more detailed model of the tyrannosaurus' head, complete with moving eyelids, is used in close-ups here. Shots of Yates crouching beside the creature's leg, firing upwards at its head, were removed from the version as transmitted – the reason being that the distinctly anorexic model leg which Richard Franklin is seen behind was absurdly disproportionate to the wider shots of the beast. These shots survive on a so-called '71 edit' first broadcast on now-defunct digital channel, BBC Choice, as part of a themed 'Dino Nite' on Friday 15 October 1999. (Two subsequent scenes, both featuring Sarah and Grover, are marginally extended in this edit, which runs one minute 54 seconds longer than the first transmitted version.)

Yates accuses Whitaker of summoning the tyrannosaurus to kill the Doctor – but is persuaded to sabotage the Doctor's research. Yates sneaks into the hangar where the tyrannosaurus has been chained, the Doctor's instruments readied to record the information he needs the moment the creature vanishes. Meanwhile, Sarah has been looking into time travel theorists, singling out the now-vanished Professor Whitaker – whom Grover dismisses as a crank – as worthy of investigation.

The 'Blinovitch Limitation Effect' to which the Doctor refers is a nonsense law governing one's ability to travel in time, first established in *Day of the Daleks* (1972).

Sarah persuades Finch to issue her with an Army pass, giving her access to the hangar. There, she takes photographs of the sleeping tyrannosaurus – but her camera's flashgun rouses the beast.

Again, the more detailed tyrannosaurus head is used – although the lighting of these close-ups does not match the wider shots.

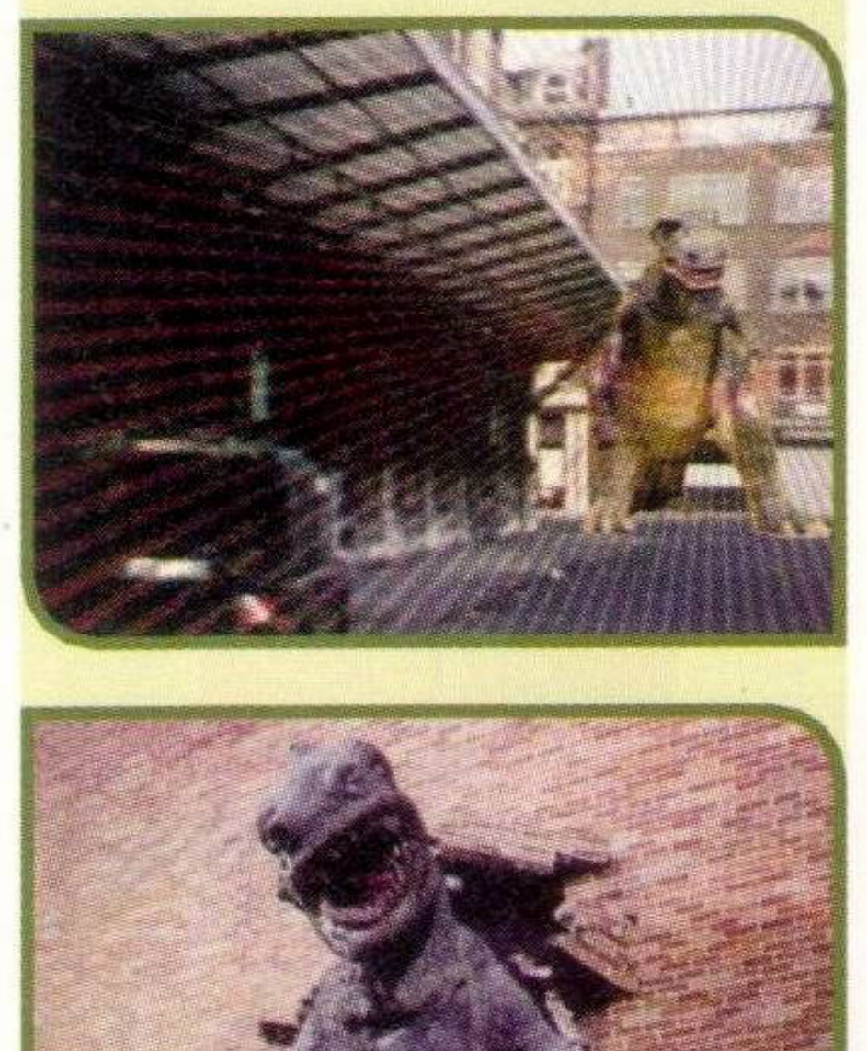
As the tyrannosaurus staggers to its feet, free of its chains, Sarah finds the exit bolted from the outside. The creature flexes its tail, smashing a window – and she is knocked down. The returning Doctor rescues her as the tyrannosaur demolishes the hangar from inside.

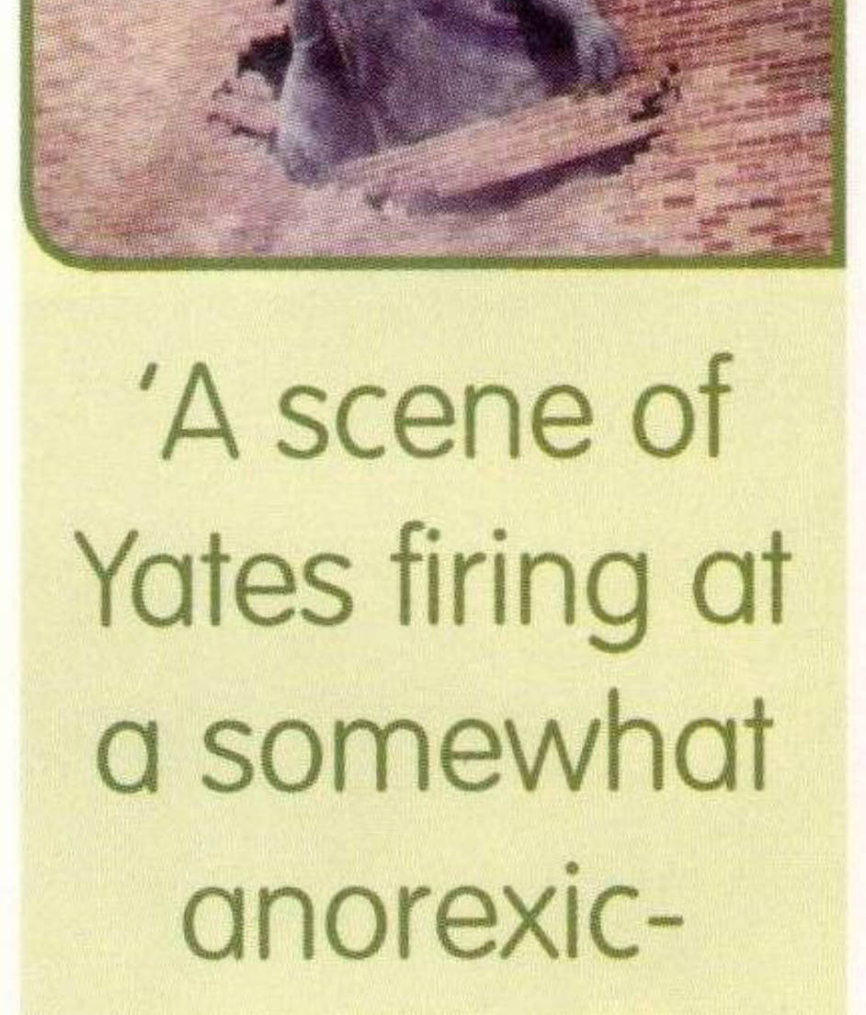
The Doctor's journey across London takes first via White Street, Southall, then along Parkfields Road, Kingston Upon Thames. The hangar exterior was the CEGB Sub Station used in the stegosaurus scenes. The shot of the tyrannosaurus bursting through the (oddly) brick-built hangar wall seems to be an attempt to duplicate, or better, the Drashigs breaking through the Miniscope interior in *Carnival of Monsters*.

At HQ, it's confirmed that the monster's shackles had been severed and the Doctor's equipment damaged – suggesting that someone within UNIT ranks is working against them. The Doctor decides to build a portable power detector, claiming that only a nuclear generator could supply the energy required – but there are none in Central London. Alone with Benton, Sarah wonders if any secret projects would have required a nuclear reactor ... and goes to see Grover at his office in Whitehall. He confirms that, some years previously, plans for an underground shelter with an inbuilt nuclear power source had been drawn up – one to which the government might retire in the event of an atomic war. Grover volunteers to look through confidential files stored in a side room, where he reveals that an underground shelter was indeed built in the centre of London ... directly beneath the building they are standing in. He slides open the door – the 'room' being in fact a lift – and they enter a subterranean area.

With their love of LEDs, Butler (Martin Jarvis) and Whitaker (Peter Miles) kept Tandy in business throughout the 1970s.

The Doctor penetrates Operation Golden Age's secret underground HQ.





'A scene of Yates firing at a somewhat anorexic-looking dinosaur leg was cut from the episode'

In fact, the self-sustaining bomb-proof bunker to which central government would have actually retired in the event of a nuclear attack was based at Kelvedon Hatch in Essex – some 25 miles from the city centre. Built in 1952, its existence was not publicly acknowledged until it was decommissioned in 1992 following the end of the Cold War (as foreseen here – see below). Urban legend, however, suggests that Whitehall does indeed stand atop a rabbit-warren of subterranean boltholes. Famously, an underground office complex was constructed beneath the Treasury building in Whitehall in the 1930s, housing the Cabinet War Rooms in which Winston Churchill's ministers and staff could shelter from the Blitz. Supposedly, a series of tunnels exists beneath this complex – one branch leading, it is said, to Buckingham Palace. According to claims made in the pages of *The Guardian* in 1997, the Palace is now supposed to be connected to "a massive underground citadel, known as Q-Whitehall, which lies 100 feet under Westminster and Whitehall and extends as far north as Holborn ... It is also known that a tunnel connects Downing Street to a massive atom bomb-proof bunker constructed under the Ministry of Defence building in the early nineties." (Of course, **DWM** hesitates to endorse such rumours. We don't want MI5 spooks raiding Panini Towers, do we?)

This aspect of the storyline was, again, anticipated by a 1960s *Avengers* episode. *The Nutshell* (1963) concerns the theft of classified information from a secret 43-storey bunker deep beneath Whitehall known as 'the Nutshell' ('thermo-Nuclear Underground Target zone SHELter'). As with the *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* bunker, its cramped, signposted corridors are watched over by a network of cameras linked to a central control area. Hulke wrote four scripts for the same 1963-4 series, one in collaboration with Dicks.

Finally: Grover claims that the bunker was built "back in the Cold War days," implying that the Cold War is now over. Since the long US/USSR stand-off is generally held to have ended with the fall of the Berlin Wall over the night of 9-10 November 1989, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* cannot take place before the 1990s. There, that's something new to factor into your UNIT-dating theories!

Grover's associate, Butler, helps him shut Sarah in a small room containing pulsating lights that cause her to lose consciousness. She awakes to find herself in ultra-modern surroundings, dressed in blue fatigues. A man named Mark (Terence Wilton) **welcomes her among "the People", and claims that they are aboard a spaceship, *en route* to a new home planet. Sarah looks through a window – and sees stars, planets, space ...**

PART FOUR

At HQ, Yates seizes the opportunity to ask Finch – another member of the conspiracy – just what is going on: he agreed to sabotage the Doctor's apparatus, not murder him. With his power detector complete, the Doctor sets off to search London's streets in his "new car", a futuristic two-seater.

The so-called 'Whomobile' (it's never named on screen) was custom-built for Pertwee by Nottingham Drag and

Custom Club chairman Pete Ferries, whose creation 'The Black Widow' had greatly impressed the car-freak actor. Aluminium-bodied and powered by a 975cc Hillman sports unit, the vehicle – more properly known as 'The Alien' – would be officially classified as an 'invalid tricycle'. Letts had, in fact, turned down Pertwee's suggestion that its construction could be paid for out of *Doctor Who*'s budget. By all accounts, the actor had intended to use the vehicle in personally lucrative, privately arranged public appearances. One wonders, then, just how much longer Pertwee had intended to remain in the programme at the time of the Alien's manufacture in the summer of 1973. It's known that Pertwee's request for a 20% pay rise was refused by Head of Serials Shaun Sutton in the autumn, precipitating the announcement of his departure from the series during *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' first transmission over January and February 1974. Perhaps Pertwee had hoped that his investment in this 'space age' transport would enable him to milk his *Doctor Who* persona past the point at which he had already elected to leave the series? (Less charitably, perhaps he ended up seriously out-of-pocket.) The fact that the vehicle is not a BBC-copyrighted design presumably explains why it has never been marketed as a model or toy.

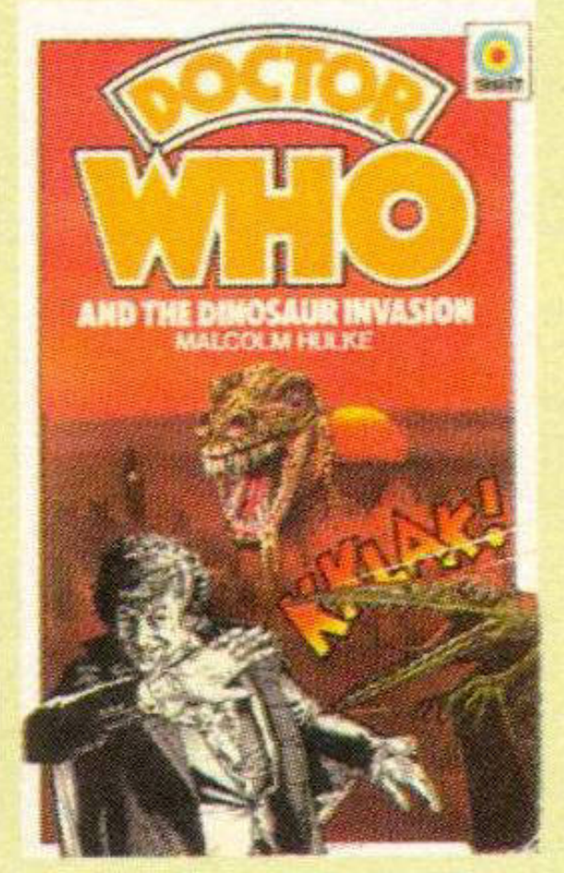
Nonetheless, the vehicle (registration number WVO 2M) would find its way into *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* after Pertwee had driven to a read-through inside it – much to Hulke's irritation, who purposefully reinstated the Doctor-on-motorcycle sequences, as they'd originally been written, in his subsequent novelisation. The Alien was unveiled to the press at Northfields School (here doubling as the exterior of UNIT's temporary HQ) on 24 September 1973 (the other driving-round-London shots in this sequence were filmed at Long Lane, EC1 and South Lane, Kingston Upon Thames). It made its TV début in an edition of children's magazine show *Blue Peter* broadcast on 5 November, followed by an appearance in the ring of *Billy Smart's Children's Circus*, transmitted 6 January 1974.

In the spacecraft, Sarah is introduced by Mark, once famous as the Olympic athlete John Crichton, to the Elders of the People: Ruth (Carmen Silvera)**, formerly the conservationist Lady Cullingford, and Adam** (Brian Badcoe)**, otherwise known as the novelist Nigel Castle. The ship is one of a fleet of seven, each carrying an elite of 200 individuals in suspended animation to a new life on an untouched world, free of the "evil" they believe has developed on Earth. Their three-month journey is almost over, claims Ruth – but Sarah notices that the cut on her forehead is still fresh.**

All three of the People have assumed pointedly Biblical names (Sarah has one already, of course) – although it does seem odd that Hulke chooses not to underline such a clear analogy by making Ruth 'Eve'. Despite the idea not being expanded upon, are we to assume that the People are a Judeo-Christian cult of some description, preaching a Green gospel? It might help explain why they're such a credulous bunch! Adam's use of the word "evil" certainly appears significant. Later, Mark refers to their "mission" – or should that read 'Mission'?

A select group of dupes, isolated underground, had earlier figured as a plot device in *The Enemy of the World* (1967), authored by David Whitaker (who shares his surname, perhaps coincidentally, with Operation Golden Age's Professor). Subterranean sects also feature in several late 1960s *Avengers* episodes, among them Terry Nation's *Invasion of the Earthmen* (1968) in which a handpicked elite are kept in suspended animation prior to being sent out to colonise space.

'Barry Letts turned down Pertwee's suggestion that the 'Whomobile' could be paid for out of the show's budget!'



Mark and Sarah try to convince an unbelieving Ruth that their 'spaceship' is actually underneath Moorgate tube!

The Doctor's tracker leads him to Moorgate Tube.

The *Evening News* placards outside the station – "MARTIAL LAW DECLARED" and "LONDON EVACUATION ORDER" – date the story's events prior to 31 October 1980, the day London's *Evening News* ceased publication. (Reconcile *that* with the post-Cold War date given above!)

Inside, he hides as he hears someone approach – Butler, who unlocks a cleaners' store that doubles as an elevator. When the lift returns, the Doctor finds the activating mechanism (a clothes-hook) and begins his descent. Below, Butler and Whitaker are alerted to the lift's operation. Butler activates a succession of metal shutters to block the Doctor's progress, guiding him back to the lift – whereupon Whitaker operates the 'timescoop', summoning a pterodactyl to attack the Doctor. Beating it back with a mop, the Doctor exits the station.

The revelation that the Whitehall bunker is linked to a Tube station brings to mind the 'deep shelters' built under several London Underground stations in the early 1940s, each comprising two parallel tubes sixteen feet six inches wide and 12,000 feet long. Those ultimately constructed sit beneath Clapham South, Clapham Common, Clapham North, Stockwell, Goodge Street, Camden Town, Belsize Park and Chancery Lane stations. Kitted out with bunk beds, medical facilities, kitchens and sanitation, each could house a maximum of 8,000 people. Most of these are still in use today, some for archive storage, others for cabling. In fact, the deep shelter at Camden Town has doubled as a *Doctor Who* location, being seen as parts of the Megropolis One undercity in *The Sun Makers* (1977).

In *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, a 'Trafalgar Square' sign can be seen at platform level, despite the fact that the exterior shows the station to be Moorgate (the Doctor's arrival being filmed *in situ* on 23 September). The fictitious Trafalgar Square station does, at least, represent an altogether more credible location for the entrance to the shelter: Grover's ministry at Whitehall, to which the shelter is also connected, would be only a maximum half-mile away (perhaps much less), whereas Moorgate is situated well over two miles to the north-east. In Hulke's subsequent novelisation, the secret lift is located at Westminster Tube – an infinitely more satisfying solution, suggesting the shelter could well be situated somewhere beneath Parliament Square (or, indeed, just off Horse Guards Road, under which the real-life Cabinet War Rooms, as used by Churchill, can be found).

Meanwhile, Sarah listens as Adam, Ruth and Mark argue that humankind is suffering from moral degradation. She disputes their points, leading Mark to wonder if the strain of awakening has disturbed her mind – and worries them further when she claims that, far from being "chosen", she was brought aboard against her will. Adam and Ruth assert that she needs to be "re-educated" ...

Again, where the People rail against "moral degradation" and "permissiveness", a reactionary religious group is suggested. 'Re-education', as we'll shortly see, is code for 'brainwashing' – another technique favoured by latterday cults.

Returning to the station with the Brigadier, the Doctor finds the lift deactivated. They go to see Grover, who says that Sarah had been following the same line of investigation – only to draw a blank. His chauffeur, Butler, claims to have taken Sarah back to UNIT's base. While Sarah is forced to watch a film about pollution in the spaceship's 'reminder room' ...

This is arguably reminiscent of the 'aversion therapy' sequences in Stanley Kubrick's then-notorious film version of the Anthony Burgess novel *A Clockwork Orange* (1971).

... Ruth tells Adam and Mark that if Sarah does not respond to re-education, she will have to be destroyed. Fearing exposure, the plotters – Grover, Whitaker, Finch and Yates – concoct a plan to discredit the Doctor. Back at HQ, Benton puts through a call from Whitaker, who tells the Doctor that he had been tricked by Grover into working on what he believed to be a government project – but says he has escaped, and is hiding out in the hangar. When the Doctor arrives, Whitaker, watching from his control room, scoops up a stegosaurus. It materialises just as Finch arrives with the Brigadier: "There's your monster-maker, Brigadier – caught in the act!"

PART FIVE

Mark visits Sarah in the reminder room to warn her of Ruth's threat – but Sarah dashes out, locking him in. Finch and the Brigadier escort the arrested Doctor back to HQ. When the Doctor attempts to enlist Yates' help, the Captain blanks him, confirming the Doctor's suspicions regarding the identity of the UNIT traitor: "So it was you, Mike." Charged with arranging the Doctor's imprisonment, the loyal Benton permits the Doctor to overpower him using his "Venusian ooja".

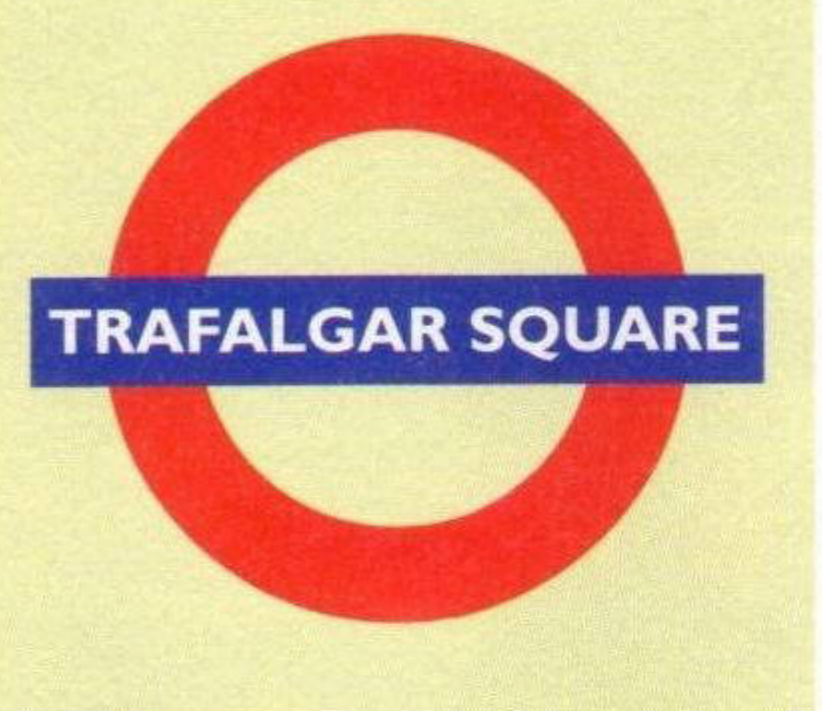
The Doctor will have but a single line of dialogue – a moment of cod-Cockney patois – in the whole of the rest of this episode, his part of which is given over to an entirely pointless extended chase scene. All of this is omitted in Hulke's novelisation.

In the underground shelter, Whitaker and Butler demonstrate to Grover a technique whereby time is reversed inside a limited field – smashing a cup and then watching the pieces reassemble. Sarah enters the spaceship's control room, discovering only dummy devices. Learning of the Doctor's escape, Finch demands UNIT hunts him down and kill him. When Finch leaves, the Brigadier tells Benton that they have to find the Doctor before Finch does. Returning to the reminder room, Sarah demonstrates to Mark that the spaceship's 'controls' do not function – and shows him the unhealed cut on her forehead.

Genuine newsreel footage illustrating urban overcrowding, traffic congestion and war extracted from the BBC Film Library provides a rare instance of reality intruding upon *Doctor Who*'s fantasy world. Contemporaneous documentation fails to record exactly what this footage covers (a troop carrier patrolling Belfast during the then-current Troubles, or similar?).

Finally, Sarah steps outside the spaceship's 'airlock' ... and emerges within the corridors of the underground shelter. She slips past Butler and heads up into Grover's office. Meanwhile, the Doctor has stolen a jeep. Soldiers pursue him out of town and onto a Common, where his progress is followed by a helicopter's crew. Stopping his vehicle in a wooded area, the Doctor is tracked on foot – but contrives to sneak around to the soldiers' transport, from where he radios in a message: that the prisoner has been recaptured. With the search patrols called off, the Doctor drives away.

'The Alien' under construction by Pete Ferries in Nottingham. Pertwee's space-age 'invalid tricycle' could speed along at more than 100mph!



The Doctor puts the finishing touches to his Dino Stun Gun.

General Finch and the Doctor face off as Benton keeps schtum.

The chase begins in and around Southall Gas Works, before moving to Wimbledon Common – the latter scenes intercut with stock footage of an army helicopter display team.

Sarah returns to temporary HQ, leaving a message for the Brigadier with Private Bryson (Colin Bell)**.**

Sarah was supposed to be met by Private Ogden, as played George Bryson in Parts One and Two. When Bryson was unable to attend the recording of Parts Five and Six, his name was given to Ogden's replacement – "a rather dim soldier", according to the script!

When Finch enters, Sarah tells him what she knows about Grover and the secret base. Finch escorts Sarah to Grover's office, ostensibly to investigate her claims – holding her at gunpoint upon arrival. In the control room, the plotters prepare to launch a final wave of dinosaurs upon the capital, 'forcing' Finch to withdraw of all troops from the city. Sarah now understands the scale of the plan: the new world the People will 'land' on will be Earth, because everything outside the field of Whitaker's machine will have been undone, returned to a purer age.

At the risk of flogging this particular horse (or 'steed', even) to death, the notion of anti-progressive forces seeking to undo the Establishment from within is yet another typically *Avengers* motif. James Chapman expands upon this, with reference to Hulke's *The Gravediggers* (1965), in *Saints and Avengers: British Adventure Series of the 1960s* (IB Tauris & Co Ltd, 2002): "The majority of conspiracy plots during the 'classic' period of *The Avengers* are internal rather than external threats ... One theme which reoccurred frequently ... was that of traditionalists who could not adapt to the modern age." Grover, Finch and Whitaker all conflate varying facets of the *Avengers* villain, as listed by Chapman: "die-hard reactionaries (old-school aristocrats and ex-military types), or extreme technocrats (mad scientists)".

Whitaker causes several dinosaurs to materialise all over London. On the streets, the Doctor's route is blocked one way by a brontosaurus – the other by a tyrannosaurus rex!

PART SIX

The two monsters clash ...

A Lindsey Motel appears in both the location film (shot at Lindsey Street, EC1) and the model footage – and although the model shots were filmed over 8-22 October 1973, a fortnight after the location work (presumably so that the shots could be matched), the model motel's hoarding is of a completely different dimension and type style to the 'real' version.

... and the Doctor seizes the opportunity to escape – only to run into Finch, whose plans for the Doctor are thrown by the arrival of the Brigadier, who asserts his authority to take the Doctor into UNIT's custody. Finch accuses the Brigadier of mutiny, but he has been outmanoeuvred.

BROADCAST & OTHER MEDIA

First Run *Saturday 12 January - Saturday 16 February 1974*

Some of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' subtext will have chimed with its adult audience, the story being first transmitted at the height of Britain's worst domestic upsets in decades. As a result of an energy crisis, and at a time of rampant industrial unrest, a three-day working week and a State of Emergency had been imposed by Ted Heath's Conservative administration. To help preserve the nation's power reserves, a 10.30pm curfew on broadcasting was put in place – and it was this, predictably, which occupied most of the editorial space in media journals such as *The Stage and Television Today*.

But the normal business of ratings measurement went on: at this time, the BBC and the advertising industry bean-counters JICTAR were in open disagreement over their figures, the BBC calculating that it had enjoyed a 52% majority share of viewing hours throughout January, whereas JICTAR had reckoned ITV to be 56:44% up on the Beeb. For January, the BBC claimed that: "Among drama series and serials, *Softly, Softly* averaged 11 million viewers, *Dixon of Dock Green* 10 million, *Doctor Who* 9 million and *The Onedin Line* 9 million." JICTAR's charts said different, only a handful of BBC programmes making the Top 20 programmes over the weeks of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' transmission – *Bruce Forsyth and the Generation Game* scraping a 10th and a 9th in the weeks ending 20 and 27 January. *Doctor Who* fared better than the BBC average in a couple of regions – although still outside the area Top Ten, Part Five was the most-watched BBC programme in Ulster for the week ending 10 February, with Part Six enjoying the same distinction in Wales and the West the following week.

Jon Pertwee's resignation from the lead was made public the day before Part Five went out (the day before that, Heath had finally been forced to call a General Election). And on the day of Part Six's transmission, the newspaper-reading *Doctor Who* fan would have learned that a virtual unknown named Tom Baker was to be Pertwee's replacement ...

Cuckoo in the nest: misguided Mike Yates (Richard Franklin) talks things through with the Doctor (Jon Pertwee).

Filmed at the CEGB location which doubled for the Section Twelve power station in Part Two – and not the sort of area likely to be found literally round the corner from Smithfield!

Butler imprisons Sarah in a storage area ... from which she escapes via a ventilation shaft. At HQ, the Doctor tells the Brigadier that Finch, Grover and Yates are all part of the conspiracy, urging him to disobey Finch's order to evacuate London. Sarah's note is uncovered, Bryson informing the Doctor that his friend left with Finch. The Doctor urges the Brigadier to attack the plotters' base. The Brigadier's call to his superiors in Geneva is cancelled when Yates arrives and holds his former comrades at gunpoint. Yates attempts to justify his betrayal of UNIT, telling the Doctor that the world has become complicated and corrupt. When the Operation reaches its fruition, a protective field will save the People, all of whom are inside the Central Zone. Everyone outside it will never have existed – and Yates doesn't care if that includes himself.

Mike's willingness to become a martyr – "I'm not important" – yet again suggests that Operation Golden Age is less a political cause, more a Moonie-like cult. Cut from the final version was dialogue explaining how the recuperating Yates had been recruited by Operation Golden Age after hearing Grover address a Save Planet Earth rally.

Yates is seized by Benton. Aboard the 'spaceship', more of the People are 'revived' – but the newly-returned Sarah convinces Mark that the mission is a fraud. Meanwhile, the Doctor and the Brigadier ready explosives to help break into the plotters' secret HQ. Hearing Sarah and Mark 'contaminating' other of the People, Ruth orders them detained – but a curious Adam radios Grover, whom he believes to be in another ship of the fleet. The Doctor and Brigadier survive close encounters with a tyrannosaurus, an apatosaurus and a stegosaurus before arriving at Moorgate.

The jeep-beneath-the-apatosaurus sequence was shot at Riverside Drive, Ham, Middlesex.

Having entered the 'ship' via its 'airlock', a spacesuited Grover confronts Sarah and Mark.

Grover's spacesuit was borrowed from *Moonbase 3*, recorded just weeks before *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*' October/November 1973 studio sessions.

Speaking openly of his deception, Grover is unaware that Adam is eavesdropping. When Grover leaves, Adam releases Sarah and Mark. In the Tube, the Brigadier has fought back a triceratops with a flare while the Doctor has set explosives – which are now detonated, exposing the hidden lift shaft. While the Doctor descends the shaft, the Brigadier calls Benton for reinforcements. Benton is confronted by Finch, but soon overcomes him. Adam allows Sarah to demonstrate to the People that the airlock leads not into space, but the bunker – where those who have duped them can be found ... The Doctor knocks out Butler before heading towards the control room, where Grover and Whitaker have decided to proceed with the final stage of their plan. As Whitaker makes to begin rolling back time, Sarah, Mark and the People enter – Mark holding the Professor back. Grover tries to justify his deception, but is interrupted by the Doctor, the Brigadier and the UNIT reinforcements – whose arrival distracts Mark long enough for Whitaker to begin the process.

"Kklak! Kklak! Kkklaaakkkkk!"
"Beg pardon?"

'The degree of character development afforded to Mike Yates is unique in the history of Doctor Who'

Despite the serial having been commissioned at both storyline and script stage under the title *Timescoop*, note that nowhere in the story has the name 'Timescoop' been given for Whitaker's device – we know the term from the *Dinosaur Invasion* novelisation.

Time stands still for everyone other than the Doctor, who struggles to reach the lever and deactivate the device ... whereupon normal time is resumed. Grover rushes forward and touches the lever – but the Doctor has reversed the machine's polarity. Grover, Whitaker and the machine disappear in a time eddy, transported back to their Golden Age.

When, exactly, is the Golden Age? Surely it cannot be any time before the end of the Cretaceous: quite aside from the fact that middle-aged Ladies and airport novelists would be patently unsuited to survival alongside the 'Terrible Lizards' (Olympic athlete Mark might be able to run away from the tyrannosauruses, but that's about all), the Earth will be struck by a space freighter at minus 65 million years (cf *Earthshock*), rendering it uninhabitable by man or dinosaur for millennia. Twelfth century England, then, from whence the peasant in Part Two hails? No real explanation is given as to why he in particular should have suddenly appeared. Maybe this was part of a trial run for Whitaker's device? Since Richard I is Crusading in the Holy Land at this point, the People could seek to occupy a power vacuum back in England. The Lionheart might return to discover modern London suddenly appeared in the place of his capital, the People ruling over his serfs. The story's novelisation gives rise to another possibility, however ... (see below).

Back at HQ, the Doctor reveals that his Time Lord heritage enabled him to resist the process. The Brigadier asserts that Grover must have been insane, but the Doctor sympathises with the plotters' ideals. Finch will be court-martialled, but Yates will be given the opportunity to resign.

The confused Captain's story is ended in *Planet of the Spiders* (1974), where it is revealed that Yates has turned to Buddhism at a remote monastery, the Gompa of Min-Dol-Lin. Such a degree of irreversible character development is unprecedented in *Doctor Who*. Arguably, its like would not be seen again until the introduction of Turlough in *Mawdryn Undead* (1983).

The Brigadier and Benton depart, leaving the Doctor to entice the reluctant Sarah with talk of a trip to the beautiful planet Florana ...

Hulke's *Dinosaur Invasion* novelisation omits this sequence altogether, concluding instead with the Doctor and Sarah driving down the Charing Cross Road, wondering where Grover and Whitaker might have ended up. Finding a copy of the Bible in Foyle's bookshop, the Doctor suggests that a passage therein (Ezekiel 1 v 5-6) contains 'evidence' of a bizarre incursion by unknown four-faced, four-winged beings into the planet's past. So many mysteries: if Operation Golden Age is indeed best viewed as a religious sect, as suggested above, perhaps it's most fitting that Grover and Whitaker might end up bit-part players somewhere else in the pages of the Old Testament. "But what if Time goes backwards and forwards, or round in big circles?" asks the Doctor. What if Grover and Whitaker's arrival in the past was part of history all along, and that they will end up helping move civilisation on to the same modern day they so despise? DWM

Sarah Jane wakes up in outer space. And a horrible jump suit...

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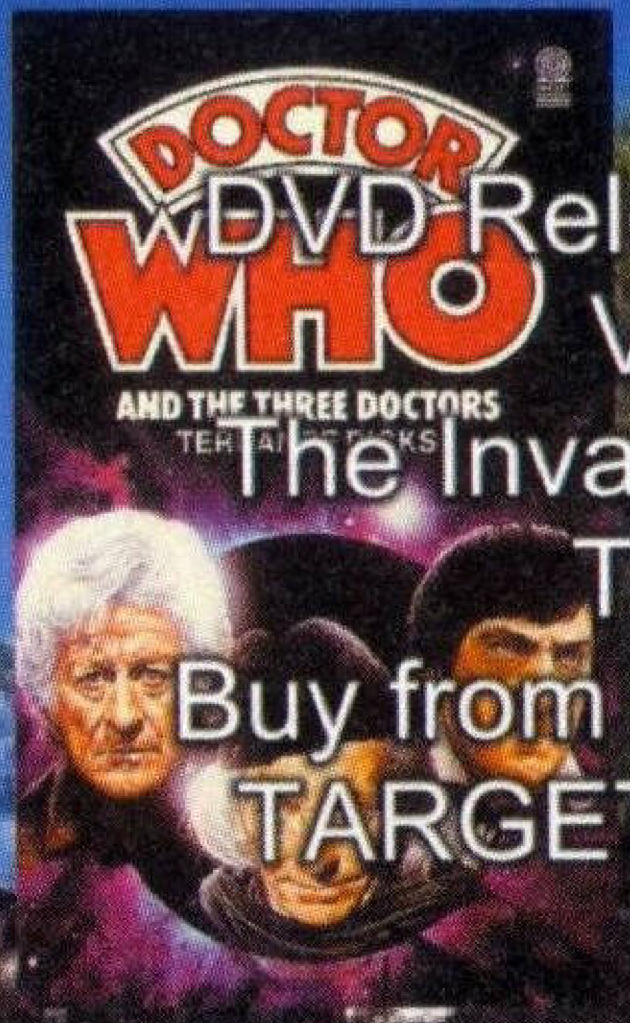

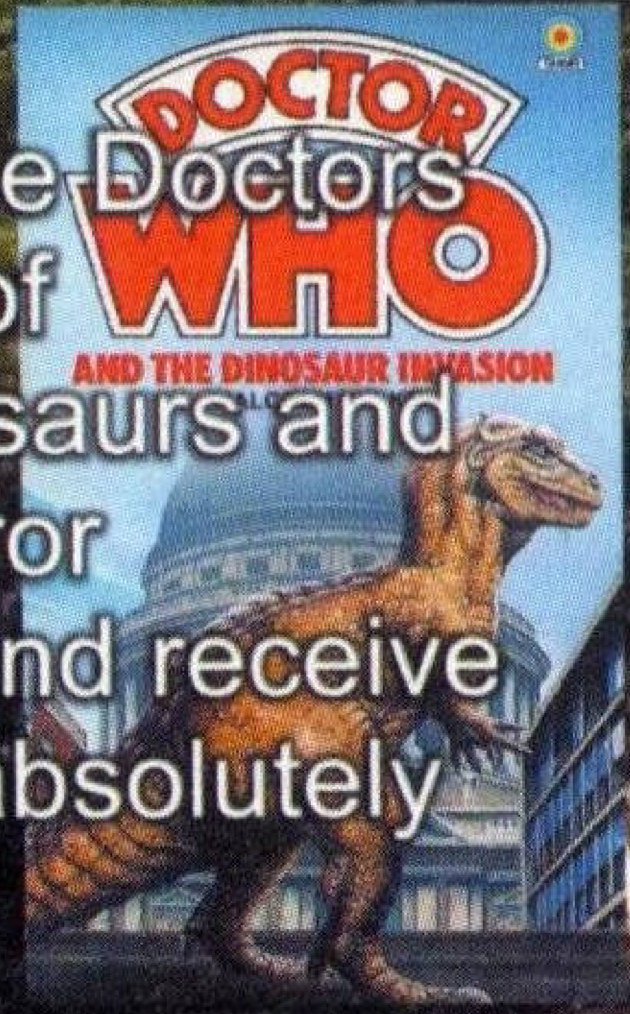

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Peter Miles hefts his Dalek gunstick once more in a publicity shot for the **Kaldor City** audio series. © Andy Hopkinson

MAN OF STEEL

Peter Miles talks to Alan Stevens about strangling Nick Courtney, coshing Tom Baker, and getting away with murder in Kaldor City. That's what we wanted to know ...

"I think Doctor Lawrence was quite a nasty piece of work," says Peter Miles reminiscing on his star turn in the Season Seven Jon Pertwee story, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. "He was so unsympathetic, wasn't he? He objected to everybody and had this arrogance which says, 'I'm an important guy, I know what I'm doing. There is no trouble here in my atomic research laboratories, therefore, get off my territory.' Yes, he was a very cold fish indeed."

Peter Miles, he of the memorably sinister aspect, started out as an amateur actor before joining the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in the mid-1960s, and successfully broke into television a few years later.

"Getting into television is bloody difficult," says Peter with feeling. "I think it's very much a case of who you know and who will put a word in for you. Luckily, I was very friendly with Ruth Caleb, who is now a famous BBC producer. When I first knew her she was an assistant stage manager in fringe theatre; we used to play tennis together and got on very well, so when she became an ASM at BBC Television Centre she recommended me to somebody for a small part in a play. That was my first telly for the BBC; up until then my agent had managed to get me into what used to be ABC television, and I did a few TV parts there including *Armchair Theatre*. Today it's all casting directors, but back then you could actually meet a director and, if they liked you, they would keep using you and recommend you to other directors in turn. So it spread from there to me eventually being approached by director Timothy Combe to do a *Doctor Who* and playing Doctor Lawrence."

As it turned out, Peter also ended up doing a bit of casting himself. "I remember Tim Combe coming up to me and saying, 'We need somebody who is exactly six foot two,' and I said, 'Well I know the very person because I've just finished a tour with him, and he'll do it in a flash!' So they rang him up, and that's how Nigel Johns came to play the Young Silurian."

I asked Peter what he thought of the reptilian monsters that appeared in the show. "Watching it back now, I do find the Silurians tremendously funny, what with their big feet and all that head-bobbing. But then I do have quite a warped sense of humour, which comes about through listening to *The Goon Show* once a week for 20 years."

Peter was also fond of another radio series, *The Navy Lark*, which featured Jon Pertwee. "Working with him on *Doctor Who* was a great experience for me," he says. "I know Tom Baker is the glamour boy of *Doctor Who*, and for good reason, but I really was highly impressed with Pertwee. We became friends, and I'm very privileged to say that. What I liked about Pertwee was that he was such a damned good actor. People underrate artists who have come up in the world, either through variety and comedy, let alone impersonations and cabaret, which is all Pertwee's scene, but nobody should underrate Jon Pertwee. He was one of the great Doctor Whos, without question."

Peter was less happy, however, with Doctor Lawrence's rather energetic demise. "As I recall, I suddenly got an attack of death and tried to strangle Nicholas Courtney, because I had gone mad with some horrible Silurian plague! I remember prior to the scene being recorded, I was going a little around the bend myself, because the BBC were announcing on the studio floor, 'Watch that Peter doesn't make us go into overtime,' and the reason for that was because I was stuck in the make-up room, having all this latex put on my face to show the effects of the disease, and they were taking too long about it. So when the time came for me to try to kill Nick, I was a little concerned afterwards that I may have gone over the top. Watching it back today, though, I see that it turned out rather well. So there we are at last, 33 years of worry put to rest. What a relief!"

A few years later, Peter was back with *Doctor Who* for Jon Pertwee's last season, this time elevated to the academic rank of Professor, in this month's video release, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*. "In that one I played Professor Whitaker, another cold fish. He had a Noah's Ark, but without the animals, stowed away under Whitehall, and he was bringing these rubbery dinosaurs back through time. I loved everything about that story except the rather croaking dinosaurs with their big teeth looking at me. Poor things. This is not Steven Spielberg spending millions of pounds that we are talking about, this is in the mid-1970s, on a 25-minute programme coming out every week with a BBC budget, for God's sake. But they were rather stiff, weren't they? Rather solid. They were like living corpses. When their mouths were shut they looked as if you could buy them in the science museum, but I thought some of the tricks the Beeb did with the dinosaurs were quite good. Like the bit where Sarah Jane Smith [Elisabeth Sladen] visits one that is lying down, and suddenly its eye opens and it starts gradually getting up and she runs out in horror."

I wondered if Peter had noticed that there were quite a few similarities between his first story and his second, in that both featured creatures from primeval Earth and an attempt to change the present into the past. "That's absolutely right!" he exclaims. "And Professor Whitaker was very much like Doctor Lawrence, wasn't he? Very rigid, very arrogant and single-minded. Looking at it now I can see a progression there – I suppose everything I did on *Doctor Who* was heading towards me becoming Nyder one day."

Peter's next appearance, as Davros' sinister Security Commander in *Doctor Who*'s twelfth season classic *Genesis of the Daleks*, provoked an apoplectic reaction from clean-up-TV campaigner Mary Whitehouse. "I actually struck Tom Baker with a wobbly cosh. But that was, of course, a physical assault on the star of the show in front of the under-tens. She sent the producer, Philip Hinchcliffe, a very long list of complaints and one of them was that my character had 'coshed the Doctor.' I loved the fact that Mary Whitehouse was livid." Peter chuckles. "I thought it was wonderful, and if she had looked closer then she would have seen the cosh wobbling as it bounced off Tom Baker's head. It wasn't real at all, but she was determined to make a fuss. I think the director, David Maloney, knew she was going to complain and I think that's why I lost the Iron Cross I had dangling from my neck. She still mentioned it though, when she wrote in with her list. 'A certain actor is wearing an Iron Cross and is obviously a Nazi.' Well, that's what the story was all about! To me Davros represented Adolf Hitler, trying to take over the world, and I represented Himmler, the head of the SS. I relished that part, and what a wonderful script. Yum, yum. That story is very special to me, and it was good to appear with the Daleks."

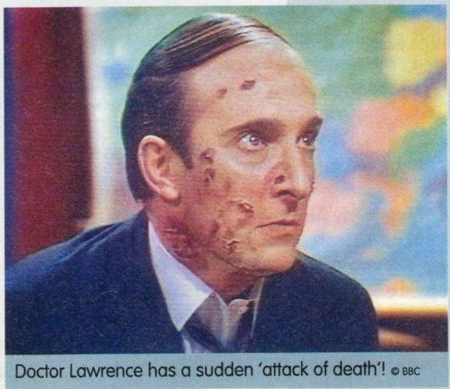
As Nyder alongside Michael Wisher's Davros. © BBC

Had Peter seen the Daleks in action before meeting them in person? "Oh, I certainly had. I used to watch *Doctor Who* at my sister's flat in Park Royal at tea time with my nephew, so I certainly knew what William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton were up to, and so I was very pleased to learn that for my third story I would be working with Daleks. One particular moment that sticks in my mind was doing that very reverent ceremony with Dennis Chinnery where I fit the very first Dalek with its gun. Dennis Chinnery would keep telling me these corny jokes between takes and so it was difficult to keep a straight face."

What was it like working with Tom Baker? "I remember he was quite concerned about getting everything right," Peter recalls. "Perhaps because this was his first season and he was still establishing himself as the new Doctor Who, but he was very attentive to the script. He would often come into the North Acton rehearsal rooms, and you could see he'd crossed out a paragraph and he would be speaking to the script editor about how he could change a particular scene or line of dialogue. He wasn't being awkward, he just really wanted it all to work, and they took his remarks very seriously. I liked his character, it was distinctly a Tom Baker *Doctor Who* story and I liked every minute of it." Peter pauses, smiling at the memories. "I also greatly enjoyed working with Michael Wisher. He was outstanding as Davros and tremendously dedicated to the part. During rehearsals he used to wear a paper bag on his head! He wasn't a glue sniffer or anything, it was just that he knew that in the studio he was going to be in full make-up wearing this Davros mask and so he was trying to screen out facial expressions and do everything with his voice. Many years after, Wisher and I used to be a kind of Laurel and Hardy double act at various *Doctor Who* conventions. I love conventions. I am indebted to the thousands of fans of *Doctor Who* with their terrific loyalty and friendliness, and it's always a great joy to meet them."

Towards the end of the story, Peter was asked to devise his own death scene. "That was due to the various pressures in studio. They had spent a long time setting up the story's climax. It was a big set and they were trying to move a number of 'dummy Daleks' around to make it look like a big army, and of course the clock was ticking. So eventually David Maloney came up to me and said, 'Honestly, Peter, I haven't got time to think up a death for you. Could I leave it to you to choose a position and do your own thing?' So I chose this pillar and I thought, 'What a nice place to die,' and, as you've seen on screen, I slid with my back down the pillar. I also decided to die in silence because it makes people feel a bit sad. If everybody screams, which most people do when they are exterminated, you think, 'Oh, they're in pain, but that's alright, they're getting paid back!' But I thought, 'I'll have a bit of tragedy,' so I died in silence."

"I suddenly got an attack of death and tried to strangle Nicholas Courtney, because I had gone mad with some horrible Silurian plague!"

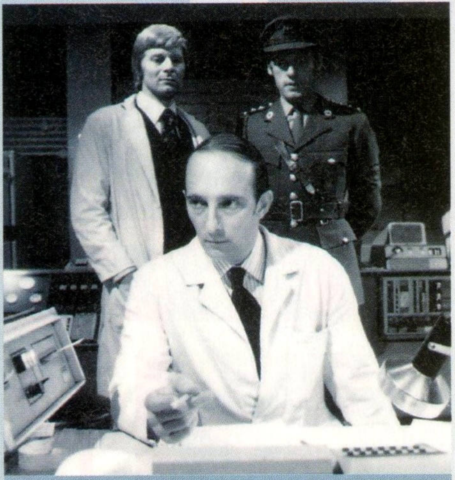

Doctor Lawrence has a sudden 'attack of death'! © BBC

Two years later Peter appeared in two episodes of the Terry Nation sci-fi series *Blake's 7*, which was also produced by David Maloney. "I played Rontane, the personal secretary to the President of the Federation, who had to go and see the head of the military, Servalan, on her space station. Servalan, of course, was played by a lovely lady called Jacqueline Pearce, who was, in my humble opinion, an absolute dish. A corker! She was *so* attractive ..."

Peter then returned to *Blake's 7* a season later in the Chris Boucher episode, *Trial*. "I loved that one," he confesses. "I adore doing law court scenes and it was a particularly good script. It was also fun to work with John Savident as the court arbiter. John is very proud of his aftershave and he wore it every day. I have a collection of aftershave actors who I have worked with in my life. Simon Oates, whom I worked with in *Doomwatch*, wore stuff you could gas a badger with. The best was John, though. He said, 'Do you know how much this cost?' I remember he told me and thought, 'My God! He's got some money!'"

Peter's next venture into sci-fi saw him returning to *Doctor Who* in the Barry Letts radio serial *The Paradise of Death*. "I enjoyed that. It was fun to work again with Lis Sladen, Nick Courtney, and Jon Pertwee. I was also reunited with another colleague, Harold Innocent. He was my best friend when we were at the Royal Shakespeare Company together. Harold and I played two intergalactic bad guys. I was a nutty, sadistic villain called Tragan. I adored playing him. And I also had these mad dogs I would set on people. In the studio I was given some chains to rattle, so as to pretend that I was holding their leads!"

Before working on *Doctor Who* again, Peter also did the audio play *Zygons: Absolution* for Bill Baggs. "I played a religious cult leader who has a rather unfortunate encounter with the nasty shape-changing Zygons. It was a part I enjoyed enormously, but I never got to hear it as nobody had the foresight to send me a copy of the final production! Not long after that, I did another audio, *Whispers of Terror* for Big Finish which was through Gary Russell, who knows me terribly well, and gave me this lovely part. It was a whodunnit and a thriller, and I played a blind curator of a sound museum. I thought it was a damned good cast."


As Professor Whitaker in **Invasion of the Dinosaurs**. © BBC

What did Peter think of Colin Baker? "Well, I had worked with Colin and Nicola Bryant before on the Bill Baggs video *More than a Messiah*. I've performed with four Doctor Who actors in all, as I also did the CD *Prosperity Island* with Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred, where again I had a superb part. Colin, like Tom Baker, is very astute and very conscientious about everybody's performance and his own. The more professional people are, the more I love it."

Recently, Peter has been one of the main players in the *Kaldor City* audio series, based on another *Doctor Who* serial, *The Robots of Death*. "I am so proud to be involved," Peter enthuses. "I think everyone has done a magnificent job, and the quality of writing and production are both extraordinary. Another bonus is getting to act alongside such a fabulous cast. Russell Hunter who plays Uvanov, my main political rival, is such a wonderful actor. I really enjoy all my scenes with him. The man has boundless energy!"

Peter is particularly keen on the character he portrays in the series, the machiavellian Firstmaster Landerchild. "It's what you'd call a 'through role' in that I appear in every episode, and my character develops as it goes along. It's a part I relish, I can tell you!"

Peter also finds the series something of a *Doctor Who* reunion. "I'm getting to work again with many of the actors I encountered during *The Silurians*. There's Nick Courtney, Paul Darrow [who played Captain Hawkins] and Peter Halliday who did all the voices for the Silurians. So I rather feel that I've come full circle ..."

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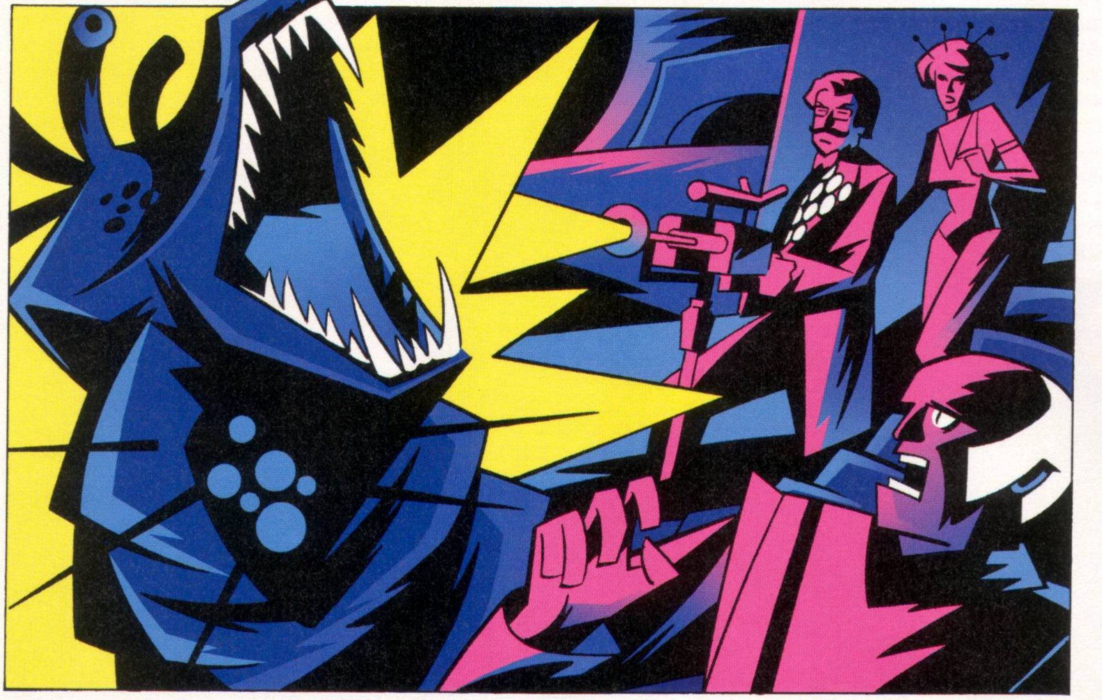


EPISODE 334 TO EPISODE 341

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00521

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00086

One or more regulars incarcerated

00157

Roll up, roll up, roll up! See these funny little creatures in their native habitat! Watch 'em go through their funny little tricks! Poke 'em with a stick and make 'em jump!

Yes, it's a warm welcome back to the Time Team, where four ordinary fans have been lifted from their real lives, imprisoned in a suburban living room, and forced to watch all of *Doctor Who* for the entertainment of superior beings such as yourself. They're in the middle of the Pertwee era at the moment, and our Time Lord hero has just been freed from his three-year exile on Earth. But though the Doctor and Jo were heading for the blue planet of Metebelis III, the TARDIS has instead coughed itself into solidity inside the hold of a cargo ship.

"At long last, we get the Doctor travelling off in the TARDIS for no other reason other than he wants to," says Richard with a smile. "The exile idea was a nice one, but it really had run its course."

Peter laughs. "But it's Sod's Law that the first time ever that the Doctor has a fully working TARDIS, he doesn't end up where he thinks he's going to be!"

Elsewhere, on the planet Inter Minor, itinerant show folk Vorg and Shirna are receiving a grilling from whey-faced bureaucrats Orum, Kalik and Pletrac. Clay seems to want to say something. Reluctantly, one agrees.

"I love the Inter-Minorians and their squabbles," he enthuses. "No other story could get away with painting the officious people grey, but here it works perfectly. And Vorg and Shirna are just splendid. They're so instantly loveable and recognisable that you accept them instantly."

Meanwhile, the Doctor and Jo appear to be on board the *SS Bernice*, bound for Bombay. Jo is certain that the Doctor has simply brought them back to Earth in 1926, but our hero isn't so sure. The fact that the crew and passengers of the ship seem to be reliving the same events over and over again, and are attacked by a Plesiosaur every teatime, seems to add credence to his concerns.

"I rather like that there's no obvious correlation between the Inter Minor scenes and those on the *SS Bernice*," says Richard. "It gives a great feeling of mystery."

"Yes," agrees Clay. "And the cutting between them is marvellously strange. It's like two adventures are going on simultaneously and the BBC is flipping between channels for us, picking out the best bits!"

After the Doctor discovers a seemingly alien manhole cover set into the deck of the *SS Bernice*, he explains to Jo that he believes the ship, its occupants – even the sock-puppet sea monster – to be specimens in some eccentric collection.

"It's good to see that the Doctor's in a jolly mood these days," notes Peter, as the Time Lord banters with Jo. "The crabbiness that followed his exile has all but vanished. He's quite charming now!"

"He's had a complete likeability transplant in this story," says Clay. "Grinning, dashing around and obviously revelling in travelling with Jo. It's so wonderful to watch. Not a hint of the usual pomposity."

As the Doctor visits the TARDIS to collect equipment that will open the strange hatch, a giant hand looms in from above and confiscates the Doctor's ship.

"It's a fab cliffhanger," gasps Jac. "And there's lots happening, which is nice – what amazing structure that episode had."

"At his best, Bob Holmes really doesn't waste a line, does he?" agrees Clay.

It's time for Episode Two, and the Time Team are showing worrying signs of consensus. But if we turn up the 'Aggrometer', they can be made to behave in an amusingly aggressive manner ...

"Vorg and Shirna are fabulous!" chuckles Peter, as they squabble over how best to deal with the Inter Minorians. "For the first time since Milo Clancey, we have funny, intelligent characters that are integral to the plot."

"Milo Clancey!" chokes Jac. "Were you listening to the same Milo Clancey as the rest of us? You might as well say that Pigbin Josh was a funny, intelligent character! What nonsense!"

Ah, best to calm things down. If you leave it too long, the Team start to damage each other.

"But it's an interesting observation," continues Jac. "I felt Holmes' characters in *The Space Pirates* were trying to do witty banter but didn't succeed. Now, several stories later, his dialogue is an absolute joy."

"I could watch Vorg and Shirna all day long," says Clay. "And we mustn't forget that the actors are playing the parts perfectly. Spin-off series please!"

Breaking out of the *SS Bernice*, the Doctor and Jo find themselves lost within the innards of some fantastical machine.

Richard is unimpressed. "It might be like 'walking around inside a wristwatch' – as the Doctor puts it," he says. "But it still looks like walkways and corridors to me!"

"I think it all looks marvellous," says Clay. "Everything in this story is colourful and interesting. There's none of the cheap drabness of *The Three Doctors*. And anyway, I always love the bits where the Doctor and the assistant get some time to themselves to chat about the plot!"

On Inter Minor, Vorg is demonstrating his 'Scope' to the natives. It turns out to be a sort of miniature zoo containing specimens from around the galaxy – a collection which now includes the Doctor and Jo, alongside Cybermen, Ogrons, the fearsome Drashigs and the Brain Creatures of Morphoton. Possibly.

"What rubbish reception Vorg gets on his Miniscope!" laughs Richard, "Who'd pay to see that? It looks like UK Gold!"

Clay chuckles. "It's beautiful the way Vorg builds up his monsters as being the most evil in the universe – like every *Doctor Who* story so far – only to show his audience an unconvincing special effect! Very droll!"

Episode Three begins with our heroes in another 'circuit' of the Scope, menaced by the aforementioned Drashigs – giant caterpillers with the most intimidating set of teeth this side of Anthony Ainley.

"Ooh, I like the Drashigs!" gushes Richard. "They're so much better than that crummy Plesiosaur! It's rather a nice idea that they've been designed as wormy things. It's so much easier to realise."

"They really aren't that bad, are they?" agrees Jac. "When they're not hampered by CSO, they're rather effective."

"Yes, it's only when they join the story proper, and have to interact with actors, that they seem rubbish," adds Clay. "But those horrid spaniel jaws, or whatever they are, give me the creeps!"

Dashing from the Drashigs, the Doctor finally puts two-and-two together and works out where he is. He's a little shocked by his own

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT
Illustration by
ADRIAN SALMON

CLAY

JAC

PETER

RICHARD

conclusions, as it seems he once helped to have 'Miniscopes' such as Vorg's banned.

"More background for the Doctor!" says Peter. "So, he was a political activist before he left his home planet, was he?"

"Clever Jo!" chuckles Clay, as the girl rightly wonders what the Time Lords were doing banning *anything*. What next? A galactic ban on smoking or running with scissors? "See how she points out the huge discrepancies in the portrayal of the Time Lords each time they're mentioned – are they aloof bystanders, or protectors of the weak? Any idea, folks? The production team doesn't seem to have a clue!"

As the Doctor tries to escape the Scope and Kalik and Orum plot to use the Drashigs to aid the overthrow of their president, Jac nods approvingly. "There's loads happening here," she says. "But the difference between this and something like *Claws of Axos* is that all the plot strands are complementary. Even the cliffhangers seem like a natural progression rather than an artificial threat. This is quality *Doctor Who*."

Episode Four begins as a tiny Doctor stumbles from the Scope and the two plotlines finally mesh.

"The scale is all a bit out in this, isn't it?" comments Richard. "The Doctor emerges around six inches tall. So how big are the Drashigs or the *SS Bernice* going to be? It's must be very cramped in there."

"As the Doctor rigs a device that will send the inhabitants of the Scope back home to Earth, Grundle, Morphoton or wherever, sly Kalik arranges the escape of a Drashig or two onto Inter Minor. Silly man.

"Oh, that was all a bit quick, wasn't it?" frowns Peter. "They flicked a switch to turn the adventure off and suddenly it's all over."

"I'm not sure quite what happened," agrees Jac. "Did Kalik get eaten? We didn't see what happened to him, did we?"

"I think that's probably a good thing," says Clay. "There's that wobbly rubber man on Barry Letts' monitor screens in the DVD extras, so it's a mercy, really. But I don't think the ending felt too abrubt. The Inter-Minorians were a subplot anyway, compared to the Doc and Jo and Vorg and Shirna."

"Shirna's little smile at the end is rather a sweet way to finish the story," says Richard.

"OOH, THE OGRONS ARE HERE – SHOULD WE BE EXPECTING A SURPRISE?"

"Cor, that was a good one, wasn't it?"

"Excellent," adds Peter. "One of those where it makes you feel churlish to dwell on the little faults."

"It was so imaginative, so witty, so beautifully structured and so brilliantly acted," says Clay, grin as wide as a Drashig's. "One of my very, very favourites so far."

"And it always makes me laugh to think that Cheryl Hall played Shirna in a story featuring grey-faced politicians," adds Richard.

"Why's that?" asks Jac.

"She's now a Labour councillor on Kent County Council."

There's no rest for the grunting functionaries of the Time Team. Episode One of *Frontier in Space* is next on the list. Another century, another cargo hold ...

"Oh dear – another random landing," says Peter. "Will Josephine Grant ever get back to her native Earth? I hope they don't get cut off from the Ship, hmmmm?"

It's the far future, and the Earth Empire has an uneasy truce with the Draconian Empire. The trouble is, each believes that the other is endangering that peace through random acts of piracy. War is brewing.

"It's a bit like *Carnival*," says Clay. "Setting up a story which relies on increasing mystery – Why does Jo see humans as Drashigs, and why are she and the Doctor seen as aliens? I like this new direction!"

It seems that no-one is quite who they appear. A strange hypnotic signal means that the crew of the Earth ship on which the TARDIS has landed see Draconians when they are actually being attacked by Ogrons. Everyone sees their worst fear, you see? Though why Jo sees Drashigs, and not Captain Yates proposing a night out at a Freddie Mercury concert, is anyone's guess.

"Only last story we were reminded that the Ogrons were the Daleks' slaves," says Jac. "Is that to prepare us for a surprise?"

"There's a Dalek on the front cover of the video," spoils Peter.

"Shh!" hushes Clay. "You're not supposed to look at that!" He looks at it himself. "Urgh! Definitely not. That's rubbish!"

"Goodness knows what Jo thinks is going on," chuckles Jac. "From what she asks about the hypnotism, I can only guess that she thinks she's been ushered around and locked up by a Drashig!"

"Well, I take back what I said earlier," adds Clay. The Doctor has solved the mystery in ten minutes flat. That could have been a great central idea, keeping us all guessing for ages. What a waste."

As the credits roll, and the Doctor and Jo are blamed for everything, as per, and taken to Earth as prisoners, Richard sums up the feelings of the Team. "That was a boring episode," he says. "25 minutes of two ships docking very slowly and a consignment of flour being stolen."

Episode Two sees the Doctor trying to explain the truth about the Ogrons to the President of Earth – a nervous lady with transparent desk but a somewhat opaque accent – and the Draconians. No-one believes his theory that a third party is trying to stir up a war, and nor will they for another four episodes.

"All we're getting is the same thing over and over," says Jac with a sigh. "No-one will listen to the Doctor, but as we know what's going on, there's no real tension for us."

"Hear hear," seconds Clay. "It's interesting to see our two heroes caught in the middle of the conflict, but it kind of limits what they can do."

Frontier in Space seems to be the kind of *Doctor Who* that only Gene Roddenbery could love, but there are a few moments of uniquely *Who*-ish fun, as Richard points out.

"It seems that every time the Doctor and Jo get locked up, they're written with little comedy moments to try to keep the audience amused, like stories of Medusoids and purple horses with green spots."

Was that a Moment of Charm? Not according to Clay.

"His stories are too nauseating for words!" he groans. "More mundane complaints from Jo, please. If he mentions a daisy, I'm leaving ..."

In Episode 3, we see a little more of the President and her staff.

"Three women!" shouts Peter, with worrying enthusiasm. "In one scene? With no man? That's unheard of since *Galaxy 4*!"

"Well yes," says Jac with a tolerant tone. "But it seems a token gesture, though. General Williams talks to her like she's the tea lady!"

While the Doctor is taken to a prison on the moon to wear kung-fu pyjamas, Jo finds salvation from an unlikely source. Well, steal our flour and put us in a Miniscope ... It's the Master!

"What a relief!" chuckles Richard. "It's great to have him back, and his scene with Jo is just so witty and lovely. He can't really be the most evil man in the universe, can he?"

"You're quite right, Richard," says Peter with a grin. "The gent is charm personified. I suspect, deep down, even Jo's glad he's arrived!"

Our final episode of the day sees the Doctor and Jo reunited in the custody of the Master, who is taking them back to the planet of the Ogrons to meet his employers. Most of this instalment is taken up with another escape attempt, this time with Jo talking to a pile of pillows in their cell while the Doctor tries to space walk to the control room.

"That's the most convincing portrayal of someone having to make it up as they go along that I've ever seen," says Jac, before she catches a look from Richard. "I'm not being sarcastic! Jo's fab!"

"Hearing Jo blither about their 'downtime' at UNIT is very funny indeed," agrees Clay. "Is this what it's like for the Doctor between stories? Really mundane, with Jo moaning about the filing or that she's had to loan Corporal Bell a tenner, or whatever?"

As *Frontier in Space* tries to distil the purest form of 'padding' ever known to man, we have to leave our Team for another month.

"Can we just watch the end?" asks Peter. "I've got quite into it."

Tsk. No respect for the rules, this Time Team. Give them a hygiene chamber and they'd probably store videos in it. DWM

AND YOU SAID...

CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS

"It's the Doctor's first 'freedom' trip off Earth since the black and white days, and what does he do? He lands in a cage!"
Steve Manfred, USA

"Surely the Scope doesn't make sense? It's not a time loop – they 'repeat simple behaviour patterns' each time – so why don't they age, when do they eat or wash or sleep, why doesn't Daly's book fall apart from constantly being opened at the same page?"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"Proof that the Doctor doesn't blast into oblivion an unfortunate Ogron in *Day of the Daleks*! Although the Doctor does pull the trigger of his ray-gun, the Ogron vanishes only because at that precise moment it has been pulled out of time and space by Vorg and placed within the Scope ..."
Jon Preddle, New Zealand

"Isn't putting the *SS Bernice* back in time and losing a famous mystery changing history? Ironic, given that the Time Lords have just let the Doctor off, he's now as bad as the Monk!"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

FRONTIER IN SPACE

"The 'nightmare box' makes no sense. Why does everyone fear exactly the same things, in exactly the same positions – surely terrors are neither so equal nor so predictable?"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

"She's quite the micromanaging President, isn't she? A whole empire to run and yet she finds time to interrogate the prisoners herself!"
Steve Manfred, USA

"I've always liked the Master, but doesn't he learn anything? Not to be undone by his previous failure with the Keller machine, he's once again using hallucinatory technology which shows old monsters!"
Steve Hardy, Bath

"Is this a record for the number of incarcerations? No sooner are the Doctor and Jo out of prison, than they're captured again!"
Mark Hugill, London

In **DW**M 337 the Team will be off down't pit in **The Green Death** then meeting a new friend in **The Time Warrior**. Comments? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at **dwm@panini.co.uk** (marked 'Time Team') by 10 October.

KITZ & FRI
H
REAM CAKES
NUTS

Filming in Camden for the third series of **The League of Gentlemen**. Photograph © Clayton Hickman.

GENTLEMAN'S EXCUSE ME

"I think I may have gone a little too far ..." What harm could a couple of sketches do, thought **Mark Gatiss** during 1999's **Doctor Who Night**. Rather more than he'd expected, actually ... In the final part of this in-depth interview, he tells **Anthony K McCail** all about the fallout from his frivolity, the secrets of 'Project X', a masterly performance and taking tea with Tom Baker!

When we last left actor/writer/comedian/*Doctor Who* fan Mark Gatiss, he was looking slightly apprehensive. Mark had been telling **DW**M about the sketches he wrote and performed with David Walliams for BBC2's 1999 *Doctor Who Night*, and in issue 333 we heard about the inspiration behind *The Web of Caves* and *The Kidnappers* – but what about the rather contentious sketch set in Mr Borusa's office in BBC HQ in 1963 that opened the evening's festivities? Tell us, if you will Mr Gatiss, about *The Pitch of Fear* ...

Mark sips his water, takes a deep breath, and continues with his story. "David had this idea: 'What if someone comes in and pitches *Doctor Who*, but they know the *whole lot* from the beginning?' It was such a clever idea. It was brilliant. '... And after three years he will change into Patrick Troughton! I've got it all mapped out! And it will last for 26 years ...' It suddenly became this really good vehicle for being quite sarky about what we saw had gone wrong with *Doctor Who*, and also a way of being very properly generous about what had been great about it. While we were writing it, it ended with the lines, 'Could he even have question marks on his pullover and on his lapel?' 'Wouldn't that spoil the mystery of the character?' 'Yes!' And then I think we were going to do the thing with the theme tune, as though it was created just by accident.

"And *then*," Mark continues, lowering his voice a little, "David came up with this line: 'We're only doing it if we can get the best possible people.' 'For the whole 26 years?' 'Nah, towards the end, just any old c—— with an Equity card!'" Shocking! Did Mark not have any qualms about saying something so controversial? "Well, we shot that three times, and we only did one 'f——er' as a safety. It's a very funny line, and as far as the vast majority of the world is concerned, it's true that the casting of Doctor Who went somewhat awry. But, yes, I did have a lot of qualms. We wrote it down and it went in. At the production meeting I said, 'We can't do that. We *can't* do that.' If I'd never had anything to do with the world of *Doctor Who* and I was just an entity from *The League of Gentlemen*, then fine. No comebacks. But Sylvester McCoy, particularly, had been a lovely man to me. And Colin Baker ... well, I never really knew quite how to take him. I'd first worked with him on *The Zero Imperative* [see **DW**M 332] and I'd very much enjoyed his company – he had a really dry sense of humour. Unfortunately, a terrible thing had happened.

"Bill Baggs was trying to save money – as he always did, bless his heart – and there was a bit where Colin was supposed to rescue Caroline John from a cell. And in order to save paying Colin, Bill got me to put Colin's jacket on and use my arm. Of course, when Colin found out he went crazy. Quite rightly probably, especially when it was actually his own coat rather than a costume. But he chose to haul us over the coals in front of an actor called David Terence, who was a man I had great respect for and I'd brought him in especially. It was so *cripplingly* embarrassing, and from then on things had been a little difficult between us. Perhaps that was part of it all ...

"So, it was a funny joke," Mark says, returning to the *Pitch of Fear* sketch, "but – and it never really occurred to me until the day it went out – I suddenly thought, 'Oh, God ... They're going to be sitting there, probably at home with their families, expecting three hours of *Doctor Who* loveliness, and the *first thing*, practically, that's on ...'"

Mark sighs again and looks dreadfully pained as he continues his confession. "What I really should have said is, 'I'm sorry. This is cruelly funny, but I don't think we shoot this. Or we could shoot it, but we mustn't put it in ...' Anyway, I just didn't do it, cos I think I would have felt like my 'independence' was being compromised, and that I would have come across as some sad *Doctor Who* insider who thought that every Doctor and all 26 years were equally great. So it went out and ... it *is* funny, obviously. People responded to it. In a way it was the first time anyone had dared to say it. But very shortly afterwards, Steve [Pemberton] saw Sylvester McCoy in the National Portrait Gallery and he was asking after me. Steve said 'Shall I say hello?' and Sylvester said, 'Send him ... my *fart*.' Somehow I always imagined it would be laughed off. I thought that, maybe, Colin might take it the best ... but he didn't.

"And now when I look back at it," Mark continues, "I think of that whole period where they were struggling to keep the programme on the air ... all those things we know *now* ... And the horror of what happened to Colin Baker – getting the best part in the world and then having it taken off you. Bloody hell, *I'd* be bitter! I don't know if I could have picked myself up from it. So now it just seems like the cheapest shot in the world. I don't care if people think I'm a wuss for apologising, but I am *terribly* sorry. More sorry than I can say. All the rest of it is perfectly legitimate. All the stuff about the production decisions, I stand by and I would do it again tomorrow. *Doctor Who* lost its way and there's no point pretending otherwise. But the end of that sketch was effectively a *personal* attack, and it's not fair. It's not clever. It was like kicking them in the teeth and it certainly shouldn't have been there in a night of celebration of *Doctor Who*."

Well that's certainly an apology! Mark nods and smiles sadly, adding, "In a way it knocked a few things on the head. I couldn't idly go to a convention without checking who was going to be there, and I couldn't really accept invitations to be in Big Finish plays with Colin or Sylvester ..."

What about Bonnie Langford? There were a few rumours that Mark had upset her as well ... "Oh God, did I?" Mark frowns, looking more ashamed than ever. "Was it on that Channel 4 documentary thing? *SFUK*? I'm terrible, aren't I? They asked me very directly what had gone wrong with *Doctor Who* ..."

Mark pauses for a moment to gather his thoughts. "I've now listened to Bonnie Langford on audio, and she is genuinely one of the best companions they've ever had. But at the time, if you'd said to anyone – not just a *Doctor Who* fan, but the man in the street – 'What's the ideal recipe for destroying *Doctor Who*?' you'd have probably got a reply like, 'A really harshly over-lit, stupidly light entertainment version of the programme we used to love, with over-the-top costumes, and Bonnie Langford as his companion!' That was what I said, and it was taken out of context. But it was just like *another* attack."

Mark gives yet another huge sigh. It's almost time for him to take to the stage in *Art*, and I've a horribly guilty feeling that I've not put him in the best frame of mind for an evening of comedy.

He takes another sip of water. "I'm just glad it's been said now. That it's out in the open. It might put a stop to those guilt dreams I've been having ..."

Indulging his love of dressing up alongside Reece Shearsmith in **The League of Gentlemen Christmas Special**.

Three months later and I meet Mark again in the rather more congenial surroundings of London's swanky Soho House. With a man rumoured to be next in line to play James Bond sitting at the next table, Mark seems slightly distracted. "A famous man is sitting nearby," he whispers into the dictophone, "let's talk about *Doctor Who* really loudly and see what he does ..."

Well, okay, but first let's set the scene a little. After the diversion of *Doctor Who Night*, a second TV series of *The League of Gentlemen* was on the cards, yes?

"We shot that in 1999," Mark nods, "and it was broadcast January 2000, and we did the book, we started writing the tour, and we wrote the Christmas Special which was broadcast Christmas 2000."

It sounds like it was yet another very busy year. "Yes!" Mark beams. "And then we started the *Local Show* tour at the end of 2000, and it went on until May 2001. The tour was fantastic. A much bigger success than we really dreamed of. It just kept extending forever."

Was *A Local Show for Local People* Mark's first experience of a big tour? "Oh yeah," Mark says, eyes widening at the memory. "It was exhilarating! It was fantastic to go to a different place every night. The best one we did was Sheffield. We drove from Glasgow, which took about seven hours, and we made it with ten minutes to spare. We didn't even have time for a soundcheck – we didn't have time for anything! We literally tumbled out of the car, into our costumes, put the microphones on and went on stage. And it was sensational! Not just because of that, or the audience reaction, but I loved the way we did that. It made us seem like a kind of band! We had a great time. It was very very tiring indeed, though – it went on for a long time."

So, other than behaving like an international rock star, what are Mark's favourite memories from the tour? "I think it was Drury Lane really more than the tour," Mark considers, "because we did six weeks in the biggest theatre in London. We had loads of people backstage ... Victoria Wood came ... and Leo Sayer! But just the sense of the history of it, because that's where *Python* did theirs ..."

Ah! So the title of the DVD, *The League of Gentlemen Live at Drury Lane*, was a deliberate homage to the *Monty Python* boys then? "Yes," grins Mark. "Probably arrogant, but I couldn't help it. That album meant so much to me as a kid, and I thought, 'I really can't believe I'm in a position to actually say that.' But then I thought, 'What the hell – why not?'"

With so many *League of Gentlemen* projects going on at that time, it's a wonder Mark had any time left for *Doctor Who* ... "But," he points out, waggling a finger, "while we were on the tour I was writing [Big Finish audio] *Invaders from Mars* in hotel rooms. And very early on it was definitely going to be a McGann audio, because I really wanted to do one."

And, of course, having met and performed with McGann in *The Stones of Venice*, might it have helped in writing for his Doctor? "Well, I'd met him before, of course, in Vancouver," Mark points out, "but, yes, it did. We had a really good laugh doing *Stones*, and I just tried to pick up on his character traits. I didn't watch the TV Movie again before I started writing it, I just did it the way I thought it should be."

Had Mark listened to the first 'season' of Eighth Doctor plays? "Yes, so there were things to go on there. A lot of that stuff was definitely in place. There's a great warmth between him and Charley, which is the way the Doctor and the companion should be. You really believe they'd want to spend time with each other."

Where had the idea for the story of *Invaders from Mars* come from? "The bath!" laughs Mark. "Well, I had this idea that really made me laugh. I got a kind of crush on the idea and got completely obsessed with it. I just devoured everything I had about [actor and director] Orson Welles, I watched *Citizen Kane* again, tried to get some kind of *Kane* references and feel to it. But as is often the way with me, I liked the idea, but the rest of it had to follow. That was the tough part. I do think my failing as a *Doctor Who* writer, probably with the exception of *Nightshade*, is that the idea or the general atmosphere is quite novel and amusing, but the actual adventure – particularly with *Phantasmagoria* – is actually quite standard. One of the reasons I really admire people like Rob Shearman is that his stories are consistently unusual and new. *Jubilee* and *The Holy Terror*, and Marc Platt's *Spare Parts* ... I love them. They still retain that *Doctor Who*ish-ness, without just being repetitious or feeling samey. If the programme was still on air, you'd like to believe that someone would have that imagination, to do what *Genesis of the Daleks* did and think on a big scale, and come up with something really quite startling. The cliffhanger to *Chimes of Midnight* is like ... *wow!* The first time I'd felt that since I don't know when. It's great to think that can still happen.

"I'm hoping to do another Peter Davison – can't do Colin Baker! Can't do Sylvester McCoy! – and I want to do another one like the stories I used to like," Mark reveals. "A grittier, grimmer ... spookier one. I don't regret it, but the last two

> "My failing as a **Doctor Who** writer is that my stuff usually has a novel central idea, but the actual adventure tends to be quite standard ..."

With Simon Pegg, Jessica Stevenson and India Fisher, during the recording of **Invaders From Mars**. © Big Finish

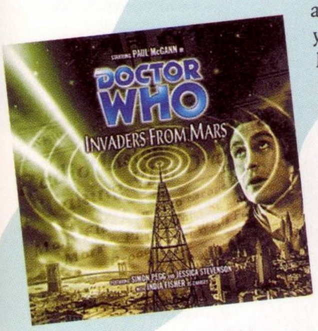
I've done have been very light-hearted. I like that, but I'd like to come up with something a bit more traditional."

As with *Phantasmagoria*, Mark assembled the cast for *Invaders from Mars* himself. "Well, I wanted to direct *Phantasmagoria*," Mark admits, "but it was only the second one they did, so Gary [Russell] quite rightly said, 'Well, let's just see ...' By the time we did *Invaders*, it was all very well established, but I got a slight case of the JNTs! I'd asked Charles Dance to do it, and he said he'd love to. And I asked Steve Coogan, who was definitely going to play the villain. And once this happened, it became like *Murder on the Orient Express!*"

Mark grins at the memory. "But then Charles was doing *Long Day's Journey* on Shaftesbury Avenue, and he was just exhausted. And Steve Coogan got *24 Hour Party People* and had to drop out. So that kind of woke me up a bit. I thought I shouldn't just be trying to get big names – even though they're both fantastic – I just wanted to get the *right* people. So I went through my address book, and just called people I knew would love to do it.

"It was lovely in the end, no problems at all. Paul McGann had worked with Mark Benton before, and it was just so nice. [*Spaced* stars] Simon Pegg and Jess Stevenson I obviously knew very well, and they immediately came to mind. Simon is a big comics fan, but – I think I said this in the sleeve-notes – you want people who are good, but who also have a feel for it. I've said this about David Ryall before – he'd never been in *Doctor Who*, but he knew instinctively how to do it. And that's not a question of giving an over-the-top performance or anything like that, but there's a *way* of doing it. It's funny how you can imagine that everyone knows, and then you discover that they just can't do it ...

"David Benson I had known for a long time. I did actually ask Peter Serafinovitch first, and he was going to do it, but then something else came up. Peter's just an incredible voice man, and also physically he's like a young Orson Welles. He's a big lad, very imposing, a huge frame, a massive laugh. So I immediately thought of him, but he couldn't do it. I'd asked David originally to be John Houseman, but then I asked him if he'd like a crack at Orson Welles. Now, apparently, so pleased is he with his impersonation, that he's put it in his one-man show! 'Orson, *Orzzzonnn*!'



"It was only two days but we had such a good time ... we could have done about ten days of it! The directing was fun, it wasn't as scary as I'd imagined. So that was lovely, and I was very glad to kick it off. We had a writers' meeting in a pub, and it was really funny, because at that stage, whenever it was, Gary said 'Everyone, just take us through your ideas.' And I said, 'Well, New York, 1938. There is a *real* alien invasion during the *War of the Worlds* broadcast. And, er ... that's it!' And Alan [Barnes] already had *Neverland* planned down to the last comma! And he was talking about things like Artron Energy ... I mean ... is that from *Invasion of Time*?"

The Deadly Assassin methinks. Mark shrugs and continues, "Well, anyway, I hadn't got to that in my *Time Team*-like watching of the series again. And even something like that, which was apparently commonplace, I was baffled by! I came away thinking, 'I don't know *anything* about *Doctor Who*!' But luckily because mine was the first, I didn't have to do much with the time distortion arc except for the Shakespeare line ... which bore fruit, eventually."

Indeed, the fact that Orson Welles hadn't heard of Shakespeare was deliberate seed-sowing for the later stories in the season. Did it annoy Mark that people kept pointing it out as a mistake? "I can't *tell* you how much it annoyed me!" Mark grimaces, clenching his fists. "I was aware, very quickly, of a particular strand of fans ... I'm going to get myself in trouble again, aren't I?"

No no no! Do carry on. We won't tell anybody ... "It's really such a tongue-in-cheek story," Mark begins again, tentatively. "It's about the perception of gangster-land and New York in the 1930s, rather than the real thing. But once I knew it all 'wasn't quite right', I deliberately made it not the right number of states in the USA, I deliberately put in a couple of other things ...

"But the main thing was that the *War of the Worlds* broadcast actually happened the day *before* Hallowe'en. I would have, in any case, made it Hallowe'en for dramatic purposes. You can't put on the back cover 'It is the day before Hallowe'en...' Who cares? That's something I can't stand about that sort of incredibly narrow thinking. It's fiction for God's sake! It's like people saying, 'Why was there no tenth planet approaching us in 1986?' And I'm sure people *do* think that – they worry about it. The answer is 'Because it's made up'! It's up to anybody, if they want to, to make it fit together."

Do we take it that some aspects of fan nit-picking irritate Mark? "When I did *Last of the Gaderene*," he frowns, "I read a review, and somebody had worked out, to

MONOLOGUE OF DOOM

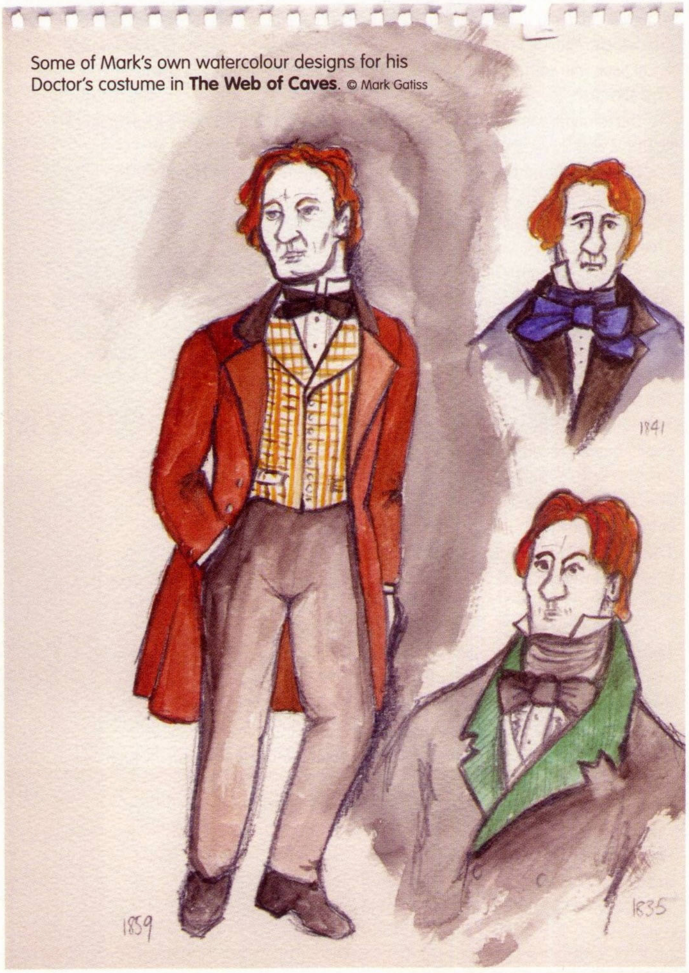
A 'Talking Heads' spoof written by Mark Gatiss, intended as one of the sketches for 1999's **Doctor Who Night** but never ultimately recorded.

Int. A dreary room. Day.
JENNY is a once-glamourous woman gone slightly to seed, dyed blonde hair, too much make-up.

Jenny: I'm always trying to recapture my youth – but he keeps escaping.
She smiles wanly.
Jenny: Seriously, it is a long time ago now. But it was a magical time. Really. I wasn't expecting it, of course. Who would? I was just walking up Briggate one afternoon. Must've been in the early Seventies. I was looking in Schoffields window at this blue turtle neck when ... well, you'd never believe it. The shop window dummies started to move. I screamed. Lots of people were running out of the shop and the dummies chased after them. Their wrists sort of ... dropped (*She demonstrates*) You know. Like John Inman. But they were shooting people. All of a sudden, this bloke pops up. Funny clothes, white hair ... but quite dishy for an older man, you know. He says something about the dummies being controlled by aliens with an affinity for plastic. I says, do you think they'd pay off me Visa card? Now, I'd been around the block a bit, already – thank you very much – so I was used to fellahs promising to show me the world. But this one was different. He said he'd show me other worlds too. As long as they were in N-Space. I went back to his place. I'd expected something nice, you know. Bijou. Mews flat. Jag outside. Euphonium with flowers in it. Maybe a fireman's pole between floors. Like something Jason King would have. But he didn't live in a flat. And it certainly wasn't bijou. It was ... a police box ...
Fade.
Jenny: So that was the start of it. Four years we were together. He was always charming. And so clever. Brains always turn a girl on and he had one of the best. At least, lots of people said so. That's why they were always trying to drain his consciousness and absorb his knowledge for themselves. That or rule the world. Or both. Got quite scary at times. We did stay on Earth quite a bit, to be honest. But from what I saw of other planets, they're much of a muchness. A lot of the time it was like being in Great Yarmouth. I had to stop wearing minis because my legs were bluer than the TARDIS. That's what he called the police box; the TARDIS. I remember when I first stood on the threshold, wondering what my new life would have in store for me. Cloak, tight trousers. He says, "Jenny. It's bigger on the inside." I didn't need much more encouragement.

Of course, all good things come to an end. I woke up one morning and he'd changed somehow. Literally. Dark hair, funny teeth. Robot dog. And he didn't seem to want me around. He said he needed more space, more time ...

So I left him. Apparently there was a string of other girls afterwards. And boys.
She shrugs.
Jenny: I can't look at a giant maggot without thinking of him. Sometime, when I'm in out in Leeds I imagine he might just materialise. Whisk me round the Universe one more time. But that's the trouble, you see. My Doctor never did house-calls ...
Fade to black.


Some of Mark's own watercolour designs for his Doctor's costume in **The Web of Caves**. © Mark Gatiss

THE WEB OF CAVES EPISODE FOUR

This is a much earlier draft of the sketch which appeared in **Doctor Who Night**, and would have featured Geoffrey Bayldon as the Doctor, with Mark Gatiss later stepping in as his regenerated self. See **DW**M 333 for the full story.

Int. TARDIS.

Black and white. The old console, big roundels, one wall is a blown up photo.

A very pretty alien in a short white toga – ARMANAC – is standing by the TARDIS console. He wears heavy eye make-up and a blond wig and is holding what looks like a ticking space-bomb. Across from him are two young people, BRIAN – wearing a Cable knit sweater and a very short kilt and POPPY – a glamorous Sixties dolly bird. THE DOCTOR – an elderly man with long white hair, dressed like Lewis Caroll, stands apart from them all.

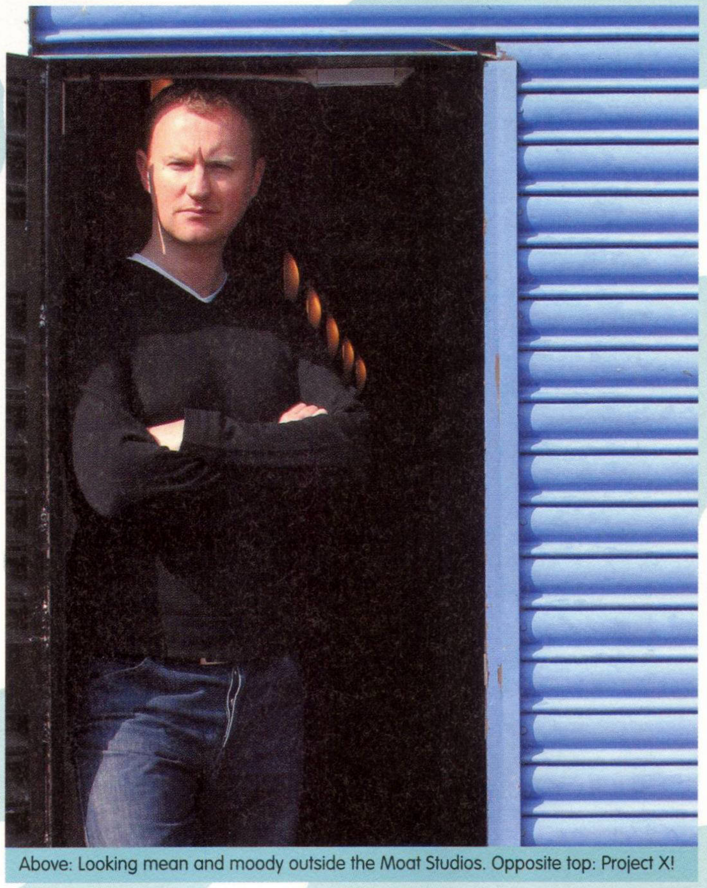
Armanac: ... And that is how we came to be as we are. We have no wish to harm the people of Earth.
Brian: You've a funny way of showing it!
Poppy: Too right! How long have we got, Doctor?
The Doctor: I'm not sure. Five ... six ... seven ... eight ... nine ... oh sorry, that's just counting.
Brian: What are we going to do?
The Doctor: (*Addressing Armanac*) Tell me. Are you a boy or a girl?
Armanac: I'm sorry?
The Doctor: I can't tell. You've a funny look about you. That dress. The make-up.
Armanac: This is not 'make-up' as you call it. It is the form I have taken so as to appear pleasant to your human eyes.
The Doctor: Don't bother on my account.
Brian: Well, I don't trust him.
Armanac suddenly laughs harshly and raises a space-gun.
Armanac: You are wise, my young friend! I am in reality the spearhead of an invasion force! Soon your world will be nothing but a burnt cinder – hanging in space!
The Doctor: You sod!
The Doctor makes to disarm him but is blasted full in the chest. The picture goes to negative then back to positive.
The Doctor collapses to the floor. Brian and Poppy cluster round him.
The Doctor: Ahh! It knacks!
Poppy: What's happening, Doctor?
The Doctor: Time's up, Poppy.
He reaches up to touch her cheek, tenderly.
The Doctor: Eat your greens. Don't forget to ... put the cat out ...
His eyes close and his face is suffused with light.
An instant later he sits up, a new man, much younger, with long Byronic hair.
Brian: Doctor!
The Doctor examines his face.
The Doctor: Mirror! Mirror!
Poppy hands him a mirror. The Doctor stares at his reflection and groans.
Poppy: What's wrong?
The Doctor: All these regenerations and I've still got a big nose.
Brian: Who are you?
The Doctor: Who do you think? I'm the Doctor.
Brian: But you can't just change your body like ... like Poppy changes her knickers!
The Doctor: Can.
Poppy: Can't!
The Doctor: Can! Who says? Besides, you're in no position to lecture. I can see right up your kilt.
Brian is embarrassed. The Doctor gets up and goes to the console.
Armanac trains the gun on the Doctor once more.
Armanac: Doctor! I may have been disarmed! But I still have poison in my ring!
The Doctor: There's no answer to that.
He pulls the door lever and Armanac is sucked into space.
The Doctor rubs his hands together.
The Doctor: Right. Anyone fancy a drink?
Brian: But Doctor – !
The Doctor: Poppy – put the kettle on. I'm going for a slash.
Fade.

the month, which stories took place between June to December 1973, and my story was impossible because 'it didn't fit in'." Mark rolls his eyes heavenwards. "To me that is a strangulation of any kind of creativity. I hate that! Please enjoy the story, please enjoy the joke, but don't tell me that a story is not valid because it doesn't fit in with what 'really' happened. That sort of thing does frustrate me. But it's always been like that, hasn't it? That's why some people got upset about *The Deadly Assassin* – which is a work of art, of course – because the Time Lords are wearing different clothes! Who gives a stuff?"

So after *Invaders from Mars* had gone down well, what – "Did it go down well?" Mark interrupts. Well, it got a good review in **DW**M! "Well that's alright then, isn't it?" he beams.

Ahem. So what was Mark's next brush with *Doctor Who*? There were rumours a year or two back of a proposal to bring the series back to BBC1. Tell us the truth ...

"Ah, the mysterious 'Project X' ..." Mark begins, before pausing, taking a deep breath, and starting again. "Well, I'd heard a lot of talk that the BBC was going to bring back *Doctor Who*. I suppose it was back when *Death Comes to Time* was around. I just remember thinking, 'I've got a BAFTA, the programme's a hit ... I should be able to make myself heard.' *Doctor Who*, I think, went wrong for a number of reasons – no blame intended – but the *core* of it went wrong. They tried to bring it back in the TV Movie and it was a curate's egg, despite the best intentions. For any number of reasons it didn't work. So if you're gonna do it again, let's for God's sake get people involved who *care*, but who are also creative professionals working in an industry today where they want to make it a mass market programme again."

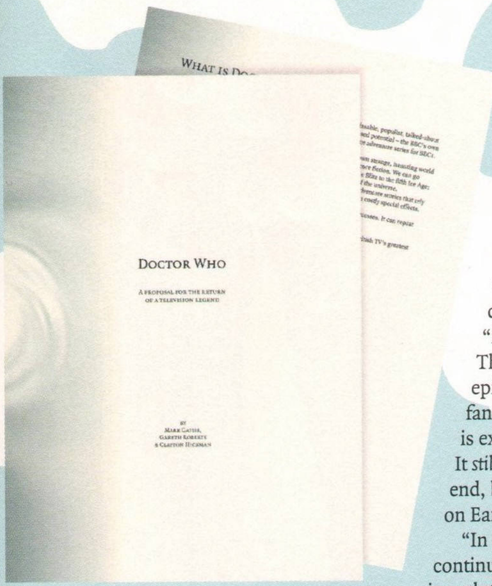


Above: Looking mean and moody outside the Moat Studios. Opposite top: Project X!

Was Mark's decision to get involved in an attempt to bring back the series because of concerns about [*Death Comes to Time* producer] Dan Freedman's idea of *Doctor Who*? "Partly," Mark admits. "I was a little concerned about the content, shall we say. I thought that if I didn't do something, in eight months' time I'd just think, 'if only I'd at least tried to get something on the table and be heard.' So I approached a little-known writer called Gareth Roberts. And there was someone else ... I can't remember ... a little girl, I think!" Mark sniggers. "No! It was the editor of this fine publication! He won't see this, will he?"

Course not! So this triumverate met and plotted the Doctor's return to television, eh? Mark nods. "We had lots of nice meetings where we talked about how it could be done. Those meetings where you can just chuck stuff at the wall and see what sticks. Very exciting! For me the clearest message that came through, was how feasible it was. And the most frustrating part of it was that people don't seem to understand how *simple* it can be." Mark buries his head in his hands. "Crucially, it's all about starting again. That's always going to be controversial with fans, because they don't want to chuck that away. But it's not a question of stamping on the face of the programme we love. It's a question of trying to do it again, and get an audience of eight or nine million.

"Look at all the children we saw in the *Whose Doctor Who* documentary," Mark says. "Watching that again I thought, 'That's how I remember *Doctor Who*.' Genuinely, people couldn't *not* watch it. Cos it was great! I think it's fatuous and



DOCTOR WHO

A PROPOSAL FOR THE RETURN
OF A TELEVISION LEGEND

BY
MARK GATISS,
GARETH ROBERTS
& CLAYTON HICKMAN

With Stephen Fry in **Surrealissimo!** Pre- or post-proposal showing, we're not sure ...

silly to try to hang on to the past. By all means, venerate it, love it, and appreciate it, but if you're going to do it again, you have to start afresh. And there's nothing wrong with that.

"It's not about flying in the face of established continuity," Mark stresses, "it's just 'why talk about it?' The reason that the first episode still works so fantastically, is because nothing is explained. It's *still* mysterious. It *still* makes your hair stand on end, because you don't know what on Earth's going on!

"In the TV Movie," Mark continues, "for no apparent reason, in a plot concerning *I-don't-know-what*, the Daleks are mentioned, the TARDIS, the Time Lords ... If I'm sitting in Idaho watching that, I'll think, 'What the f— was *that*?!' Whereas if it was about a strange man in a blue box, whose past is unknown ... you'd be intrigued. That's all you need."

Tell us more! Tell us more! Did you get very far? "Well, the only aspect we did talk about returning was the Daleks," Mark states, "simply because they are up there with the Doctor as a national institution. But equally, all you have to know about the Daleks is that they are the most evil creatures in the universe. That's it. You don't have to mention anything else. As it transpired, in the idea we had for that story, there was also a lovely kind of game you could play, where the Daleks arrive in force at the end of Episode One, and the companion says, 'What are they, Doctor?' and he says 'I dunno.' Wouldn't that be lovely?

"Now that, obviously, is appealing for people who *do* know, but there's so much pleasure to be had from the idea of just starting again. If anybody wants to say, 'Well he must be before Hartnell,' or 'He must be after McGann,' let them. But there's no reason on Earth why the programme should address those things. None at all. Because, in TV terms, what happened last week is ancient history. Forty years ago ... is before electricity, practically!"

How would the character of the Doctor have been presented and re-introduced then? "Well, we had fun playing with his memory – so that he couldn't quite remember things from his past." Mark leans back and smiles enigmatically. "After all, the programme is called *Doctor Who*. Maybe it should have had a question mark at the end. That's *really* what it's about. Of course, as a programme, it had a continuous life, and eventually things got explained. There's nothing wrong with that. At the right time the Time Lords came in, but obviously it's much more fun *not* to know.

"So, if you're trying to begin a programme – to re-invent *Doctor Who* – start with another mystery. Let people at home who do remember it say, 'I wonder what's happened to him?' And let people who've never heard of it say, 'I *love* this! This is strange, isn't it?' If that leads them to going off to buy Tom Baker videos, fine. But it should be a separate entity – it has to be. I really, *really* strongly believe that the biggest problem of getting it to come back is executives at the BBC feeling they *have* to bring that baggage with them. They have to have this, that and the other. I just don't think that's the case. It just needs the right person to say, 'Why not?' And then, to get people who care about it. It could be as big as it ever was. I mean, TV is very fickle and anything can happen. You could do all that, and it still might go down the drain. But the heart of it is that the thinking behind it needs to be fresh."

So who exactly saw this proposal? And what did they think of it? And why, for goodness' sake, isn't *Doctor Who* on TV right now?! Mark leans closer, and continues his tale. "Well, I gave it to Jon Plowman, the head of Entertainment at the BBC. He took it to Jane Tranter of Drama, and, I believe, [BBC1 controller] Lorraine Heggessey. All the right noises were made – Stephen Fry loved it, I can tell you that! – but it is incredibly hard to get a straight answer."

How annoying. "The accepted answer is that there are certain rights issues about what was ceded to Universal in 1996, but the biggest stumbling block is that BBC Films has this ongoing movie project ... But, you try to get an answer to this: 'Who's in charge of the film? Is there an office? Who do I talk to?' You will get *nothing*. There's a strange kind of, almost web-like, substance enveloping the whole issue. Again, it's very frustrating. But at least it's there, should it be needed. I think it's a very well-argued proposal ..."

So what's happened since that proposal? "Well, I swore never to work with Gareth and Clay again!" Mark laughs with a wicked glint in his eye. "No! Well, we typed it up, read it through, we were going to take it in ... and we were sitting in my flat, and I said, 'Look, they're going to say no. Inevitably. What if they ask us if we have anything in the same vein?' We'd already had discussions, that if you try to do something similar, you just end up with a diluted version of *Doctor Who* ... But as I said the words, this idea popped into my head! I can't say any more about it than that."

"I played the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Doctors opposite Anthony Head for the Excelis trilogy – I was really very proud of my Sylvester McCoy!"

Anthony Head recording **Excelis** – he can see Mark's Sylvester McCoy impression, but we can't. Tsk!

Frustrating and mysterious man! Mark, however, will not be drawn, and says only this: "It *is* currently a commissioned pilot script for the BBC. Whether it actually goes to be made, only time will tell. We're very excited about that. We'll have to see ..."

By this time, the 40th anniversary of *Doctor Who* was fast approaching. With nothing happening around the TV proposal, where did Mark's mind wander to next? "My mind wandered back, back *back* ..." Mark whispers, "to the dawn of *Doctor Who*. I did a play about Dali [*Surrealisimo!*] for the opening night of BBC4 with Fictionlab, who obviously have a lot to do with online *Doctor Who*. Their dramas are done on very little money, but I thought 'Why don't we try to do something for the anniversary that's unexpected?' I thought how great it would be to do a drama about the creation of *Doctor Who*. I've been told subsequently by [**DW**M consultant] Andrew Pixley that there was a similar idea ten years ago [see the

Sam Kisgart? But that's an anagram of ... how interesting! **Unbound** with Courtney and Warner.

Archive Extra in issue 333], but nothing happened with that.

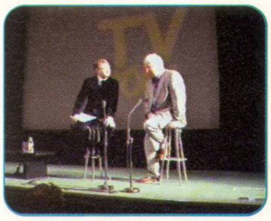
"It's obviously a good idea," Mark reasons, "but my main thing was that it would be the story of William Hartnell, from getting the part to leaving the show. Possibly with a coda for *The Three Doctors*. But mainly it would be the story of an actor's life and his illness and his temper ... Not overdoing it – because it's not like a 'warts and all' thing – but there's a very interesting story there. He didn't want to leave, but what with his fractious temper and his line-forgetting ...

"Incidentally, you've got this fantastic story about how the team came together, the design of the Daleks ... the first female producer ... employing an Asian director in 1963 ... *Fascinating* things. Ray Cusick pushing that pepperpot along the table and going, 'Hmmm!' Scenes kept popping up all the time. I started it with the end of *The Tenth Planet*, re-created in beautiful detail, and then just as Hartnell collapses to the floor, the camera pulls back, the lights come on, and we're in the studio. And then Derek Martinus, the director, comes down, and tries to explain to everyone what they're going to do. And in the corner is a little shabbily-dressed man with black hair – making everyone laugh! And Martinus is trying to explain that they're going to mix between Billy and Patrick Troughton. And he says, 'Bill?' ... and he's not there. The camera ambles across the room to the central column of the TARDIS, and it goes up and down, up and down ... then the doors open, and we go back to 1963. Beautiful."

Sniff ... It fair makes the tears well up. "Well anyway," Mark says, with a dismissive wave of his hand, "the main thing was I thought we could do this for very little money. We didn't have to do it as a big historical recreation. We should do it like an old BBC *Play for Today*. And do it as if it's all happening in William Hartnell's mind. So you could actually do it like *The Mind Robber* – have a white studio, and old cameras dotted about, and make a virtue of that. That was the idea. Anyway, the BBC, of course, said no. Fictionlab said no. BBC3 said no, and John Plowman said there's no money and there's no real slot for it ... so it's gone away ... Shame shame shame."

On a happier note, in 2001 Mark interviewed Tom Baker on stage at the National Film Theatre. And even managed to get a word in once or twice ... "Yes!" Mark beams, "That was an experience. The NFT approached me and I couldn't really say no even though the thought of it was pretty daunting. Tom had sent a note to the League backstage at Drury Lane saying we were his heroes and how much he regretted not being able to see the show so I felt on quite safe ground. In the event, I met up with him in town – 'Somewhere COOL and NEUTRAL' he said on the phone 'like Pret-a-manger!' We had a great afternoon. He was every bit as charming and strange as you'd hope. He told me nothing was off limits but that he'd like to be interviewed on bar stools because his knees were playing up! We got a tremendous reception on the night but the problem was that Tom is such a phenomenon he really only needs a feed and he's off. So, perched on these stools and unable to make eye-contact it became less of a conversation and more stand-up!" Mark shakes his head, grinning ruefully. "I think I did okay in the end but it wasn't quite the way I'd hoped. I was glad to get in the line: 'Tom, you've become something of a national institution – a bit like Bedlam,' but the most thrilling part was when he told this extraordinary story about a beggar in Manchester. He's always banging on about the decline of the English beggar but this was different. Basically, this young lad had asked him for change and then recognised him. 'Doctor!' he breathed. Then a strange wistful look came over his face as he remembered a time when he was safe and his Mam was cooking him beans on toast for his Saturday tea. 'Get us out of here, Doctor,' he said. And the whole audience at the NFT was stilled by this. It was absolutely magical."

"I had a great time interviewing Tom at the National Film Theatre – he was every bit as charming and strange as I'd always hoped!"



Tell us about your other *Doctor Who* appearances ... "Well," Mark begins, becoming animated again, "I can tell you I played Doctors Five, Six and Seven opposite Anthony Head in the *Excelis* trilogy. Young Gary Russell rang me up, and said, 'We've got Tony for a day, we can't get the other Doctors in – can you play Doctors Five, Six and Seven for me, and then we'll edit the real Doctors in.' So I zoomed down to Bristol for the day, and I had such a good time doing that. My Sylvester McCoy, I have to say, I was very proud of ..." – an uncannily accurate impression of the Seventh Doctor is wheeled out – "... but anyway, that was great fun. Anthony Head was lovely. I said, 'You should be Doctor Who,' and he said, 'So should you!' ... And then we kissed ... And slapped each other on the back and had a drink!" Mark cackles with laughter.

"Most recently, of course," Mark continues, "I have played the Master, opposite David Warner as Doctor Who, and Nick Courtney as the Brigadier in one of the *Unbound* audios [*Sympathy for the Devil*]. Which is something of a fantastic thing."

Indeed. So how did that come about? "My friend David Tennant, who was also in it ... we were doing *Bright Young Things*, Stephen Fry's film, and driving back in the car together, talking about *Unbound*. So we knew about Geoffrey Bayldon, and I'd already met up with John [Ainsworth, *Unbound* producer]. I said, 'I tell you who would be great – David Warner.' And David said, 'I know him! I just got to know him recently through someone else, and he's moved back from America. I'm *sure* he'd do it.' So I rang John and said, 'What about David Warner?' and there was this ... explosion!" Mark chuckles. "David Tennant then rang me and said, 'I've spoken to him about it and he's very keen. Do you mind if I give him your number?' He rang me half an hour later and said 'This is David Warner.' Aaaargh! And then we had lunch, got on famously, and talked about it, and he said 'I'd love to ... I was offered it in 1974 after Jon Pertwee, and I was feeling very grand in those days and I said no.'

"Of course, he brings not only this movie star gravitas, but the fact that to everybody who's interested in fantasy, sci-fi, and horror, he's like Jesus Christ! He's been in so many of the right films. He was just magnificent. Within moments of doing it, Nick Courtney said to him, 'You really *are* the Doctor, aren't you?' And he said, 'Did you ever doubt it?' No! Never! That was a joy."

And getting to play the Master must have been another dream fulfilled? "Oh yes," Mark agrees. "There was no point in just trying to do a Delgado ..." And you are the first person to play both the Doctor and the Master! "But not the last, I hear! I thought each incarnation of the Master should be as different as each of the Doctors. Except he's evil, fundamentally, whereas the Doctor is fundamentally good. So I thought, 'I'm obviously younger than David. I'm younger than Delgado and Ainley, anybody ...' Well not *anybody*! But I thought I'd try it differently for this regeneration. What if he's *really* nuts?"

Who did Mark draw upon for this interpretation? "A little on Christopher Walken in *A View to a Kill*. I loved that idea that he's so crazy and villainous that he's actually amused by his own villainy! Plus George Costigan who was in one of the Jeremy Brett *Sherlock Holmes*. He did a Peter Lorre voice, but he did the same thing of always being... haha strangely ha hamused haha ... So that's what I did. Yes, that's quite something, isn't it? The Doctor *and* the Master."

It's getting late now. James Bond Jr has scarpered ("Probably about the time we were talking about Artron Energy!" laughs Mark) and what with all the sighing and apologising in this final chaper, perhaps we need to end with a *lovely* story. Can you oblige, Mr Gatiss?

"Dr Gatiss," Mark grins. "No, really! I've recently been honoured, along with the rest of the League of Gentlemen, with an honourary doctorate. A doctor of letters! From the University of Huddersfield! So I'm going to be a doctor. Something I've always wanted to be. Not just *the* Doctor. My late mother always said I should be a doctor. I suppose then, having been Doctor Who in *Doctor Who Night*, I am the first Doctor to be a doctor! ... And the first Master to be a doctor ... And the first Master to be the Doctor! And ... no! I've lost my thread now!" DWM

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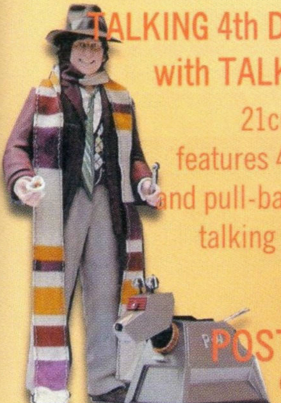

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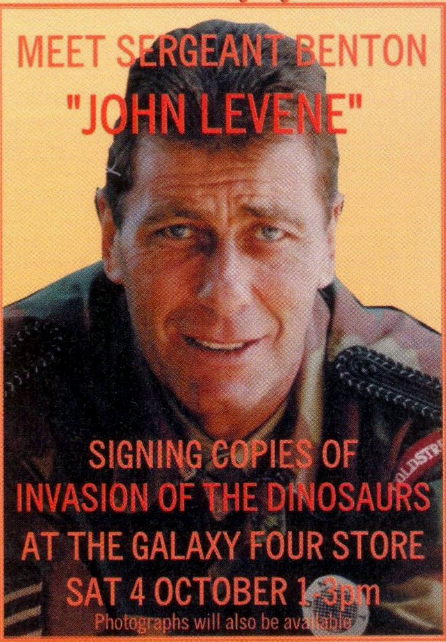

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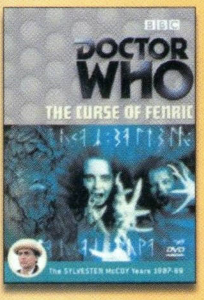

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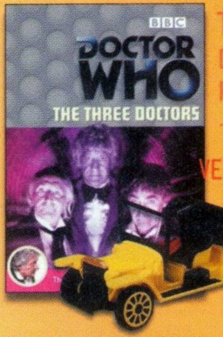

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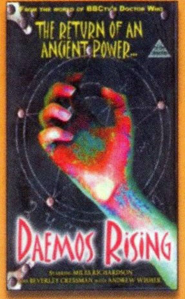

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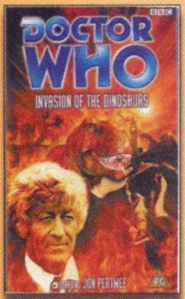

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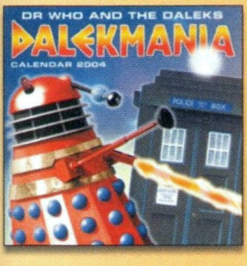

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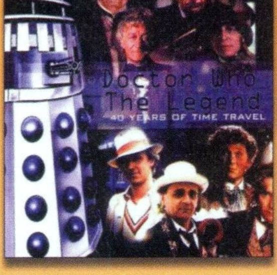

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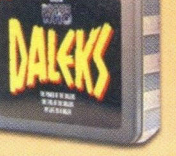

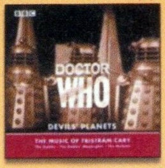

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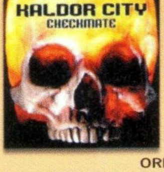

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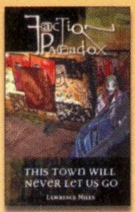

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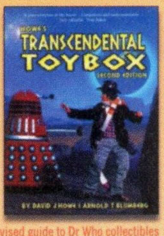

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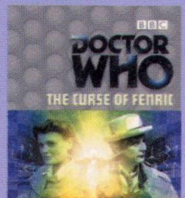
THE CURSE OF FENRIC: SPECIAL EDITION

A DVD STARRING **SYLVESTER McCOY, SOPHIE ALDRED** AND **NICHOLAS PARSONS** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**



RELEASED 6 OCTOBER 2003
Featuring The Seventh Doctor and Ace
Enemies Evil Since The Dawn Of Time
DVD Extras

- *The Curse of Fenric: Special Edition* with new effects work and Dolby 5.1 mix
- *Take Two* – Making *The Wolves of Fenric*
- Footage of Fenric interview panel from Nebula '90 convention
- Audio commentary from Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and guest star Nicholas Parsons
- Featurette: *Shattering the Chains* – Interview with writer Ian Briggs
- Featurette: *Costume Design* – Ken Trew
- Featurette: *Recutting the Runes* – The Making of *The Curse of Fenric* Special Edition
- Featurette: *Modelling the Dead* – BSB Weekend footage with model-makers Sue Moore and Stephen Mansfield
- Featurette: *Claws and Effect* – On Location With BBC Visual Effects
- Photo Gallery
- Easter Eggs

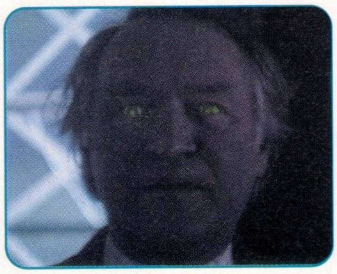
"We wanted to put out one story from each of the Doctors in 2003," says DVD content producer Steve Roberts, "and we figured *Fenric* was the popular choice for McCoy, plus it had lots of potential for making an extended version the way director Nick Mallett always wanted to. There was a little discussion about the format between the members of the Restoration Team, but Nick had wanted to make a movie version and I argued strongly that we should do that. It made more sense to me anyway – an extended movie-format version could be sold as a TV movie in its own right, whereas four episodes of differing and non-standard lengths couldn't! There was never, though, a temptation to rebuild it visually from the ground up. It would not be possible – as the clean background shots don't exist generally – which is why the new shots are mostly just careful enhancements of the old ones. There was talk of filming some new *Buffy*-style Haemovore deaths, but it was just way too expensive..."

Digital colour grading allows that pesky sunshine to be replaced with glowering grey skies.

"When we decided to put out *The Curse of Fenric*," explains audio engineer and original *Fenric* soundtrack composer Mark Ayres, "there was a big discussion about the content. We had to include the transmitted version – if we hadn't, we'd have got shouted at! But if we were going to put an extended version on as well, the extended VHS video version was not as good as we wanted it to be at the time, Nick was very disappointed with it. Also, because it was actually a reworked edit of the transmitted versions, it was actually a *copy* of the transmitted version, so the picture quality wasn't great. We'd also want to do a 5.1 mix, so we'd want to completely remix, redubbing from scratch. So I thought, well, if we're going to go that step, let's do it properly as a complete new version. In fact, I did the edit – going back to the 71 edits, working on discussions between Nick and myself 12 years ago.

"Each DVD project has a 'team leader' – generally Steve is content producer in that he compiles it all and delivers it with a document saying what's to go where. Paul [Vanezis] often deals with the extras, and we use a lot of technical facilities in Birmingham where he works. And I do the sound! Where *Fenric* was concerned, though, I'm probably the last person alive, sadly, who knows the production well, so it made sense for me to do it. It would be easier for me to make editing decisions than for someone else to have to immerse themselves in it for weeks, when I can just go 'oh, that bit goes there'. So I did the offline edit on *Final Cut* on my TiBook – the offline edit basically is where you do an edit using cheaper kit! Rather than sitting in a £200-an-hour editing suite making decisions, you make them all beforehand and then you go into the suite knowing what all your numbers are. On *Fenric* I was sent timecoded VHS tapes of the source material, sat in the sitting room with a cup of coffee, and cut it together. I then went up to Birmingham and put the online edit together with Paul." Just replicating your cuts exactly? "Absolutely. Occasionally Paul would say 'You could do that slightly differently' – he's a professional editor and I'm not – and on a couple of occasions we changed something based on his suggestions. And then I did all the audio work."

"Whilst the soundtrack *was* getting a full 'from the ground up' rebuild," says Steve Roberts, "what we intended on the visual side was really just a re-grade of the story to try to even out the look from shot to shot – they had terribly variable weather on location, and that really showed. Mark also wanted to make sure that the first scenes at the church and the beach looked sunny and warm, then steadily it gets colder and darker as the story progresses. There were just a few points that Mark had noted which we intended to do CGI work on, mostly to fix problems – removing a diver in the water in one of the beach shots, stopping Miss Hardaker's eyes closing before the Doctor's hand closed them, that sort of thing. However, Ian Simpson, our digital effects guru, was so quick to fix the problems that we soon had him burning new runes into the crypt wall, adding rain and lightning, and decomposing faces! So there's a lot more in the final version than was ever intended at the outset."



"THERE ARE MANY NEW EFFECTS IN THE FINAL VERSION – MORE THAN WE THOUGHT WE'D HAVE TIME TO DO!"

The commentary benefits from the unmistakeable input of guest star Nicholas Parsons, clearly proud of his turn in *Doctor Who* – however, there was originally a plan to incorporate a 'technical' commentary on the new edition, featuring Mark Ayres, Ian Briggs, Andrew Cartmel, and the Visual Effects team of Graham Brown and Mike Tucker. "Unfortunately," says Roberts, "the 5.1 remix took longer than we expected and as it was needed as the background for the commentary, we dropped it. Hopefully the featurettes will tell a lot of the story anyway. For the main commentary, we should have approached Tomek Bork, but unfortunately he wasn't listed in the usual places when we looked for him. Of course we found him soon afterwards, but then it was too late ..."

So how happy is Mark Ayres with the result? "We've done the best we possibly can, given the time and the money. I've done everything I possibly can with the music. I still worked up to the revised deadline! The score, although I've souped it up, is still recognisably the score from *Fenric*. Although I could have used a much better string sample, I haven't, because the original sample is so much part of what makes the score the score. I've replaced some things, like the harps and flutes and the piano." But leaving enough to keep the signature of the original? "That's right. I think within the limitations of the time and the budget – especially the budget – I'm happy with it. *Fenric* went about a month over schedule, for all sorts of reasons. Anything that could go wrong, went wrong with *Fenric*. I got all my original music masters out of the archive to use for the isolated score on the first disc, and none of them would play, they all had 'sticky tape syndrome' and so they had to go off to be baked. I had so many equipment breakdowns you wouldn't believe, and major domestic hassles as well, it just got stupid. I ended up putting the dub back about three weeks, by the time I'd polished up that, we were about a month over my schedule. I don't think anyone was too unhappy about it, but I'd rather it hadn't happened.

"There's a couple of very minor bits of the original score I didn't use on the CD release – a couple of cues I didn't put in because they didn't work musically. One of the things I have made sure with the new extended version of the score, is that it works musically as a continuous piece. I'm hoping there will be a CD of the complete new score."

Given that the original transmitted version is incorporated in the package, *The Curse of Fenric* seems like a sensible and exciting exploitation of the potential of the DVD format. One wonders whether there exists a possibility of further 'special editions' of stories where the extra footage and clean audio tracks exist? "Of course ..." smiles Roberts, enigmatically ... DWM

THE DOLBY 5.1 SURROUND MIX

The Curse of Fenric is the second *Doctor Who* story to have a 5.1 surround sound mix developed more or less from the ground up. "The thing about *Resurrection of the Daleks*," says Mark Ayres, "was that all the sources were in mono – mono dialogue, all the spot FX and backgrounds were mono, the music was all mono – apart from a tape of sub-mixes that Malcolm Clarke had done for the album *Doctor Who: The Music 2*. When Dick Mills compiled that album, he said 'I want suites of music – go through the stories you've done, pick your favourites and remix your cues in stereo', and Dick compiles them into suites. I found a tape which was Malcolm's stereo pre-mix of certain cues, so I was able to use stereo versions of some cues. Malcolm had archived a make-up tape as well – there's a couple of motifs that recur, such as one ascending wash of sound which he used a lot, like when you first see Davros and the screen goes up. He'd made that through various layers of sound by copying tapes, and he'd kept each stage. So to make the music in 5.1, I had mono music in the middle at low volume – I don't like having the hole in the middle – a synthesised stereo left and right which was synthesised using various filters and stereo-isers and little tricks. I reverberated that slightly in the rear channels – that gave me a basic surround field – and because I had these little bits of the make-up tape, I could put that in the back. So when we first see the spaceship or when Davros gets excited, I can pull the music behind you so you get pulled into it. All the background effects I made stereo versions of as well, and what I tend to do on a surround mix is to pull the background slightly off the front so that they come off the back speakers as well."

"Where *Fenric* was concerned, I went through and remixed the music entirely from scratch, which was fun. Took a bit of time, bit it was fun! The original score was done on Emagic Notator on an Atari 1040ST. I exported all the Notator scores, and then imported them into Logic on the Mac over here. The music had to be remade to fit the new edit. Otherwise it was a bit like a *Morecombe and Wise* sketch – all the right notes, but not necessarily in the right order! I did it in three long chunks rather than having lots of little files – and the great thing was that I didn't have to go through and re-score the whole damn thing, I imported entire cues and then modified them, sometimes adding new elements and writing an extra bar here and there to cover a new bit of video footage, and replaced a lot of the samples I used on the original with far better ones."

AYRES ROCKS!

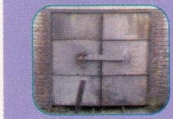
Musician **Mark Ayres** takes us through his reworked score for **The Curse of Fenric: Special Edition**

Vwooooorp! Vwooooorp!
"The horns on that section are new..."

Meet Millington
"The sampler I used on *Fenric* only had 14 seconds of memory on it, so by the time I'd got the flute and the strings and the harps on there, and the timpanis, I was pretty much stuffed. If I wanted to use any more sounds I had to stop and load them in, and kick something else off – say I had my string part and wanted to add a flute to it, I had to copy the string part onto tape to play along to it. It was complicated and time-consuming – and this piece here for instance, which was originally just strings, I knew there were two melodies going through it and in this reorchestration I had time to add an oboe and a horn which makes that much more apparent. I couldn't do that last time, it's nice to be able to finish things one felt were left unfinished."

Reading the runes
"There's all sorts of new things – I've use a proper C flute and a proper bass flute, where previously I just had one C flute sample which I was playing out of its range. Bass clarinet as well. And here there's a flute where previously there wasn't, and a different delay as well."

Haemovore attack
Are the orchestra hits new? "No, it's the old sample but it's been remastered and sounds a lot better." It wasn't until the orchestra came in I would have recognised it as Fenric music, it's recognisable but different.



I'm melting ...
"Most of the decisions I made I'd stick with. There's a few things I'd change – this bit originally had orchestral stabs, it's more subtle now."

Ze baby is your muzzer!
"I loved scoring that scene – you see almost every look on Ace's face has a bit of music to go with it ... I got obsessive about it, tracking the emotion of the scene."

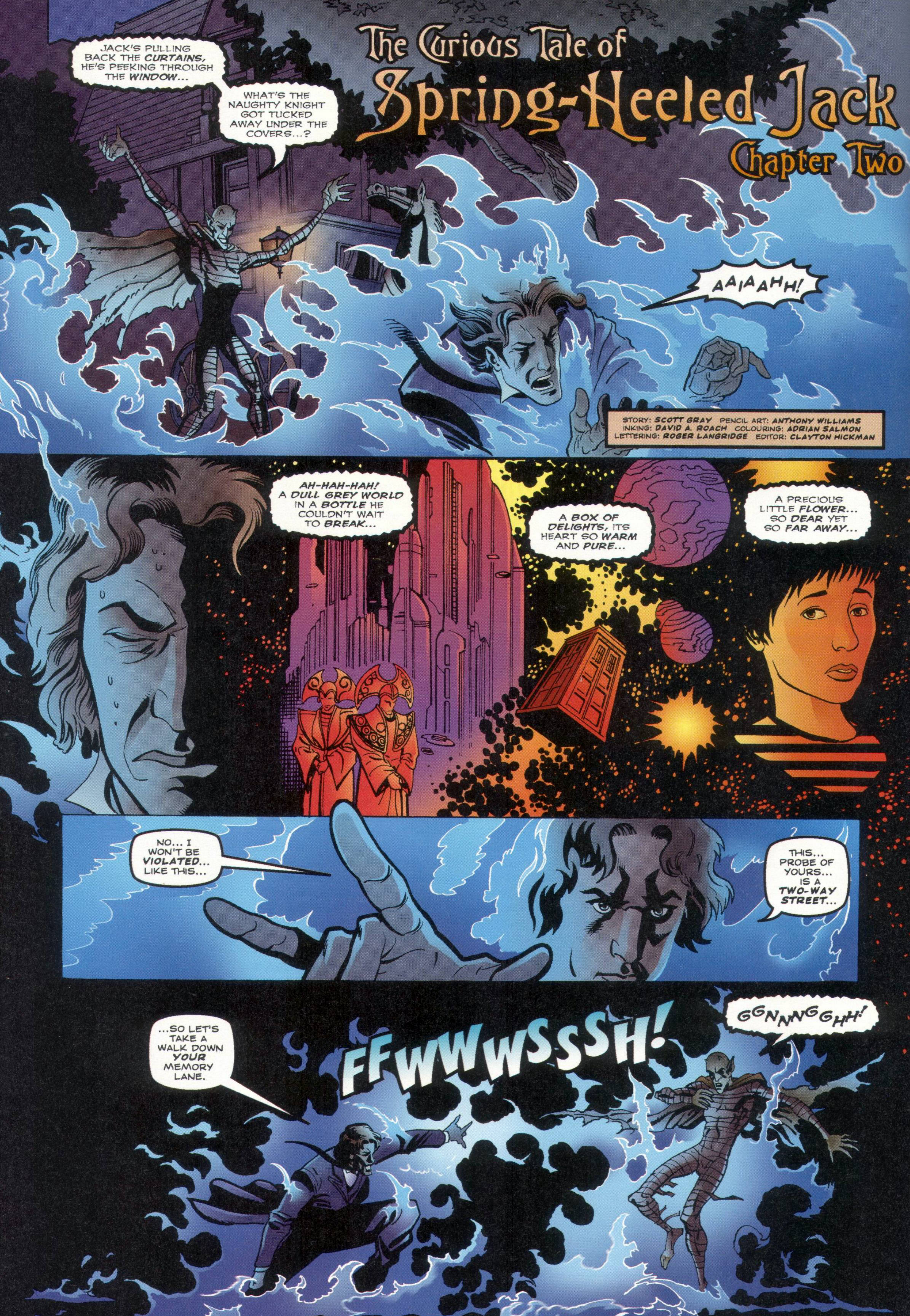
The Death of Fenric
"This ending's totally different, and there's one extra shot there which I had to write two new bars of music to cover. Frankly, first time round I probably did that at about three o'clock in the morning, and was a little bit panicked. I put down the first thing that came to mind. I never liked it! The great thing about doing this is that I can repair the things that annoyed me."

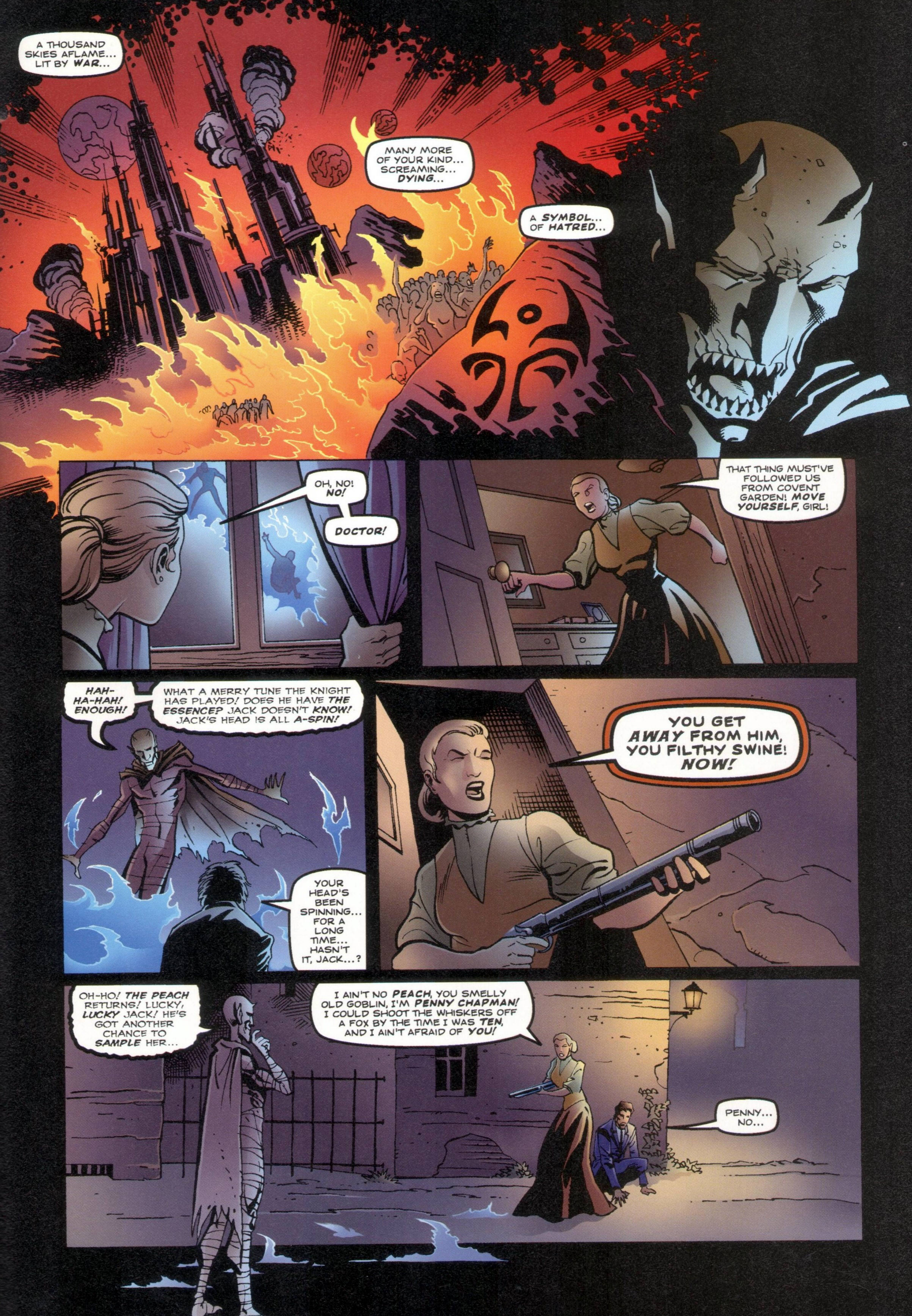
Still waters
"The harp's new, with much better piano and cello sounds. A bit fuller in the orchestration."

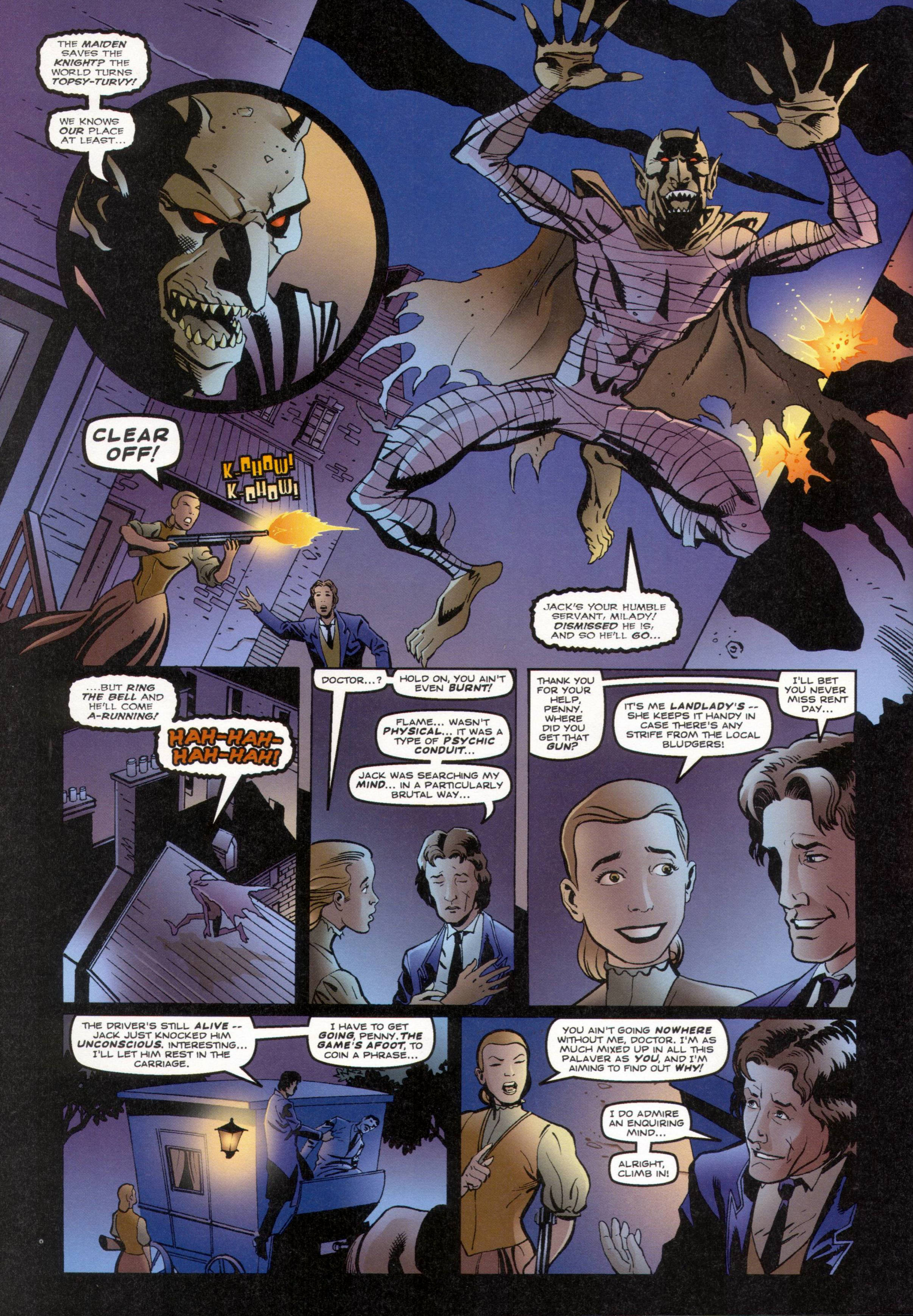
The Curious Tale of Spring-Heeled Jack

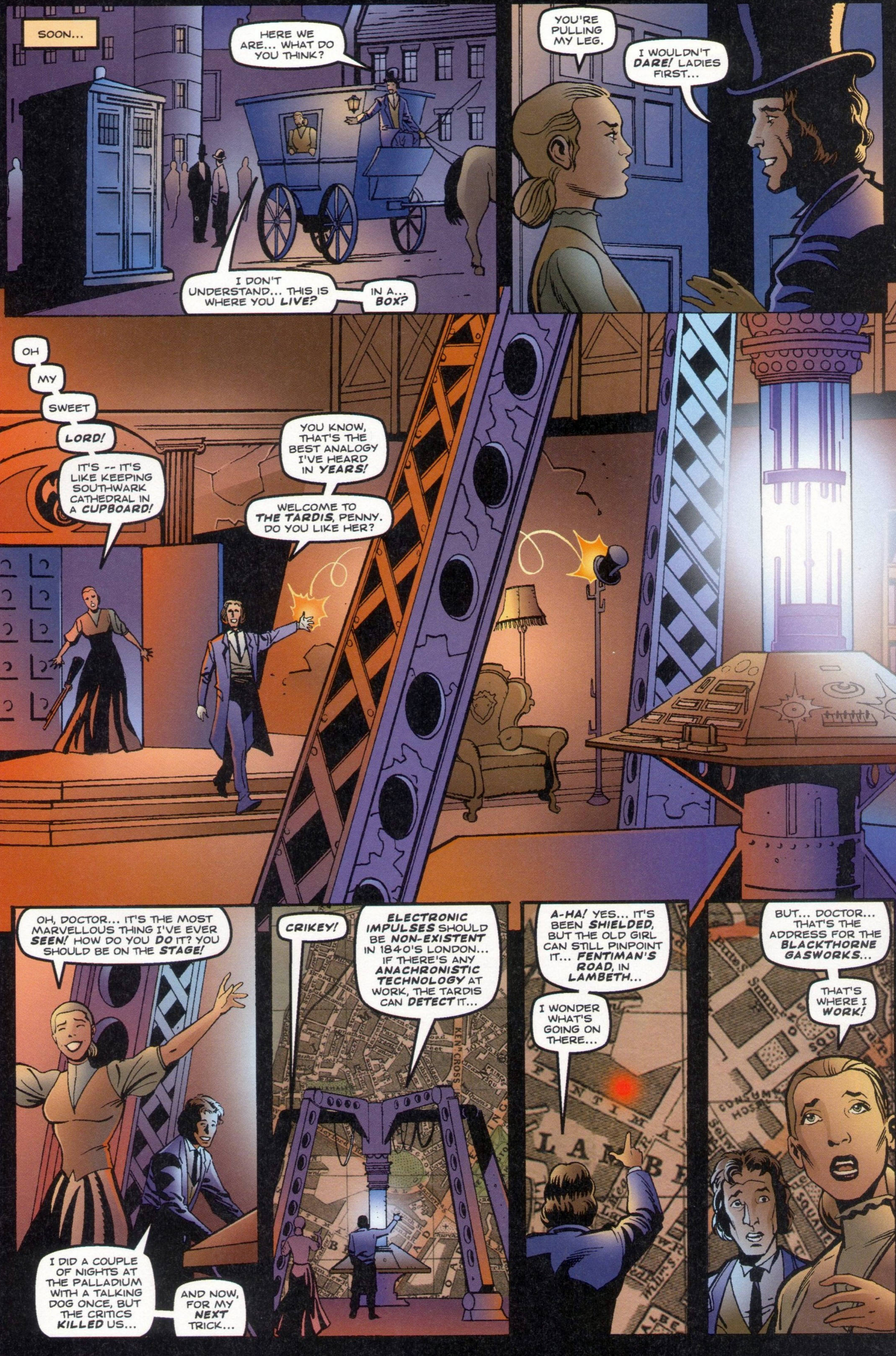
Chapter Two

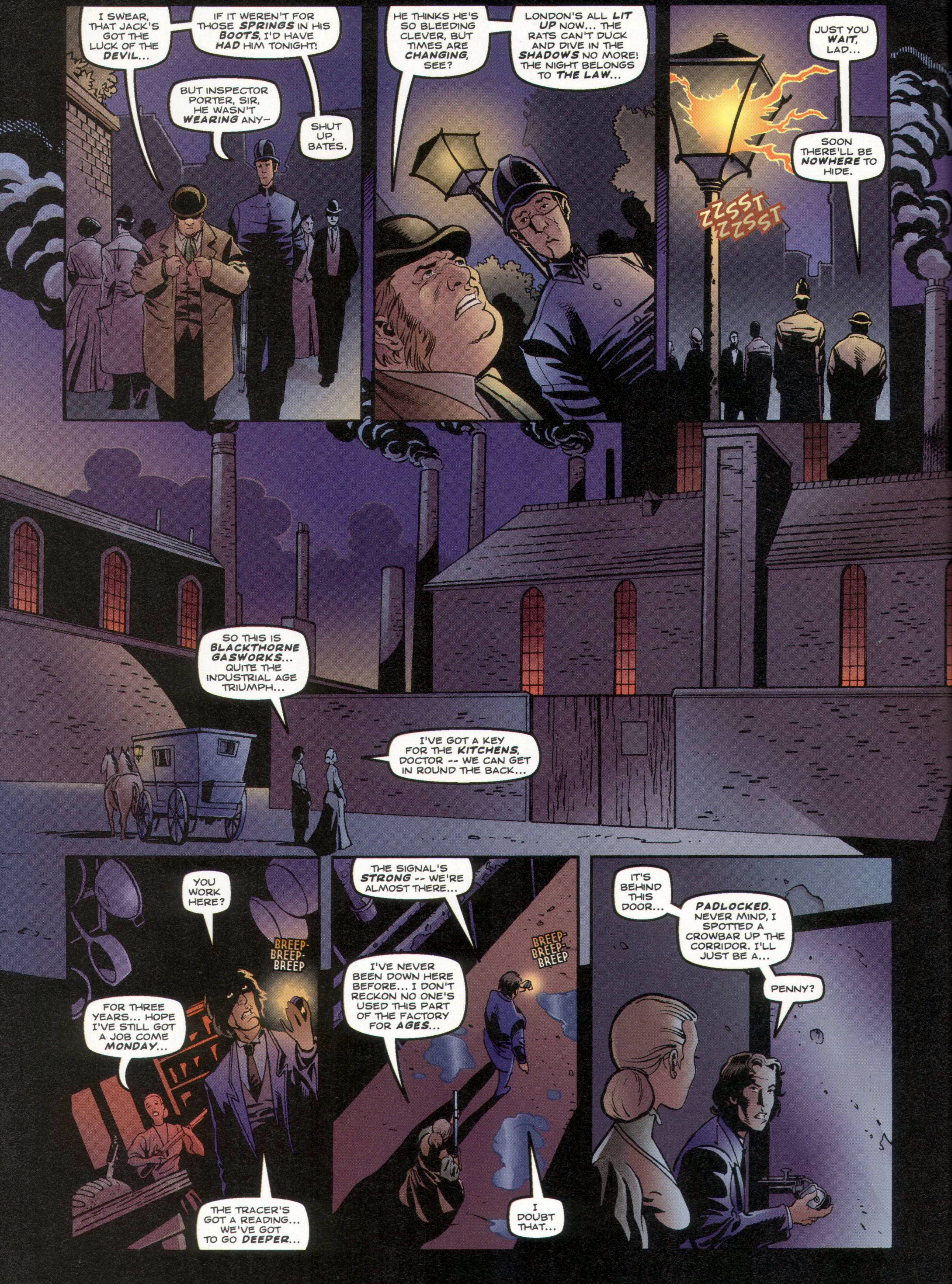
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY** PENCIL ART: **ANTHONY WILLIAMS**
INKING: **DAVID A. ROACH** COLOURING: **ADRIAN SALMON**
LETTERING: **ROGER LANGRIDGE** EDITOR: **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

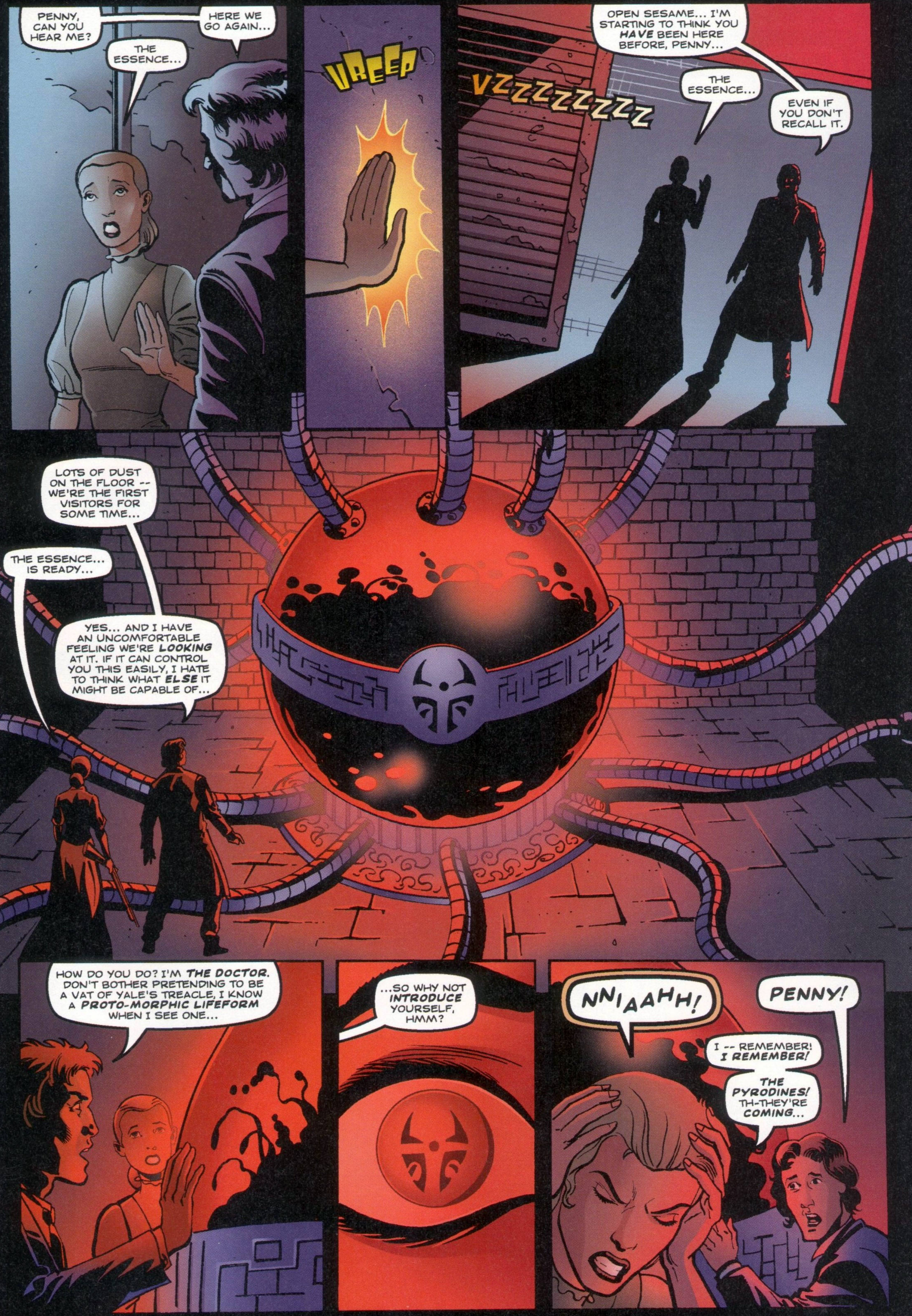

JACK'S PULLING BACK THE *CURTAINS*, HE'S PEEKING THROUGH THE *WINDOW*...
WHAT'S THE NAUGHTY KNIGHT GOT TUCKED AWAY UNDER THE COVERS...?
AAIAAHH!
AH-HAH-HAH! A *DULL GREY WORLD* IN A *BOTTLE* HE COULDN'T WAIT TO *BREAK*...
A *BOX OF DELIGHTS*, ITS HEART SO *WARM* AND *PURE*...
A PRECIOUS LITTLE *FLOWER*... SO *DEAR* YET SO *FAR AWAY*...
NO... I WON'T BE *VIOLATED*... LIKE THIS...
THIS... PROBE OF YOURS... IS A *TWO-WAY STREET*...
...SO LET'S TAKE A WALK DOWN *YOUR* MEMORY LANE.
FFWWWSSSH!
GGNNNGGHH!

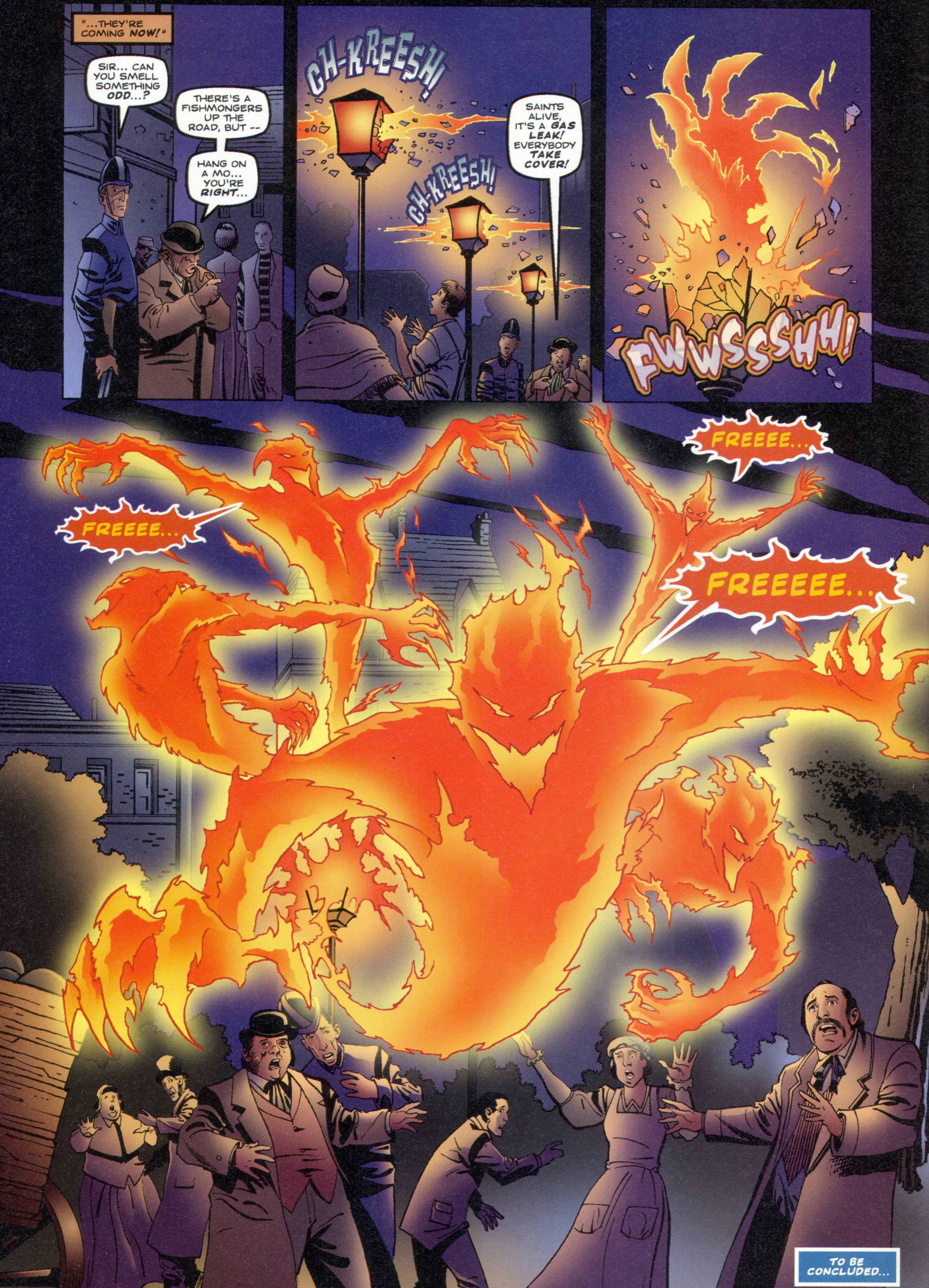

A THOUSAND SKIES AFLAME... LIT BY **WAR**...
MANY MORE OF YOUR KIND... SCREAMING... **DYING**...
A **SYMBOL**... OF **HATRED**...
OH, NO! **NO!**
DOCTOR!
THAT THING MUST'VE FOLLOWED US FROM COVENT GARDEN! **MOVE YOURSELF**, GIRL!
HAH-HA-HAH! ENOUGH!
WHAT A MERRY TUNE THE KNIGHT HAS PLAYED! DOES HE HAVE **THE ESSENCE?** JACK DOESN'T **KNOW!** JACK'S HEAD IS ALL **A-SPIN!**
YOUR HEAD'S BEEN SPINNING... FOR A LONG TIME... HASN'T IT, JACK...?
YOU GET **AWAY FROM HIM**, YOU FILTHY SWINE! **NOW!**
OH-HO! **THE PEACH** RETURNS! LUCKY, **LUCKY** JACK! HE'S GOT ANOTHER CHANCE TO **SAMPLE** HER...
I AIN'T NO **PEACH**, YOU SMELLY OLD GOBLIN, I'M **PENNY CHAPMAN!** I COULD SHOOT THE WHISKERS OFF A FOX BY THE TIME I WAS **TEN**, AND I AIN'T AFRAID OF **YOU!**
PENNY... NO...


THE MAIDEN SAVES THE KNIGHT? THE WORLD TURNS TOPSY-TURVY!
WE KNOWS OUR PLACE AT LEAST...
CLEAR OFF!
K-CHOW! K-CHOW!
JACK'S YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MILADY! DISMISSED HE IS, AND SO HE'LL GO...
....BUT RING THE BELL AND HE'LL COME A-RUNNING!
HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!
DOCTOR...?
HOLD ON, YOU AIN'T EVEN BURNT!
FLAME... WASN'T PHYSICAL... IT WAS A TYPE OF PSYCHIC CONDUIT...
JACK WAS SEARCHING MY MIND... IN A PARTICULARLY BRUTAL WAY...
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, PENNY. WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GUN?
IT'S ME LANDLADY'S -- SHE KEEPS IT HANDY IN CASE THERE'S ANY STRIFE FROM THE LOCAL BLUDGERS!
I'LL BET YOU NEVER MISS RENT DAY...
THE DRIVER'S STILL ALIVE -- JACK JUST KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS. INTERESTING... I'LL LET HIM REST IN THE CARRIAGE.
I HAVE TO GET GOING, PENNY. THE GAME'S AFOOT, TO COIN A PHRASE...
YOU AIN'T GOING NOWHERE WITHOUT ME, DOCTOR. I'M AS MUCH MIXED UP IN ALL THIS PALAVER AS YOU, AND I'M AIMING TO FIND OUT WHY!
I DO ADMIRE AN ENQUIRING MIND...
ALRIGHT, CLIMB IN!


SOON...
HERE WE ARE... WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS IS WHERE YOU *LIVE*?
IN A... *BOX*?
YOU'RE PULLING MY LEG.
I WOULDN'T *DARE!* LADIES FIRST...
OH MY SWEET *LORD!*
IT'S -- IT'S LIKE KEEPING SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL IN A *CUPBOARD!*
YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE BEST ANALOGY I'VE HEARD IN *YEARS!*
WELCOME TO *THE TARDIS*, PENNY. DO YOU LIKE HER?
OH, DOCTOR... IT'S THE MOST MARVELLOUS THING I'VE EVER *SEEN!* HOW DO YOU *DO* IT? YOU SHOULD BE ON THE *STAGE!*
I DID A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AT THE PALLADIUM WITH A TALKING DOG ONCE, BUT THE CRITICS *KILLED* US...
AND NOW, FOR MY *NEXT* TRICK...
CRIKEY!
ELECTRONIC IMPULSES SHOULD BE *NON-EXISTENT* IN 1840'S LONDON... IF THERE'S ANY *ANACHRONISTIC TECHNOLOGY* AT WORK, THE TARDIS CAN *DETECT* IT...
A-HA! YES... IT'S BEEN *SHIELDED*, BUT THE OLD GIRL CAN STILL PINPOINT IT... *FENTIMAN'S ROAD*, IN *LAMBETH*...
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON THERE...
BUT... DOCTOR... THAT'S THE ADDRESS FOR THE *BLACKTHORNE GASWORKS*...
THAT'S WHERE I *WORK!*


I SWEAR, THAT JACK'S GOT THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL...
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE SPRINGS IN HIS BOOTS, I'D HAVE HAD HIM TONIGHT!
BUT INSPECTOR PORTER, SIR, HE WASN'T WEARING ANY–
SHUT UP, BATES.
HE THINKS HE'S SO BLEEDING CLEVER, BUT TIMES ARE CHANGING, SEE?
LONDON'S ALL LIT UP NOW... THE RATS CAN'T DUCK AND DIVE IN THE SHADOWS NO MORE! THE NIGHT BELONGS TO THE LAW...
JUST YOU WAIT, LAD...
SOON THERE'LL BE NOWHERE TO HIDE.
ZZSST ZZSST
SO THIS IS BLACKTHORNE GASWORKS... QUITE THE INDUSTRIAL AGE TRIUMPH...
I'VE GOT A KEY FOR THE KITCHENS, DOCTOR -- WE CAN GET IN ROUND THE BACK...
YOU WORK HERE?
BREEP-BREEP-BREEP
FOR THREE YEARS... HOPE I'VE STILL GOT A JOB COME MONDAY...
THE TRACER'S GOT A READING... WE'VE GOT TO GO DEEPER...
THE SIGNAL'S STRONG -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE...
BREEP-BREEP-BREEP
I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE... I DON'T RECKON NO ONE'S USED THIS PART OF THE FACTORY FOR AGES...
I DOUBT THAT...
IT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR...
PADLOCKED. NEVER MIND, I SPOTTED A CROWBAR UP THE CORRIDOR. I'LL JUST BE A...
PENNY?


PENNY, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HERE WE GO AGAIN...
THE ESSENCE...
VREEEP
OPEN SESAME... I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU **HAVE** BEEN HERE BEFORE, PENNY...
VZZZZZZZZZ
THE ESSENCE...
EVEN IF YOU DON'T RECALL IT.
LOTS OF DUST ON THE FLOOR -- WE'RE THE FIRST VISITORS FOR SOME TIME...
THE ESSENCE... IS READY...
YES... AND I HAVE AN UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING WE'RE **LOOKING** AT IT. IF IT CAN CONTROL YOU THIS EASILY, I HATE TO THINK WHAT **ELSE** IT MIGHT BE CAPABLE OF...
HOW DO YOU DO? I'M **THE DOCTOR**. DON'T BOTHER PRETENDING TO BE A VAT OF YALE'S TREACLE, I KNOW A **PROTO-MORPHIC LIFEFORM** WHEN I SEE ONE...
...SO WHY NOT **INTRODUCE** YOURSELF, HMM?
NNIAAHH!
PENNY!
I -- REMEMBER! **I REMEMBER!**
THE PYRODINES! TH-THEY'RE **COMING**...


"...THEY'RE COMING NOW!"
SIR... CAN YOU SMELL SOMETHING ODD...?
THERE'S A FISHMONGERS UP THE ROAD, BUT --
HANG ON A MO... YOU'RE RIGHT...
CH-KREESH!
CH-KREESH!
SAINTS ALIVE, IT'S A GAS LEAK! EVERYBODY TAKE COVER!
FWWSSSHH!
FREEEE...
FREEEE...
FREEEEE...
TO BE CONCLUDED...

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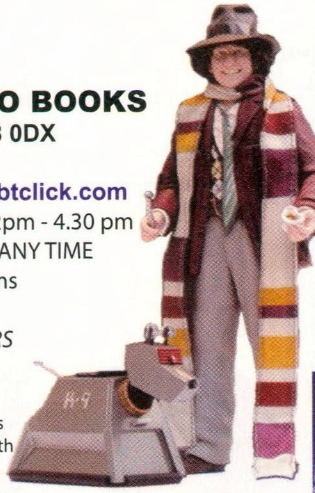

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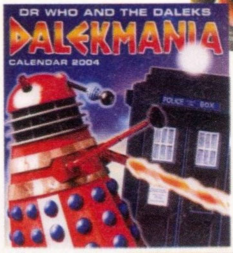

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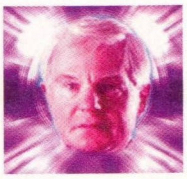

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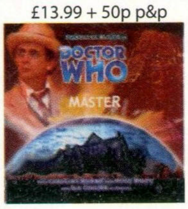

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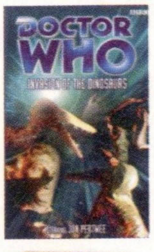

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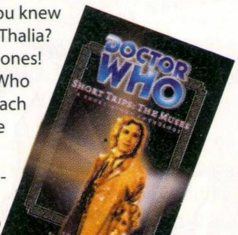

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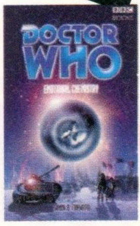

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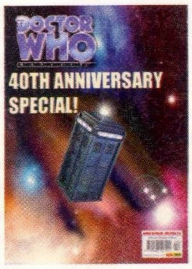

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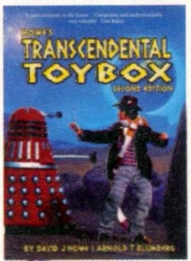

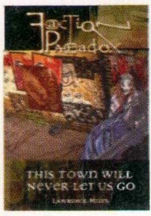

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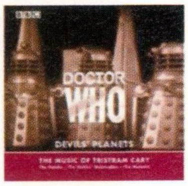

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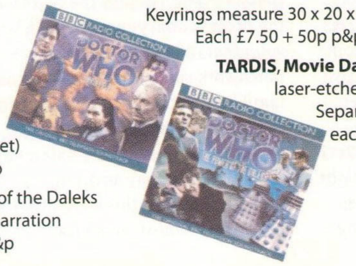

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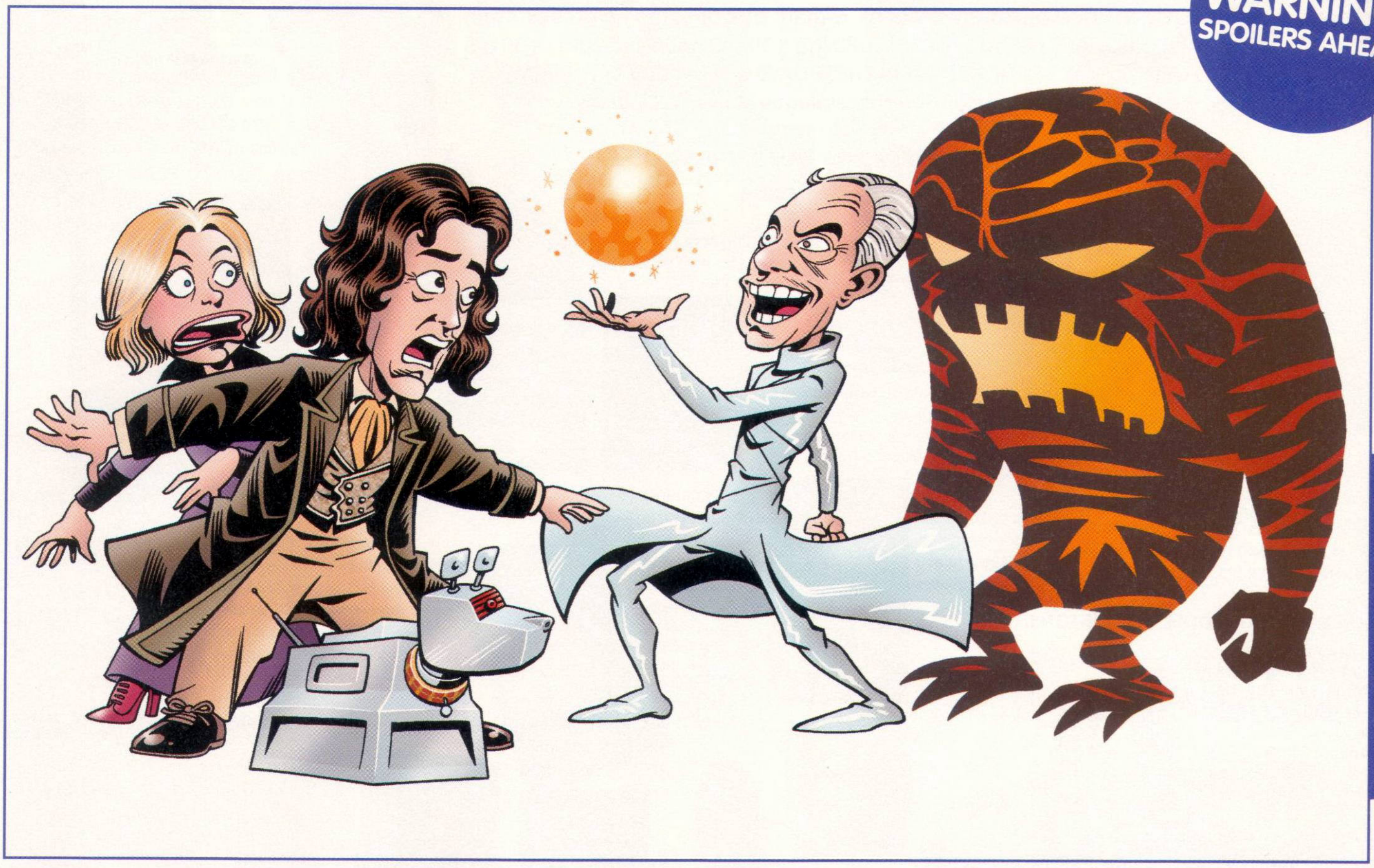
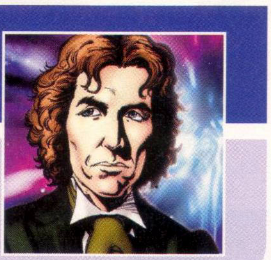


ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

DOCTOR WHO: SHADA



WEBCAST BBCi/BIG FINISH
AUTHOR DOUGLAS ADAMS
TRANSMITTED MAY 2003
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

In a cruel irony, despite my having just gone broadband, this is the most slowly-told on-line *Doctor Who* adventure I have experienced. Not only in the field of data communications do we live in a faster world than the 1979 in which *Shada* was written and nearly made. Even for its time, it was a windy story and Douglas Adams (and I'll be speaking ill of the dead several more times, if you want to go and fetch a stamp now) was really not the man to provide a whole six episodes. Although the pressure of television production meant he had no choice but to overcome his now-legendary creative inertia, the end result shows it may have been a well-justified mechanism to avoid less-than-wonderful output. Better to have produced a handful of masterpieces than a lorryload of anything less.

Adams was a 'big ideas' man – they fascinated him and inspired him to many of his own. His most famous one, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, would be his saving grace, because the very concept lent itself to meandering between gloriously absurd situations, facilitating erudite explanation, and then moving on. What he couldn't do very well were believable characters or well-signposted stories. Before you reach for that envelope, think of Mula, Kimus and Balaton, *The Pirate Planet*'s nearest thing to a family unit, or *City of Death*'s Duggan. The latter was at least entertaining, but not believable. *Shada*, being neither a hopeful submission by a new *Doctor Who* writer, or a reworking of an existing script, must have stretched an already busy Adams, and is lacking in much of the richness of its predecessors.

That's a great surprise, really. It's set in Cambridge, and has postgraduate researcher Chris Parsons as Adams' latest avatar, following Arthur Dent. It has clear potential for the incongruous juxtaposition of centuries-old English tradition with time machines, planets and monsters. What it lacks in abundance, if you'll forgive me, is six episodes' worth of story. My data might have been streaming at 512 kilobytes per second, but the story was coming at considerably less than one episode per 25 minutes.

Yet it all starts so promisingly ... Gary Russell, *Doctor Who*'s resolver *par excellence*, knits together a devilishly clever opening that has things as they were in *The Five Doctors*, so that the Fourth Doctor and Romana are taken out of time and returned *instead* of having their *Shada* adventure. So until now, most of *Shada* never happened. Russell's dialogue for the pair here "Searching for Keys to Time, recovering stolen *Mona Lisas*," the latter accompanied by a nod to Dudley Simpson's *City of Death* score, is sparkling and heart-warming. Yet, as the opening few episodes progress (and I use the verb very charitably) a kind of despair sets in. Like a discount mortgage, the surviving pieces of the original production of *Shada* are weighted heavily in favour of its earlier instalments. So those who have had the pleasure (and I deploy the noun with the professional generosity of a UNICEF volunteer) of seeing the 1992 patchwork video release will already be familiar with the first attempts at many of these scenes, and distractingly, have experienced them with a different cast.

SHADA LACKS THE RICHNESS OF DOUGLAS ADAMS' OTHER STORIES

That's not to say anything derogatory about this ensemble. Not only is it the most stellar band of players assembled for a *Doctor Who* in any medium, but all are as talented as their reputations suggest. Director Nick Pegg certainly has an ear for the ladies, and imagining Susannah Harker's beatific smile as Clare Keightly copes with a barrage of impossibilities is almost as pleasant as listening to Hannah Gordon as Skagra's ship's computer, a role which now rivals the Cadbury's Caramel Bunny (oh dear, I appear to be reminiscing over nostalgic confectionery in the manner of clip-show television's Stuart Maconie) as the most erotic voice-over part ever.

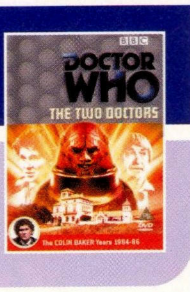
The cast is not served well by the policy of having the accompanying visuals make the characters facially resemble their performers. Admittedly, we have a shrewd expectation of the appearance of the Eighth Doctor and Romana, which would be radical to contradict, but there's little to be gained by reminding us that Skagra used to be Mañuel, or that Wilkin used to be Gloria. Audio should allow these performers to move beyond their appearances, but this just distracts. Not as much, I'll admit as the use of Flash technology to project facial twitches and flailing limbs on the characters, as well as grafting *Star Trek* cranial prostheses on to Professor

Caldera, a character who previously resembled *Monty Python*'s "It's ..." man (surely a better tribute to a writer with some claim to being The Seventh Python).

Monty Python was, it's generally held, a comedy. So was much of *Shada*. The most unsettling aspect of Big Finish's remount is that the cast doesn't seem to have appreciated that. Most of the gags are still there, but they are gags which depend on eye contact, both between the performers, and between them and the audience, and those eyes are a well-known pair of thyroid ones. Paul McGann's performance as the Doctor is now the work of a measured, studied professional, letting out his enthusiasm in carefully controlled bursts. He's used to well-paced, content-filled scripts. By contrast, Tom Baker in 1979 was dealing with *Doctor Who*'s struggles by enlarging his performance to fill the gaps. Look at the exchange that Parsons starts – 'He must be mad, mustn't he?' 'Madness, sanity, it's all just a matter of opinion.' 'What's your opinion?' 'He must be mad.' It's a scene written for Tom to overact – blustering dismissal one minute, child-like accordance the next, but from Paul it sounds as banal as it looks written down. There has been some customising of the Doctor – his addressing of Parsons as 'Bristol' is absent, for example, but most of this material is too specific to Baker. McGann bounces so well off Lalla Ward – who sounds as though she has been in one of Shada's statis cells for 24 years – that I confidently expect to hear in a few months that a handful of her 1979 deliveries were dropped in as an in-joke. Nevertheless, I would have applauded a production that revived *Shada* more radically – shortening it, of course, and bringing in India Fisher as Charley, with some of Big Finish's contemporary script magicians ensuring a new kind of interplay. Tom and Lalla were a couple who could make scenes in theatre queues, declaiming loudly, whereas Paul and India would be so thick with one another that no one would notice them. This transdimensional *Wife Swap* has been informative, at least.

Shada is a weak *Doctor Who* story because it relies on *deux-ex-machina* solutions, such as extending the concept of distributed computing to organic brains (the Professor's survival) and comedy scenarios (the Ship's computer's all-pervading logic allowing her to accept orders from a dead man). The audience doesn't get a chance to anticipate or participate in these solutions because they're not privy to the information required. Yet, by adhering to its original script, and therefore paying the price of making their big star look a lot less impressive to casual listeners than he appears in their original productions, Big Finish has at least laid the ghost of *Shada* to rest. For that, one can be grateful. And hey – Skagra's globe – the portable gadget that enables the user to download and carry around as many of his favourite minds as he likes, is surely a forecast, 20 years early, by Apple Computer's greatest apologist, of the iPod. Rest in peace.

DOCTOR WHO: THE TWO DOCTORS



DVD BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR ROBERT HOLMES
RRP £19.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

Don't you just love Season Twenty-Two? It's like poker, or bloody Top Trumps, each story trying to outdo the others with a better hand – Lytton and the Cybermen beats the Rani and the Master, but not the Second Doctor, the Sontarans, overseas filming and Robert Holmes! Read 'em and weep, boys, read 'em and weep! To lay my own cards on the table, I don't much like *The Two Doctors*, which is frustrating and sad as, with so little Patrick Troughton *Doctor Who* out there, it would've been good to have another complete story to enjoy. A lot of the fault, I fear, lies with Robert Holmes, and perhaps even with the perception that he could write *Doctor Who* better than anyone else. Certainly Eric Saward thought this, and it blinded him to the work he was getting. The truth is, *The Two Doctors* is flabby and undramatic, and with its shopping list of 'things to include', it was a safe bet it was always going to fall flat.

It's a mystery as to why Holmes didn't bail out early on, like he did on *The Five Doctors*. Personally, I don't think he has a clue what he wants to write about – Time Lord genealogy or Androgum augmentation, meat-eating or hubris. The one thing he's certainly not interested in is Spain, which is why the first episode works a lot better than the last two. The idea of the scientist so infatuated with his work he can't see the dangers is a *Doctor Who* staple. Dastari and Chessene are a kind of *Harpers & Queen* version of Solon and Morbius, Dastari using DNA rather than body parts to make his monster. At this point you can see the story developing to the point where Chessene might think she's some sort of god, and I suppose, in a way, that's what happens. But there's so much other stuff bogging it down – Spain, the Sontarans, plan to discredit the Time Lords and each group trying to double-cross the other. Kartz and Reimer's time machine is boring too, with the old 'it won't work without this or that component' routine that usually kills off Master stories.

Patrick Troughton arguably gives the most faithful performance of his three returns to the programme, even though this story's so different from the claustrophobic ones he's most readily associated with. He's not helped much, however, by a script that thinks he's the Pertwee or Tom Baker model, working on behalf of the Time Lords. Still, at least this time he's given more to say than just a stream of "Oh my word!"s. In fact, Holmes' dialogue is one of the brightest things about *The Two Doctors*. Another is the characterisation. I know a lot of people aren't keen on the Sontarans in this, and find Commander Stike too comic and Sergeant Major-ish, but I rather like him, and think his swaggering self-importance quite suits his militaristic race. And then there's John Stratton as Shockeye, the food-obsessed Androgum, growling and salivating his lines to make them some of the most memorable. Best of all, though, is Oscar Botcherby, whose mannerisms, sense of duty and love of the theatre surely make him a relative of Henry Gordon Jago. It's a shame he isn't more important to the story.

But great lines and some good characterisation can't disguise how desperately aimless *The Two Doctors* feels. Of course, it can't all be blamed on the script – Peter Moffatt's direction is, famously, depressingly pedestrian too. When JNT used to say directors could become 'Whoed out', it was surely Moffatt he was thinking of. *The Two Doctors* is a long, long way from the kind of creativity that saw Moffatt superimpose a bat over the face of Aukon in *State of Decay*. He seems weighed down by the story's length as well, unable to inject any pace into it. Even the obligatory chase through the streets of its foreign location seems flat – Baker, Bryant and Hines don't really look as if they can be bothered to run in all that heat.

But perhaps there's even more to *The Two Doctors*' problems than that. The truth is, by 1985, the bloom was already off the rose with regards to Doctors working together, and without an anniversary to excuse it, this all seems a bit gratuitous and repetitive. For *The Two Doctors* to have worked, it needed to be bolder, and have an entirely different approach from the multi-Doctor stories of yore. It's funny, but Season Twenty-Two's next story, *Timelash*, also turned out to be a Two Doctors story of sorts – or, more specifically, a planet that was shaped by two separate visits. It's that kind of invention *The Two Doctors* lacks, and frustratingly, it's that kind of idea that it had the luxury to play out in full.

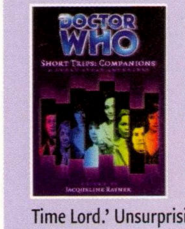
DVD EXTRAS

Obviously, with over three hours of *Two Doctors* extras, I can't argue that this DVD isn't good value – but not being a

ALSO RELEASED

DOCTOR WHO: SHORT TRIPS: COMPANIONS

BIG FINISH, £14.99



Big Finish's second volume of *Doctor Who* short stories focuses on the Doctor's companions 'before, during and after their travels with the eccentric Time Lord.' Unsurprisingly, the majority of authors have opted for the 'whatever happened to ...?' approach, examining the fates of the companions after they leave the TARDIS. Best of these is Simon Guerrier's *Curriculum Vitae*, in which an ageing Polly competes for a secretarial position with an attractive young blonde. Tackling both age discrimination and the difficulties former companions face in re-entering society, there is an underlying bitterness that someone who once saved the universe is now reduced to relative trivialities such as getting a job. Also in this post-Doctor category are Paul Magrs' bittersweet *Kept Safe and Sound*, which perfectly evokes the childhood obsessions and dreams of many *Who* fans; *Apocrypha Bipedium*, an hilarious story of 'Cressida' meeting the Eighth Doctor and mistaking him for a younger version of his first self, and *Distance*, another sweet-and-sour tale featuring an elderly Barbara getting caught up in an attempt to repatriate a lost alien intelligence.

MSrprisingly, there are few 'before they were famous' stories. *Qualia*, by Stephen Fewell, allows us a glimpse of Tegan and Turlough's pasts. Life in Australia seems worse than life on Trion, with young Tegan forced to listen to arguments downstairs. *The Splintered Gate* sees Ian confronting a fortune teller who has predicted his future travels. We see that Ian's insatiable curiosity and his inability to let things lie seal his fate. Gary Russell's *A Boy's Tale* is an attempt to rehabilitate Adric. Starved of affection, feeling like a permanent outsider, Adric discovers records of pets in the Starliner archives and determines to find out more. It's a brave effort, but you can't help feeling that Steve Lyons is closer to the mark in *Hearts of Stone*, probably the most bitingly accurate rendition of the Season Nineteen crew in print, in which Adric comes across as a whining little prig.

The Lying Old Witch in the Wardrobe gives us the real deal about the First Romana's body-swapping regeneration. Apparently, those incarnations were actually the love-struck TARDIS, jealous of the Time Lady's relationship with the Doctor. Romana (II, this time) also features in *Notre Dame du Temps* in which a melancholy Seventh Doctor retrieves the clock-faced lady sketch from Paris, experiencing a pang of emotion as he realises that, of all his companions, Romana was the only one who ever really understood him. On similar lines, David Bailey's *The Canvey Angels*, presents us with a Fifth Doctor who is quite unable to connect on an emotional level. The highlight of the collection, this grim story features a guilt-consumed priest desperate for forgiveness. In the starkest and most noteworthy scene, Peri finally absolves the priest as the Doctor twitters meaninglessly about aliens in the background. Alien horrors, it seems, are nothing when compared to the universe of terrors we create for ourselves.

Short Trips: Companions tries hard to keep everyone happy. There are mini-adventures such as *The Man from DOCTO(R)*, a small but perfectly formed escapade for Harry (and it's getting increasingly difficult to read about Harry doing anything without having flashbacks to JK Rowling), and *Hidden Talent*, in which the Master seeks to destabilise time by running a talent show in which the contestants – including Jo – cover songs that haven't yet been written. *Little Drummer Boy* tries to reignite that old 'is Sara Kingdom a companion?' debate, but fumbles it because Sara isn't really the focus. There are serious character pieces like *A Long Night*, which details the trials Barbara's mother went through following the disappearance of her daughter. And there are plenty of funny sketches like *The Tip of the Mind*, best described as *The Office* in space, and *Balloon Debate*, featuring all the TV companions in a debate to see which six should survive in a collapsing TARDIS.

Abandoning the restrictive theme of *Zodiac*, editor Jacqueline Rayner ensures *Companions* achieves a greater consistency of quality than the earlier collection. With something for everyone (except, oddly, Big Finish fans – Evelyn and Erimem fail to put in an appearance), this is the perfect companion to accompany you on the journey to work.

MATT MICHAEL

PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE BELLOTRON INCIDENT

BIG FINISH, £9.99

BERNICE SUMMERFIELD
AND THE BELLOTRON INCIDENT
LISA BOWERMAN

Mike Tucker's latest script is an entertaining cross between *Tomb of the Cybermen* and John Carpenter's *The Thing*. From the first, there's a long forgotten temple, complete with booby-traps, and from the second, the involvement of a shape-shifter – in this instance a Rutan. Making up for the bad planning that means this adventure, like its predecessor *The Mirror Effect*, is also about doppelgangers, is the neat idea of a planet whose orbit through Rutan and Sontaran territories leads it to become a new weapon in the two races' centuries-old war. Joining Benny in the cross-fire is Bev Tarrant (Louise Faulkner), from *Doctor Who* audios *The Genocide Machine* and *Dust Breeding*. Tucker's keen for salvage merchant-cum-thief Tarrant to be seen as a kind of flip-side to Benny – "I've obviously been doing this all wrong," says Benny, at one point. "Instead of spending months digging about in the dirt, recovering ancient artefacts, then months more restoring them to their former glory, I should just wait until someone else does all the hard work and then nick 'em!"

Of more interest to the series as a whole, though, is how *The Bellotron Incident* continues the gradual sobering up of, if not Benny, then the type of adventures she appears in. For my money, the less comedic stories make for the better productions.

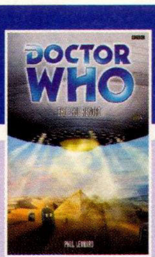
great fan of the story, I found a lot of it rather trying. The rough footage of the story's studio and location work is disappointing. Most of the scenes here were dull when performed properly – watching them crawl towards a satisfactory take is painful. The real drawback, of course, is there's no footage of Patrick Troughton at work, which is odd, and a shame – is this just coincidence, or did somebody refuse permission?

The obvious problem with *Adventures in Time and Spain*, Gary Downie's piece on locations, is that he's talking about Spain whilst walking around Brighton, so more *Two Doctors* clips are wedged in to illustrate it. Downie, on the other hand, I liked, and after a nervy start, he relaxes into his presenting quite well, and I'd imagine his natural, gossipy style would also suit a future commentary.

I don't really know what to say about *Jim'll Fix It: A Fix with Sontarans* except it's witless, pointlessly bound up in continuity and, like everything else, far too long. I just thought how bewildered and overwhelmed Fixee Gareth Jenkins looked, and how he would've probably preferred a simple studio tour a lot more. In fact, he should've written into Radio 4's *Wavelength* and wandered around with them as they made their show. I suspect, though, of all these featurettes, it's only the Robert Holmes one, *Behind the Sofa*, that most of us will make the time to watch again. I sometimes feel I'm not as sold on Robert Holmes as everyone else seems to be. The trouble with a writer who's only brilliant half the time is that the other half tends to disappoint twice as much, but I'll say this for him: he knew it wasn't science-fiction that turned people onto the programme and got them scared, it was horror – no-one ever wet the bed over Charged Vacuum Emboitments. Contributors Terrance Dicks, Barry Letts, Philip Hinchcliffe, Chris Boucher and Eric Saward all say the right things, but leaving out discussion of his weaker scripts – *The Space Pirates*, *Ribos* and *Kroll* – makes this feel a bit lop-sided. It might also have benefited from a wider brief, putting Holmes' stories in context with his other TV work – *Blake's 7* and *The Nightmare Man*, for example. Saying that, I enjoyed it, and the same for the commentary, supplied by Baker, Bryant, Hines, Jacqueline Pearce and Peter Moffatt. I was especially lucky, though, as gremlins had got into my review copy and so I heard the commentary overlaid on old episodes of *Sykes!* It was just about the most fun I've ever had with *The Two Doctors* ...

HOLMES' DIALOGUE IS THE BRIGHTEST THING ABOUT **THE TWO DOCTORS**

DOCTOR WHO: THE LAST RESORT



NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR PAUL LEONARD
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

The Last Resort feels like an apt title for the latest novel in the Eighth Doctor Books' 'changed history' arc, because Paul Leonard is a safe bet for providing the kind of sensible, high-energy book that the range really needs at the moment. Since the move to a bi-monthly publishing schedule, the consistency and momentum of these novels has fallen off alarmingly. You really can't afford to have three below-par entries in a row when that amounts to half your annual output. Luckily, Leonard's come up trumps again with this mind-boggling tale of time tourists, multiple universes and fluid histories.

Good Times Travel has taken advantage of unregulated time-travel to allow tourists to visit various points of Earth's history. But the side-effects of tourism on historic cultures are as pernicious as its effects on non-Western civilisations. Pretty soon, there's a McDonalds drive-through in the Acropolis and the pyramids are sponsored by Pepsi. Worse still, this interference has had catastrophic effects on Earth's future. This time, we actually witness history changing, moment by moment, around the characters. The same scenes play out over and over, with slight differences. Geography shifts as pre-history is altered, and clothes change colour during scenes. It's a disorienting approach, and once that effectively conveys the chain reaction caused by time meddling.

Every time history changes, a new version of each character is brought into existence. Not only does this allow Leonard to give us plenty of gory descriptions of the TARDIS crew snuffing it in various nasty ways (strangely, none of the Doctors regenerates), but it leads to a brilliant climax featuring an infinity of TARDISes, Doctors, Anjis and Fitzes materialising and de-materialising aboard a Martian spaceship. However, it also leads to some brow-furrowingly confusing moments as the reader tries to remember which version is which.

The only people able to perceive this effect, and the only ones able to stop it, are the Doctor and Sabbath. Working together to put an end to Good Times, the two of them desperately seek to put time back on track. In Sabbath's case, this involves sacrificing one version of Anji and Fitz purely in an attempt to artificially create some cause and effect. The Doctor, meanwhile, arranges for one of his alternate selves to be killed to demonstrate that the universe really is breaking down. The contrast between their methods sheds light on both their characters. Sabbath in particular comes across as more than the power-mad villain he has sometimes appeared to be. He seeks the same outcome as the Doctor, but through different means. Anji and Fitz are also well depicted, with the former realising at last the hollowness of her previous existence as a slave to the money markets, and the latter getting to do more than mope – although this is inconsistent with the previous novel, where Fitz was appalled by the Doctor's attempts to stamp out alternate timelines.

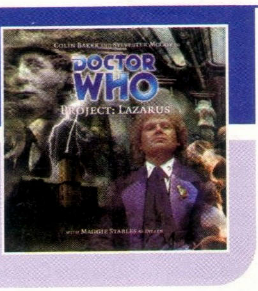
Where *The Last Resort* falls down slightly is in its characterisation of the guest cast. Because the book is so driven by complex plot mechanics, and by the interplay between Fitz, Anji and Sabbath, there is little time to develop the other players. This is a shame, since Leonard showed a great aptitude for sympathetic and believable characterisation in *The Turing Test*.

The novel's powerful subject matter helps advance the ongoing story. There is a definite feeling of events building to an imminent climax as history nears breaking point. Despite fleeting appearances from the Daleks, Cybermen and Compassion, it's the mysterious Trix who shines in her brief cameo. Lurking in the TARDIS, with no explanation for her presence, she demands our attention with her cryptic comments. For these reasons, *The Last Resort* leaves the reader hungry for the next instalment.

Strikingly different from the previous books in this mini-arc, *The Last Resort* pushes up the stakes for the Doctor and his companions, giving a bigger chunk of the action to the mysterious Trix, and helping beef up Sabbath's role. Whether it's enough to tide us over the two-month lull between novels isn't yet clear, but this does mark a return to form for the Eighth Doctor after the disappointments of the last six months.

THERE IS A DEFINITE FEELING OF EVENTS BUILDING TOWARDS THEIR CLIMAX

DOCTOR WHO: **PROJECT: LAZARUS**



AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR MARK WRIGHT & CAVAN SCOTT
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

It's easy to be wary of what looks like superficial audience-pleasing, and in *Doctor Who* there are few more immediate examples than by staging a sequel to a successful adventure or uniting different versions of the Doctor. *Project: Lazarus* does both, yet in such an innovative way as to be completely sanctionable.

We find find the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn in a less harmonious equilibrium than before. As he later concludes, he doesn't always win, and this extends to keeping his friends happy as well as saving the day. Things don't improve when they arrive in Scandinavia to pick up Cassie, the innocent young vampire they left there for her own safety in *Project: Twilight*. She's disturbingly unhappy to see them, but her new nature isn't truly revealed until Part One's climax, all the more exquisite by being guessable a few seconds before it comes.

Having grown up with *The Tomorrow People*'s secret underground base hosting technology years ahead of the unsuspecting world above, I'm delighted to find the returning opposition camp lurking in the same way below Dartmoor. Perhaps the set-up might be a bit more credible with personnel beyond a Deputy Director, Chief Scientist, and Head of Security, but I suppose their counterparts at UNIT HQ managed on just such a skeleton staff for years. It becomes apparent that the Lazarus of the title is the Doctor, and that the aforementioned Director, a return for *Twilight* nasty Nimrod, is keen to distill his ability to regenerate. The scenes of the Doctor strapped in a chair being electrocuted are not for the squeamish, but I found Maggie Stables' performance, as Evelyn realises that the Doctor's failure has cost Cassie her life, even more uncomfortable. No one has ever portrayed grief so well in *Doctor Who* – she sounds like my own mother crying. The Doctor's muted attempts to console her are delivered with such a lightness of touch that they would have been inconceivable during Colin Baker's television stint. This is the story's high point, wrapping up Disc One, effectively a self-contained adventure.

Disc Two could indeed have been released separately, opening from a solitary Seventh Doctor's point of view. The ambiguous nature of the underground Forge is emphasised by the way he turns up at the front door and is cordially allowed in, and still more by the way his previous incarnation is working as their scientific advisor!

With these two personae together, you'd expect Six to be the sensible superior one and Seven to be the irritating whimsical one – a reverse of the numerical pecking order in *The Three Doctors*, if you like. But instead, Sylvester McCoy gives a sombre, cautious interpretation, like that in his *Excelis* solo outing, even averring "I'm not as forgiving as my previous incarnation," while Baker is all bluff and dissembling. The clue, so obvious in retrospect is that he's playing a character who only knows what Nimrod knows about the Doctor, and isn't him at all, but rather a clone.

An evil Doctor? Well, no, not really. No one in this story is absolutely evil, with even Nimrod having a social justification for his morally and ethically dubious actions, like cloning, or vivisecting aliens. Time Lords seem to have the same kind of copy protection as controversial CD albums of late, so this Doctor 6.01 can't regenerate. Although he has many of the Doctor's other abilities, he's far more morally ambiguous.

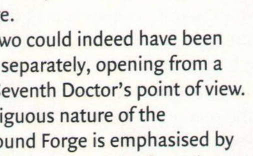
Ultimately, what *Project: Lazarus* does best is subvert expectations. At the end of Part One, it seems the only person who could be Artemis, the Forge agent who has located the Doctor must be the Norwegian scientist who has found him. But he isn't. At the end of Part Two, as the Sixth Doctor, yet to be joined by his successor, is tortured, it's reasonable to assume that he will become him, and the rest of the tale will resolve this premature regeneration. But it doesn't.

It's this imagination that lifts the story above being just a lurid bad-science thriller, and makes forgivable such a blatantly predictable device as having the clone Doctor's incongruous ability to vocally impersonate anyone he pleases used as an escape technique later.

A sequel to *Project: Twilight* seemed a good idea. Two sequels, as we have here is even better.

ULTIMATELY, WHAT **PROJECT: LAZARUS** DOES BEST IS SUBVERT EXPECTATIONS

DOCTOR WHO: **AT THE BBC**



CD BBC RADIO COLLECTION
PRESENTER ELISABETH SLADEN
RRP £tbc
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

Doctor Who at the BBC concentrates on the programme's coverage on radio. The first disc is Radio 2's *Thirty Years* documentary from 1993, and compared to the pop culture sensibilities of its TV counterpart, *30 Years in the TARDIS*, it's a bit pedestrian and plodding, and not helped by Nicholas Courtney's lugubrious narration. The main attraction, however, is Disc Two, an eclectic cut-and-paste of *Doctor Who* items from other shows. Now I'm probably not alone in having tried to do something similar to this myself. My collection covers a few years in the mid-1980s and includes a pitiful sketch from comedy music act *The Grumbleweeds*. *Doctor Who at the BBC*, however, has a whole archive to plunder – or maybe not. Its Doctor order goes: Pertwee, Tom, Davison and Jon Culshaw. No Colin or Sylvester, and no Hartnell or Troughton, but the latter because there simply isn't the material. Finding out the BBC has been just as careless with its radio as it has been with its television archives is one of the most depressing things I've learnt this month. The lack of 1960s material is an obvious drawback to this collection. Recompense, as presenter Lis Sladen puts it, is Radio 4's *Blue Veils & Golden Sands*, a drama about Delia Derbyshire. I missed this when it was on and thought it might be drier than the Gobi. Maybe it was, but this short clip, dramatising Delia's work on Ron Grainer's theme, is so beautifully performed by Sophie Thompson, and magically put together, that it

Taking the sometimes hectic pace of these things down a notch has helped too. Take Bellotron's Quilby and Ryan, who could easily have just become another clichéd, backbiting Captain and Commander, but are given the room (a good introductory ten minutes) to show a bit more depth and mutual respect.

VANESSA BISHOP

MYTH MAKERS: NICOLA BRYANT AND GRAEME HARPER

REELTIME PRODUCTIONS, £10.99

Putting two old *Myth Makers* onto one DVD strikes me as quite good value, and a sensible way to cut through a sizeable backlog. It means a collection can be gathered together quickly, it builds momentum and, although I'm sure the chaps at BBC Worldwide sweat around the clock to bring us their releases, momentum and *Doctor Who* on DVD isn't something we really have.

In a new introduction, Nick Briggs and Keith Barnfather tell us that these re-issues will pair subjects that have a connection. They say lots of other things as well, but I found the two of them far too funny to take much in. Sat behind a desk, their coy banter is part regional news, part *Des and Mel*.

Back nearly 20 years ago, *Myth Makers* started out a bit more fey and whimsical, with Briggs quite happy to camp it up at some old *Who* location. There's some vintage Briggs buffoonery on show here, stomping about the London locations for *Attack of the Cybermen* with Nicola Bryant as Peri to his Doctor. The latter-day Briggs, however, has been content to be less hyperactive, and it's this version we see interviewing Graeme Harper. Actually, I was listening to some of *Today with Briggs and Barnfather*, and they mention that Harper's busy schedule scuppered five previous attempts to get him. I wasn't going to bother with Harper, having watched and reviewed him fairly recently, but fell into it all over again anyway, mainly because of his pure enthusiasm and energy. One thing I had forgotten was how unsure he was that his work on *Revelation of the Daleks* was up to scratch – but then, he doesn't seem that convinced that what he did on *Androzani* was that special either.

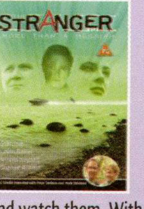
The Nicola Bryant interview from 1996 I'd never seen before, nor the original 1985 one that it's been spliced with. I suppose this is what actors mean when they watch something and say it's like looking at a different person. I barely recognised the Nicola Bryant of 1985, so I can imagine how she feels about it – which, judging by her later comments, isn't much. The thing is, it's not just that she's still pretending to be American, or that she's clearly toeing the party line (perhaps the reason why Nicola remained the only subject to be interviewed while still in the programme). It isn't even her 1980s lip-gloss or white stilettos, but her manner, which is all old-style BBC *Breakfast Time*, all giggly and perky. Compared to this, the Nicola Bryant of 11 years later is altogether more focused and real. I've always found her rather formidable, and have more than once seen her give short shrift to a convention question that preys too heavily on Peri's leotards and bikinis – and quite right too!

Finally, I should say how much DVD has improved the *Myth Makers* experience. The videos always seemed slightly grainy, and on my player at least, upset the tracking. This new format and presentation has given them an extra level of professionalism.

VANESSA BISHOP

THE STRANGER: MORE THAN A MESSIAH

BBV, £15.99



Every series has one or two parts of it that just don't make an impression, or even stick in your consciousness at all, no matter how many times you sit and watch them. With *Doctor Who*, for me, it's most of Season Twenty, with Bond it's *Thunderball*, the Ewoks have pretty much obliterated my memory of anything else in the last half of *Return of the Jedi*, and with *The Stranger*, it's *More Than a Messiah*, which is odd because it has Peter Miles in it being absolutely bonkers and stand-out. Part of it, I think, is its place as second in the series, caught between *Summoned by Shadows* that launched *The Stranger* as a *Doctor Who* alternative, and the later stories written by Nicholas Briggs, which moved the idea in a different direction. It could also be that its eco-friendly storyline is a bit abstract and 'out there' – or perhaps, more simply, *More Than a Messiah* is a weak and unmemorable entry in the canon.

Nigel Fairs' idea of a tourist planet that resents travellers is quite funny, and you can imagine *Doctor Who* making quite a witty success of it, but *More Than a Messiah*'s approach suffers from being a bit po-faced and pretentious. Sophie Aldred struggles as the embodiment of an angry Mother Nature, either bellowing like a Greek god or mumbling like a blissed-out student at a pop festival, with stuff like "I sense a need for peace." Fairs also wants to explore the idea of somebody falling in love with the Stranger. It's a sub-plot to the rest, but it gives everyone by far their best material – particularly Nicola Bryant, briefly playing Aldred's part, and Colin Baker, who get to have a great stand-up row about the nature of affection. A lot of this comes from an Audio Visuals play Fairs wrote in the mid-1980s, but I suspect getting it on the 'Extras' would've involved all sorts of rights problems. Its 'Making of', though, proves refreshingly honest, revealing the shoot to be a bit bad-tempered and edgy, and it translates to the screen.

Messiah also includes extra, and re-mixed, music by Alistair Lock, and like *Summoned*'s release, a new audio story, *Force of Nature*, by Stuart Robinson and James Potter. I won't challenge the obvious commercial sense of slapping on unseen footage from *The Doctors* documentary, but on every other level, this drip-feed of misery is out of place. This time we're back with Peter Davison and Mark Strickson, and the former's long whine on his era, to which we can now add this mean-spirited gem – "I don't think *Doctor Who* did me any harm, but I don't think it did me any good either."

VANESSA BISHOP

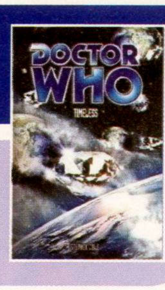
immediately joins a select group of *Who*-related moments able to make me blub.

One of the unexpected joys of this collection is how it also picks up on the changing styles of broadcasting. It's amazing, in an early 1970s clip, to hear how long Terry Nation is allowed to ramble on about the Daleks without the interviewer interrupting. In other ways, it seems to have stayed the same – is it me or does *Today*'s Dennis Price, also talking to Nation, sound exactly like Michael Parkinson, who can be heard doing just this kind of thing most Sunday mornings on Radio 2? The kind of sardonic report that we've grown sadly more used to arrives in the form of the unattractively named *Morning Sou'West*, with Robert Deere covering the Dartmoor filming of *The Sontaran Experiment*. The interesting thing about Deere's interview with the show's new Doctor is that it's Tom Baker before he learnt how to be Tom Baker. That beaming, quasi-Doctorish persona that we've come to accept as Baker's own is almost entirely absent – as with the Wookey Hole interview on the *Ark in Space* DVD. By contrast is his appearance on the *Today* programme's promotion of 1999's *Doctor Who Night*, where Tom might as well be Jon Culshaw, so keen is he not to disappoint with humour and eccentricity. A *Dead Ringers* clip was an inevitability, but for the last few years, Culshaw has been pretty much *Doctor Who*'s sole presence on mainstream TV and radio, so he's earned his place. Of the other comedy, I found *The Skivers* the best. I don't quite know what makes the old gag about *Doctor Who* girls being sexy and stupid so brilliant here, but I think it's got something to do with the speed of the delivery – Jon Pertwee interviewing prospective companion Jemima-Katy is excellent. If only he sounded this inspired and commanding in the Barry Letts plays.

Something else that struck me about this collection was how, like criticism, interviewing can be a form of autobiography. Take Heather Forrester, interviewing children for *Today* in 1972. What's that all about? At a guess, I think it may have started off as what children liked about *Doctor Who*, but Forrester has laundry on her mind, and turns the whole thing into a cross between *The Clothes Show* and *What Not to Wear*. Her "How do you think he keeps that velvet cloak of his clean all the time?" says a lot about the different ways adults and children watch television. On the other hand, I was quite impressed with Pete Murray. I can just about remember listening to *Open House* – or, more accurately, dancing to its theme tune, which had an annoyingly catchy doorbell sound in it. That's by the by, except to say that Murray's programme was not the place I'd expected to hear about such media-savvy stuff as *Doctor Who*'s American sales, and its format as a mix of film and video!

There's no Grumbleweeds, but I can't say this collection feels like it's missed out by not including them. In fact, I hope the sleeve-notes' request for *Who*-related radio material will turn up something much more interesting than that. *Doctor Who at the BBC* hints at being a valuable and entertaining series, and I look forward to the possibility of a Volume Two.

DOCTOR WHO: TIMELESS



NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR STEPHEN COLE
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

Like an episode of *Angel*, *Timeless* opens with a 'previously on *Doctor Who*'. It's an acknowledgement at the outset that the book is not a stand-alone. Acting as a climax of sorts to the changed history sequence, a swansong for Anji and a more complete introduction for Beatrice 'Trix' Macmillan, *Timeless*, like *Planet of Fire*, is designed to manoeuvre the main characters into their positions for the story arc's grand finalé. The fact that, along the way, Stephen Cole writes his best novel is incidental.

The book revolves around the activities of the Timeless organisation, a sinister group that "makes things better" for individuals by swapping them with their more successful counterparts from other universes. All this comes to light through some painstaking detective work into the murderous activities of Daniel Basalt. He's a psychotic misogynist, and one of the most repulsive villains for some time. The most frightening thing about him is that he is so believable – we read about similar men in the papers every week.

Also working for Timeless is a mysterious little girl called Chloe, who has funny eyes and a strange dog-like companion. You can't go wrong with creepy children, and Chloe is no exception. It transpires that she is one of the few Time Lords to have survived the destruction of Gallifrey, although that is just one strand in a book that is packed with big ideas. We have vortex wraiths who commune with the Doctor, the collapse of all alternative realities, a book that determines the exact sequence of events across all of time, the seeding of humanity throughout the universe to ensure the supremacy of Earth, and the Doctor's presence at the moment of creation itself – Event One (mark three). That Cole manages to pack so many ideas into the novel without it becoming unwieldy, while also developing his characters, from the David Brent-ish Mike to Basalt's psychologist Stacy Phillips, to ensure that they become more than servants to the plot, is remarkable.

THAT COLE MANAGES TO PACK SO MANY IDEAS IN IS REMARKABLE ...

The ubiquitous Sabbath is, of course, involved. He and his employers want to impose their own view of time upon the universe, although *Timeless* makes it clear that Sabbath also has his own agenda. Cole uses Sabbath effectively, limiting his appearances and having him manipulate others to achieve his goals.

Anji's departure from the TARDIS is sensitively handled: with her back home at last, having had time to recover from the shock of Dave's death and the chance to broaden her horizons, the reader is left with the sense that Anji has outgrown her need for the Doctor. But although many people will be glad to see the back of her, some of us will be sorry to lose a companion that, because of her very human flaws, seemed more real than most.

Certainly Trix, with her penchant for disguises and her spurious morality, comes across as a concept companion in the mould of Leela, Turlough or Compassion. Her ability to slip on different personalities at a whim seems like a very convenient excuse for inconsistencies in her characterisation from book to book. Likewise, it makes it very difficult to pass comment on how she will fit in with the TARDIS crew. Depending on how various authors want to use her, she has the potential to be either intriguing or irritating. In *Timeless* she works because of a delicious bitchy rivalry with Anji (and what a shame Anji's departure has put paid to that). It will be interesting to see how she develops across the next few books.

Timeless is fast-paced, coherent and enjoyable but manages to incorporate a lot of editorial requirements without compromising its own story. Cole pulls off an enormous sleight of hand by re-packaging information we already had, and presenting it as an epic revelation. Ultimately, the book is a masterful holding exercise that seems more significant than it actually is – we learn as much from the cover blurb of *Sometime Never* as we do from *Timeless*.

It's an exceptional set-up for a shattering climax. The problem is, that climax won't be published until January 2004. To paraphrase *Doctor in Distress*, six months is too long to wait ...

DOCTOR WHO:
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

DAVID WARNER
NICHOLAS COURTNEY
in
UNBOUND
DOCTOR WHO
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR DAVID BISHOP
RRP £9.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

The success of this second *Doctor Who Unbound* play is almost guaranteed by its setting, the hills above Hong Kong on the eve of the colony's handover to China. The Vangelis-esque score depicts perfectly the contrast between old and new, East and West, Buhddist harmony and neon-lit commerce.

Here we find a Brigadier who, rather than reflecting on a glorious career while exploring horticulture with his beloved Doris, is running a shabby ex-pat pub and drowning his sorrows in cheap white wine. It's a poignant image, especially to those of us who have loved the character for decades, and immediately achieves what *Auld Mortality* didn't – showing the impact of the Doctor's absence on the rest of the world. The Brig has ended up like this because, without the Doctor at his side, he had to resort to crude military solutions, leaving radioactive holes all over the home counties. A bit like Bracknell. There are tantalising references to these altered versions of familiar escapades throughout, although the alternate *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* makes no sense whatsoever and should have been excised.

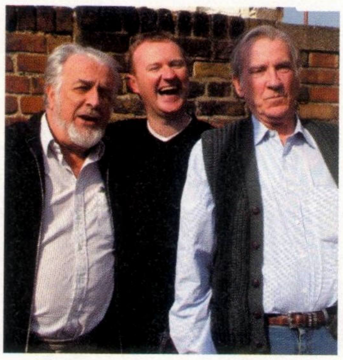
Proceedings begin cosily enough, establishing the Brigadier's bar and its young clientele, but soon take on more weight with the arrival of David Warner's new Doctor. Warner gives an absolutely deadpan interpretation, free of frivolity, and making a perfect Holmes to the Brigadier's Watson. As soon as he asks "What year is this?" you know who he can only be. Rather than having idiosyncratic traits which endear him immediately, he gains trust slowly, through his acts of integrity. He's something of mystery to the Brig, who has only encountered him twice before, but an anathema to his active replacement, Colonel Brimmicombe-Wood, a no-bloody-nonsense Strathclyde thug, and one of the most immediately unlovable creations the series has deliberately produced. At first it seems trivial that Wood's local branch of UNIT should be called in to deal with what at first appears to be merely a stolen stealth plane bearing a communist defector, when the Taskforce's remit was to deal with the odd and unexplained, but this did appear to broaden later to include guarding Nerve Gas Missiles and providing security at peace conferences.

The defector is one Ke Le (that's pronounced "Care Lair" and not to sound like that 1986 Scottish Metal Ballad). The identity of Ke Le (he's the Master, played with great restraint by Sam Kisgart from BBC2's *The Porn Dwarves*) is far less interesting than his circumstances, trapped on Earth without his TARDIS for 20 years, bargaining alien technology with the Red Chinese, specifically mind parasites like the one at the core of the Keller Machine. The plot gains an excellent focus in that the Chinese are due to detonate a nuclear test at midnight, the moment of Hong Kong's handover, which will destroy their parasites and (in a new extrapolation) return their zombified criminal cannon-fodder soldiers to their natural state.

Perhaps to balance all this action, the setting switches to a monastery, with the Abbott, Trevor Littledale, sounding too much like Alec Guinness for anyone's good and delivering pearls of Eastern wisdom about bending like the grass as a too-trite contrast to the Colonel's less holistic approach to problems.

But at least there's a reason for the monastery to be there – indeed, there's nothing extraneous or tacked on to this extremely tightly-focused début script. It begs the question, as does accompanying release *Project: Lazarus*, that Big Finish may wish to consider diverging from the minimum of four episodes for each mainstream *Doctor Who* release.

What both *Doctor Who Unbound* releases have in common is a sense of sadness at events not having played out as they should. But whereas *Auld Mortality* depicted a private tragedy for the Doctor and Susan, here, his failure to come to the Brigadier's aid on time has had wider effects. It's hard to imagine a more effective combination of the poignancy and fascination of history gone wrong, and I'll be amazed if this release can be bettered by the rest of the series. DWM



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IT'S THE END, BUT...

BY **THE WATCHER**

Readers with long hair and short toenails will doubtless remember that, way back in **DWM** 306, I devoted this page to a heartfelt lament for the decline and fall of the comic genius that was Amstrad's laughably inaccurate LocoScript 2 spellchecker. This triumphantly loopy piece of software, you may recall, kept me smiling through the 1980s with its touching belief in the existence of actors like William Harebell and Partial Trough, producers like Inner Llama and Phallic Hitchhiker, and brigadiers like Alligator Gorgon Leathering-Steward.

Imagine, then, my inexpressible delight upon discovering that, even in this barren and humourless age of ours, there exists an equivalent and perhaps even more hilarious resource, its name appropriately inspired by one of the finest comic authors of the last century.

The Babel Fish, as you are doubtless aware, is a miraculous organism dreamed up by Douglas Adams in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. In a delightfully eccentric piece of plot expediency, the Babel Fish converts brainwave energy into telepathic matrices and will thus translate any language in the universe for you, provided you've had the foresight to stick one in your ear. The fish is introduced by its creator as "small, yellow and leech-like, and probably the oddest thing in the Universe," a description which seems remarkably apposite for the less than wholly reliable online translation service that has now appropriated its name.

There are, I am honour-bound to point out, several different translation websites that use the Babel Fish name, and I haven't explored them all: the AltaVista one has kept me perfectly happy. I daresay it's perfectly good at doing what it's supposed to do (translating from language A into language B), but if you start being silly (language A to language B and then back to language A, perhaps with a quick detour via language C if you have time on your hands), the result is a game of online Chinese Whispers which results in the original phrase being mangled beyond recognition. With, as the blurb-writer for a cheap farce would doubtless put it, hilarious consequences.

> "NEGATION, NEGATION, THE MIND INVESTIGATION!"

Having run extensive tests, I can reveal that the most preposterous results are achieved by translating from English to Korean or to Japanese, and then back to English. Subjected to the Japanese treatment, *The Reign of Terror* becomes *Rule of Fear*, while *The Web Planet* bounces back as *Planet of Net*. Rather charmingly, *Horror of Fang Rock* translates as *Fear of Stone of Fang*, while *The Leisure Hive* becomes *Honeycomb of Leisure*. Got the idea? Okay, now try these TV *Doctor Who* titles for size, all arrived at by the same Japanese route:

Burglar of Heart
Those Which Are Less than the Surface
Kind of Destiny
Now Me It Is, The Person of the Snow
Thing Planet
Apologizing Meat Festival of Monster
Surface of Badness

Flummoxed? I bet you are. Go on, guess away, and if you're lucky I'll tell you next month. Meanwhile, I imagine you won't have much trouble with Korean classics such as *Sky Toy Manufacturer*, *The Happiness Does Expense* or *The Abominable Eye Male*, and you should be able to work out *Nation of Decline*, *From Hollow Creature* and *It Rages from the Deep Thing* fairly easily. But what about *Inside Space Organization*? It's not *Inside the Spaceship* as you might think. Oh no. Even more remarkable are *Month Foundation*, *It Dies Important Matter*, *Inside Head of a Family Company One Show*, and the positively breathtaking *Invasion of Presentation Times Green Onion Insect Type*.

Even more fun is to be had translating favourite *Doctor Who* quotations. You're doubtless familiar, for example, with Professor Zaroff's famous cry of "Anything is a possibility now of stopping to me inside the world!", not to mention the Brigadier's memorable remark "Free auditorium, Doctor Tyler, free auditorium!" And what about the Doctor's closing words at the end of *Survival*: "There is a danger, there is negation and the car is getting cold on the outside."

Magnificently, the first Doctor's celebrated maxim "I am a citizen of the universe and a gentleman to boot" becomes "I am the gentleman citizen who will put on the shoes of outer space." Such a tantalising conflation of William Hartnell with footwear understandably prompts me to feed one of my favourite Billy-Fluffs into the computer: that peerless classic from *The Keys of Marinus*, "If you'd had your shoes, you could have lent her hers!" loses nothing in translation. "When you have your low shoes, when to sleep the possibility to borrow the extensive her thing is you, the cotton it does and it does!"

"Wondering lop the deacon, I talk – he to be like this is powerful!" exclaims the Doctor in the forthcoming Korean remake of *City of Death*. In the Japanese version, he utters the slightly more intelligible "How the splendid steward, I say – he is very extreme!" To be honest though, I think I still prefer the original: "I say, what a wonderful butler – he's so violent!"

As is so often the case, *The Five Doctors* supplies us with the biggest laughs. The Castellan's famed observation that "We have a power-boosted, open-ended transmat beam" becomes "We are to be opened, force, confidential talk it gives the transmat beam which we end and it requests, grudge all." The Fifth Doctor describes the loss of his former selves as "Like the iceberg which dissolves, the lump where my past which is removed is large!" The Master's "Try it, Doctor, it's as easy as pie!" becomes, inexplicably, "It Doctor, with green onion this it is it as to be easy together and step ten bedspreads do!" Bedspreads? Step? Ten? Green Onion? What on earth is going on? The truly baffling thing here is that the original phrase shares not a single word in common with the story title which *also* yielded "green onion" a few paragraphs ago. And perhaps best of all, the doomed Castellan's famous ejaculation of terror in the face of the Time Lords' feared interrogation methods translates into the immortal rhyme: "Negation, negation, the mind investigation!"

Still, that's *Doctor Who* for you: the child specific program where the adult loves. **DWM**

THE FINAL TEST

WHAT CONNECTS:

1. Goodge, Hilred, Aunt Vanessa [pictured], Kamelion, and a guard dog?
2. A doomed astronaut, a doubled scientist, and a hawkish General?
3. Benton, Harry, Sarah, Romana, Peri, the First, Fourth and Fifth Doctors?
4. A marauding Morok, a mimsy monarch, and a lifeless Lakertyan?
5. Gulliver, George Cranleigh, Omega, an Ice Warrior, and a couple of Cybermen?
6. Vosper, Magrik, Toos, Chub, Scibus, and the Bio-Mechanoid?

ANSWERS FROM LAST ISSUE:

1. The actors who played them (Zienia Merton, Prentis Hancock, Catherine Schell) were all regulars in *Space: 1999*
2. The only stories in which Tom Baker is scarf-less!
3. They have all carried the TARDIS
4. All include additional scenes or inserts recorded during the making of another story (*Planet of the Daleks*, *Earthshock*, *Revelation of the Daleks*, *Dragonfire* and *The Curse of Fenric* respectively)
5. Black Pool; Black Scorpion (Tong of); Black Orchid; Black Scrolls of Rassilon; Black Light Converter
6. They're only stories with scenes set in Africa (*The Chase* has a sequence in Ghana, while the other three stories visit Egypt – *City of Death* in a cutaway shot of Scaroth's Egyptian splinter)

Grayswandir

10thplanet

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WENDY PADBURY
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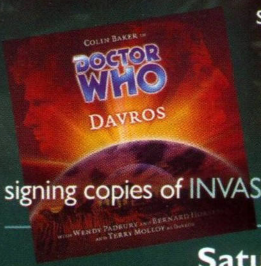
Colin Baker in
DOCTOR WHO
DAVROS
with Wendy Padbury and Bernard Horsfall and Terry Molloy as Davros

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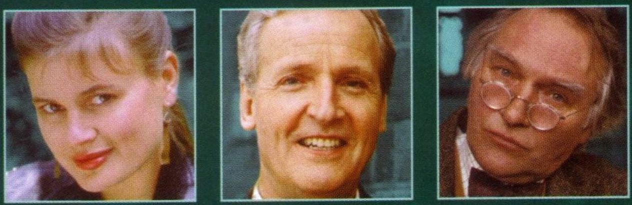

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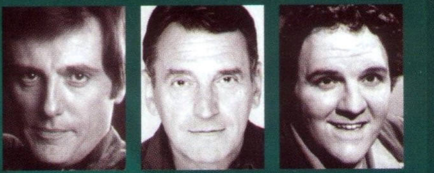

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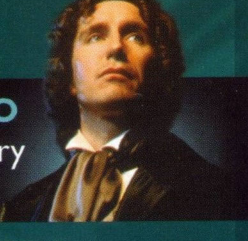

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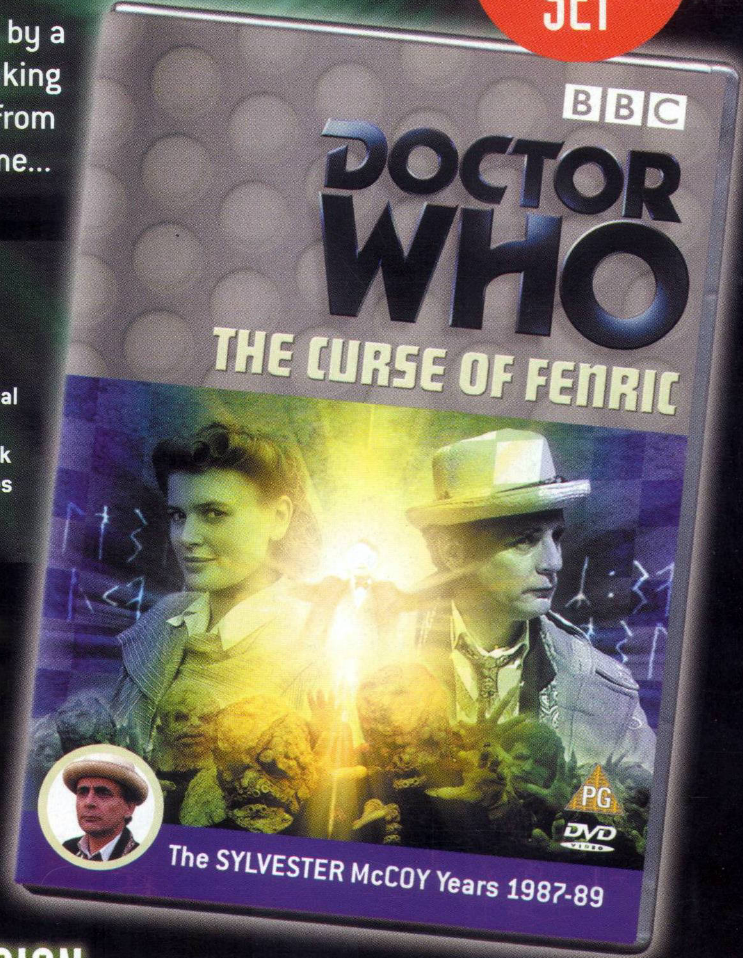
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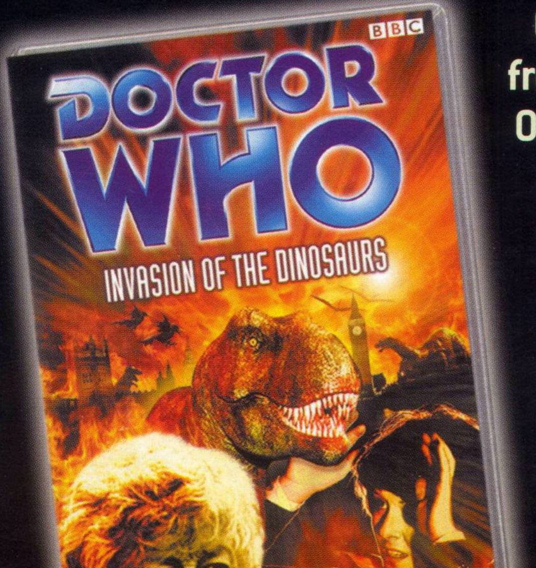
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